May 19, 1934

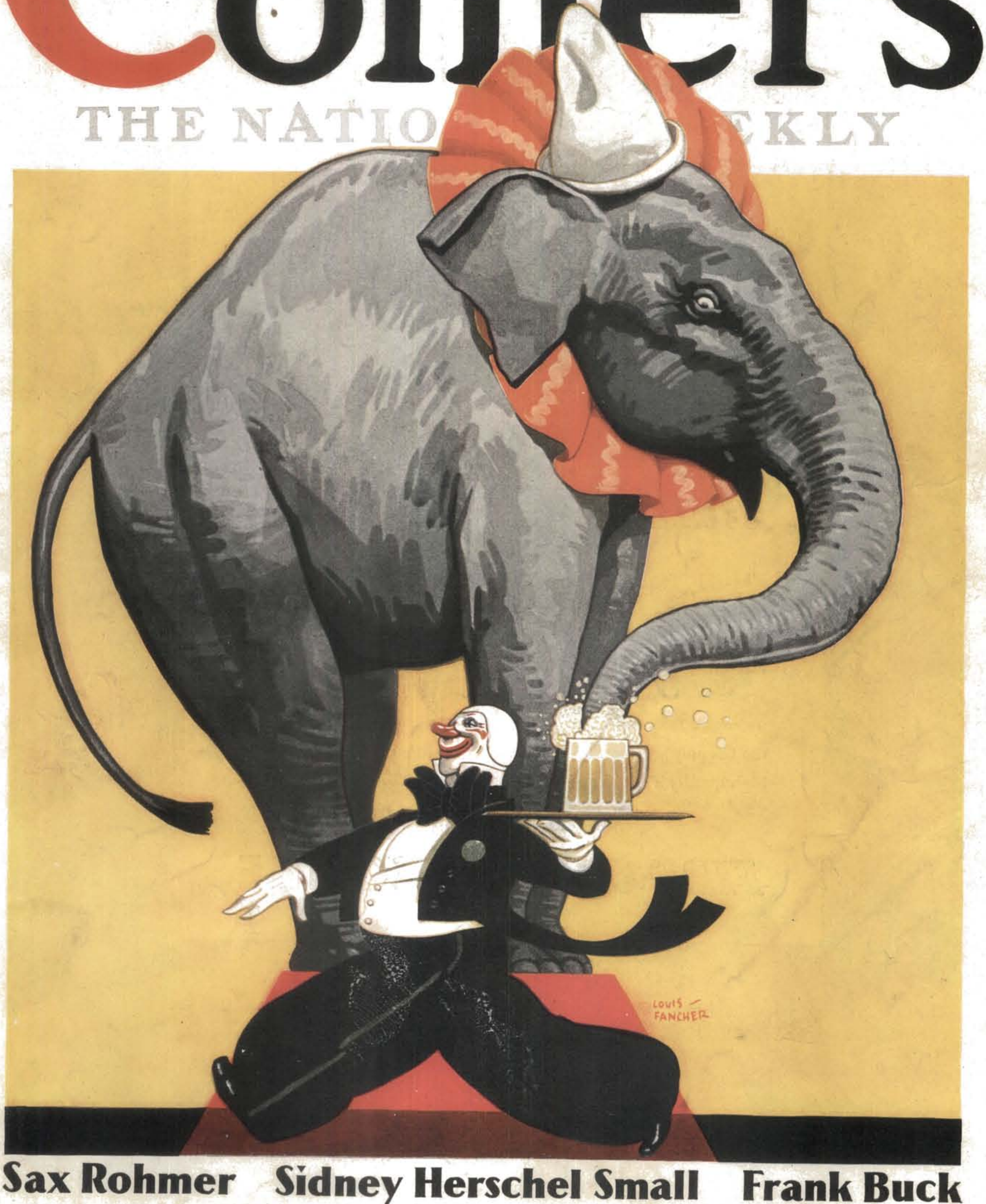
5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

PUBL
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

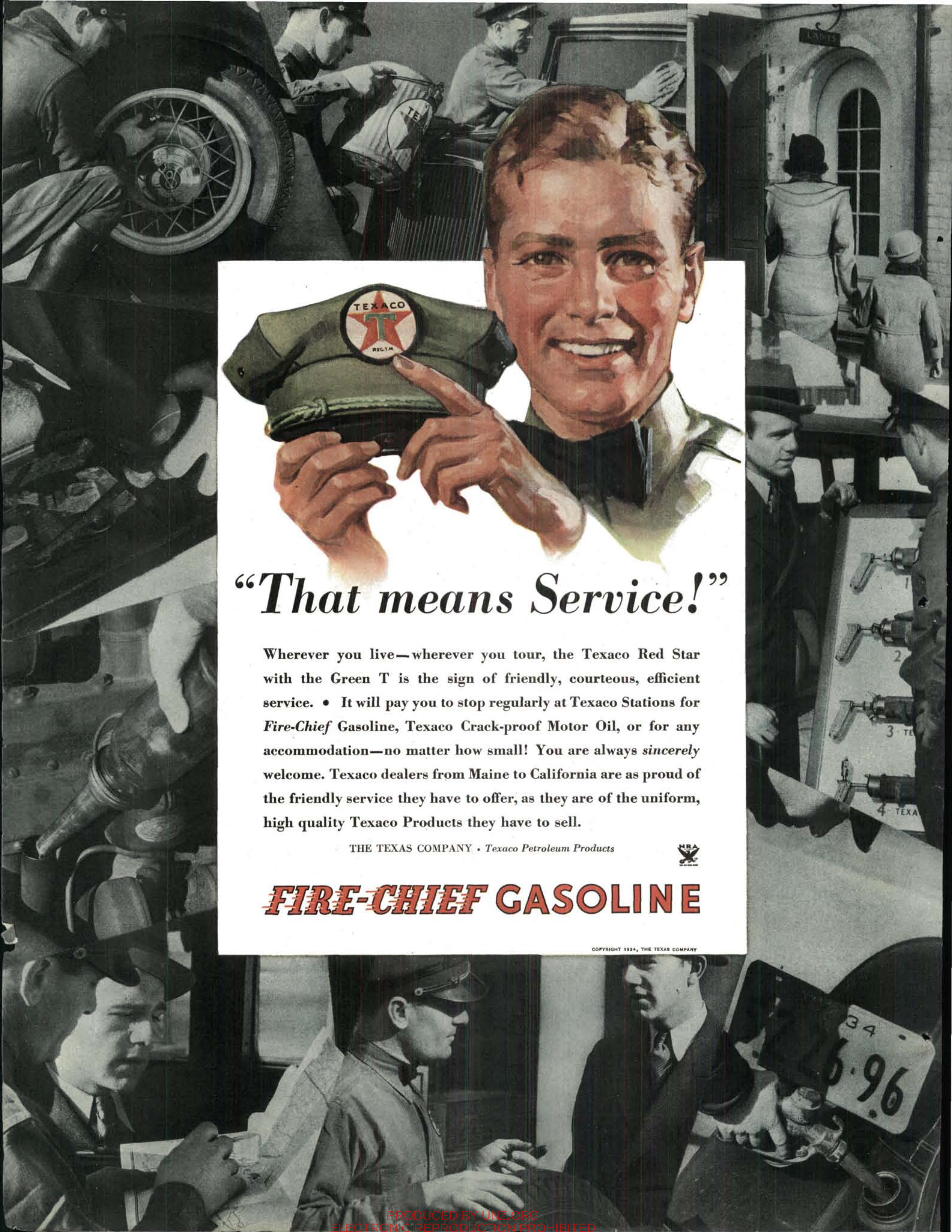
Collier's

THE NATIO EKLY



Sax Rohmer Sidney Herschel Small Frank Buck
Lord Dunsany Roark Bradford

May 19, 1934



"That means Service!"

Wherever you live—wherever you tour, the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is the sign of friendly, courteous, efficient service. • It will pay you to stop regularly at Texaco Stations for *Fire-Chief* Gasoline, Texaco Crack-proof Motor Oil, or for any accommodation—no matter how small! You are always *sincerely* welcome. Texaco dealers from Maine to California are as proud of the friendly service they have to offer, as they are of the uniform, high quality Texaco Products they have to sell.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

COPYRIGHT 1934, THE TEXAS COMPANY

Whiter Teeth *QUICK!*

that's even more important than the 25¢ price

(above)
FORMER LEAGUE BALL PLAYER, Curtiss W. Scoville is now a business man of Albany, N. Y. He likes Listerine Tooth Paste because "it gets the stains off my teeth quickly."

regular size 25¢ new double size 40¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

When you try Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll discover why so many people prefer it. You'll discover, for one thing, the speedy way this dentifrice cleanses. We use a modern polishing agent. It gets film and stains off the teeth with surprisingly little brushing. Teeth become whiter after only a few days' use. Soft and gentle, this polishing agent cannot possibly harm the teeth in any way.

Then—this 25¢ dentifrice certainly does give teeth a handsome lustre and polish. Again and again, people—particularly women—remark upon the way it makes teeth glisten.

Also—Listerine Tooth Paste has an unusually refreshing effect upon the mouth and gums—in this respect it is just what you'd expect of a Listerine product. After you brush your teeth with it, your mouth feels thoroughly "washed"—assurance of a purer, sweeter breath.

Begin your test of Listerine Tooth Paste soon. Results are what count! If you find this tooth paste better than the one you are using now, you'll welcome the saving it brings you. Try either the 25¢ size—or the new 40¢ size containing *twice* as much. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

"KING KONG" AND "SON OF KONG" added to the reputation of Edward Linden, their chief cinematographer. "I have used Listerine Tooth Paste in my travels and at home," he says. "It has always satisfied me because it cleans quick."

A HARD WORKER, John Vassos likes a dentifrice which gets prompt results—Listerine Tooth Paste. Mr. Vassos is a designer whose architectural interiors have won wide recognition.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

BABY BUMBLE was his name and, by a fluke, it fitted him. He was black, he looked like a bumblebee, he was short in the barrel and long in the legs. These can be good points in a trotting horse, but not when carried to extremes. The hangers-on around the stable used to break into loud guffaws every time the ungainly colt was led out.

Then abruptly the laughter lessened into smiles and smiles gave way to puzzlement. Baby Bumble's glorious background of noble blood lines had begun to show. But nobody knew how good he was except Star Bracket—Star and the girl he loved, but to whom he was forbidden to speak.

In a whirlwind short story George Agnew Chamberlain tells you the fate of "The Girl Who Bet."

THERE'S plenty of variety in the forms of city government in this country. If you're willing to travel you can take your pick. But today you'll probably find nothing so fantastic as the way Cincinnati used to be run. In 1925 it was the outlying dependency of a burlesque circuit; it was ruled from an office over the Columbia "Burly-cue" Theater in New York City.

Since that time things have changed. A reform government took over the city and has established a record for reform parties by surviving five municipal elections. Business management in city government, the taxpayers have found, pays and pays handsomely. John T. Flynn tells you about it in "Cincinnati Quits Burlesque."

IT'S not right or fair or decent to give alluring names to places, splendid names that get into a chap's blood—Tanjong Priok and Lombok and Bali and those islands called the Moluccas. They got into Edward Norgard's blood and drove him through plague and death to see the splendor of sunrise back of "Dondra Head." His story and that of the girl who waited for him is told by Jacland Marmur.

WHEN Mary Jo Eaton, the handsomest girl in a string of Southern counties, arrived to take dictation in the firm of Wolverton and Eaton, Inc., an explosion was just one jump behind. Leona Dalrymple tells how she rescued the company from a violent end despite the devotion of Messrs. Wolverton and Eaton.

HENRI DUVERNOIS writes the Short Short Story. Arthur Somers Roche brings in the final verdict in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames." Sax Rohmer, Quentin Reynolds, J. R. Tunis, Ray Tucker, Henry F. Pringle and others carry on with unabated vigor, taking you with them in their stride.

This Week

●

May 19, 1934

Cover by Louis Fancher

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Walking Lady. He thought the worst of her. But mistakes like that are possible —in inner Manchukuo. Page 7

T. R. YBARRA
The New Deal Faces South. Clearing the way to our greatest market. Page 10

ROARK BRADFORD
The Lotman's True Love. Science invades Little Bee Bend, harmlessly. Page 12

LORD DUNSANY
How Ryan Got Out of Russia. Which would you choose, a firing squad or a trip to the moon? Page 14

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Pro and Connie. Imagination's bad for a golfer. But love— Page 16

SAX ROHMER
The Trail of Fu Manchu, Part IV. Fu Manchu baits his trap. Page 18

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Hidden Lights. Sparring partners, obscure heroes of the ring. Page 20

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Case Against Mrs. Ames, Part XI. The guilty man. Page 21

FRANK BUCK
Jungle Trails. Life and death in the green shadows. Page 22

RAY TUCKER
Hooray for Abraham Lincoln! Republican revivalists. Page 24

KYLE CRICHTON
Ace in the Rôle. Come out of that make-up. We know you, Henry Hull. Page 26

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Love Match, by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Page 28

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Cosmic trifles. Page 42

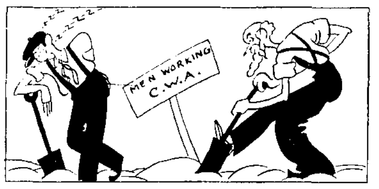
EDITORIAL
Trust Brains. Page 66

●

Any Week

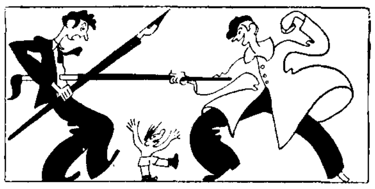
TO GET the bad news out of the way as swiftly as possible, we inform you that Mr. Elmer Hart is no longer postmaster at Elk Lake, Michigan. Our informant is Mr. A. W. Brown of Mount Clemens. Mr. Hart explained it all clearly to Mr. Brown, saying that "since three-cent postage on letters the postal cards were so many and the writing so small he could no longer read them all. He could not even buy a new pair of specs because of the sales tax."

"IF YOU have never bossed a gang of road-builders," writes Mr. Tom G. Calhoun of St. Louis, Missouri, "you can't know the half of it. Especially CWA project men. I don't want to be tough about it, but it certainly takes a lot out of your reserves of love for your fellow man. You find out why a lot of the boys who were out of work were out. The government took an awful beating from some of the lads I bossed. Another thing, I found that the worst workers were the younger men. The middle-aged men knew how to work, sort of liked to work, anyway, didn't shirk. But the kids were mostly gold-brickers. Most of them had the idea that the government owed them a living, so why work? I asked one guy what he had given the government that it should owe him anything. He called me a bolshevik. If you can make sense of that you're boss."



MR. HENRY NITSCHE of Chicago, Illinois, having read John T. Flynn's recent "Home, Sweeter Home" in Collier's, demands to know "if any of the persons quoted in that article would put their money into a flat building? I am sure they would not. Yet they are perfectly willing to put government money into them—the big patriots. I own a half interest in a twenty-four flat building. I do the janitor work, collect the rents, and take care of all complaints. I allow myself $72 a month. My hours are from 4:30 A. M. to 10 P. M. Yet I don't make enough to cover the taxes, let alone the interest, with rents running from $22 to $24. And Mr. Flynn figured on the government getting its money back at $19.50 a month. Bah! I can imagine a building being run by the city. The janitor, a political appointee, getting $250 a month. If a tenant should be unable to pay the rent, see the ward committeeman. Should the—. But nuts."

MANY years ago Mr. Frank Owen of New York City decided to be a writer. Whereat he acted with fine logic and began to write. Since then he has written eighteen books and, he assures us, almost a thousand short stories. This he thinks should have won him fame. We too believe that so much industry should have been rewarded with a ringing renown. But no. Some months ago another Frank Owen began to draw cartoons for Collier's. And fame deluged Cartoonist Owen at once. You too have been amongst the millions who have cheered Cartoonist Owen's half-pint kid as he rides on the slide of his old man's trombone, is jerked skyward by the window shade, gets caught by fish, and so on. "So," writes Writer Owen to Cartoonist Owen, "fame comes to me at last. From all directions *I* am receiving praise—praise for your cartoons in Collier's. Not a single line about *my* stories, and am I mortified!"



"AND another thing," storms Mr. Fred P. Holmer of Superior, Wisconsin, "why do the newspapers pay so much attention to those stuffed-shirt Easterners telling us our liberties are being taken away from us? Our liberties are just as real as they ever were. They have merely changed ownership."

MR. FLOYD G. GOODWIN of Paducah, Kentucky, writes, "In case you don't know what's the matter with this country, I'll tell you. We're all so damned busy telling each other how the government should be run that we haven't got time to take care of such little personal matters as working up a job and then working at it."

SO WE go to work.

CORRECTION

In John T. Flynn's article, "Whisky Sour," published in Collier's for February 24, 1934, reference was made to the stock market operations in the shares of American Commercial Alcohol Corporation. Control of that company was ascribed to Mr. Harry Publicker of Philadelphia. It is Mr. Philip Publicker who is the dominating factor in American Commercial Alcohol. Mr. Harry Publicker is the chairman of the board of the Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company, which controls the Continental Distilling Corporation, an entirely different enterprise.

Vol. 93, No. 20. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1934, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

"I know Steel *Protects* You – in a Warship or a Car"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH M. E. MERRITT, NAVY YARD, CHARLESTON, S. C.

1. "Welding steel in a Navy Yard, I see plenty of the punishment steel has to stand. If a battleship weren't well protected with steel armor it wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance in action on the high seas today."

"I bought a Plymouth for its Safety-Steel Body... Lucky for me that I did!"

YOU'VE SEEN THE STEEL ARMOR on warships. It's Merritt's job to help make it. He knows how strong steel really is.

Small wonder that when he wanted a car, he picked Plymouth for its Safety-Steel Body. But he never thought that this precaution would one day save his life!

The drawing shows what happened. A foggy night. A sudden stop. Rammed by a truck from behind . . . thrown into the air. Smashing down . . . turning over and over!

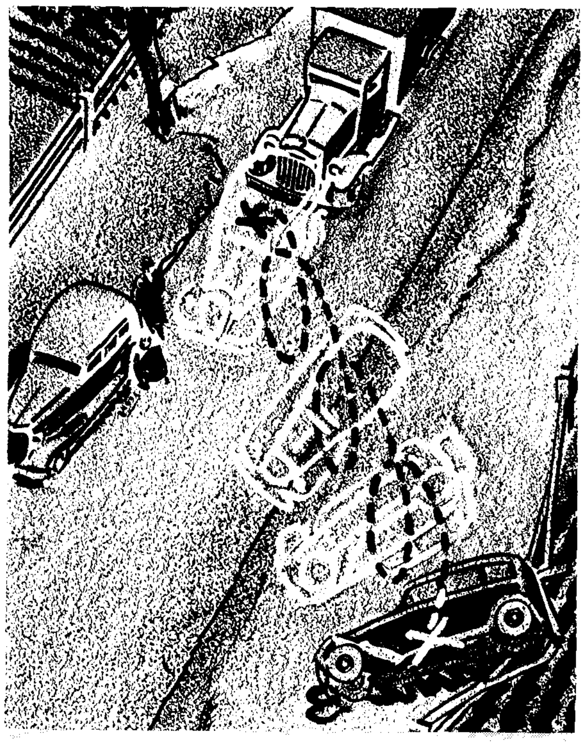
"My Plymouth's Safety-Steel Body was all that saved me," he told us.

Experiences like this aren't common, but they do happen. That's why our engineers gave Plymouth a Safety-Steel Body and Hydraulic Brakes . . . the *safest* brakes made.

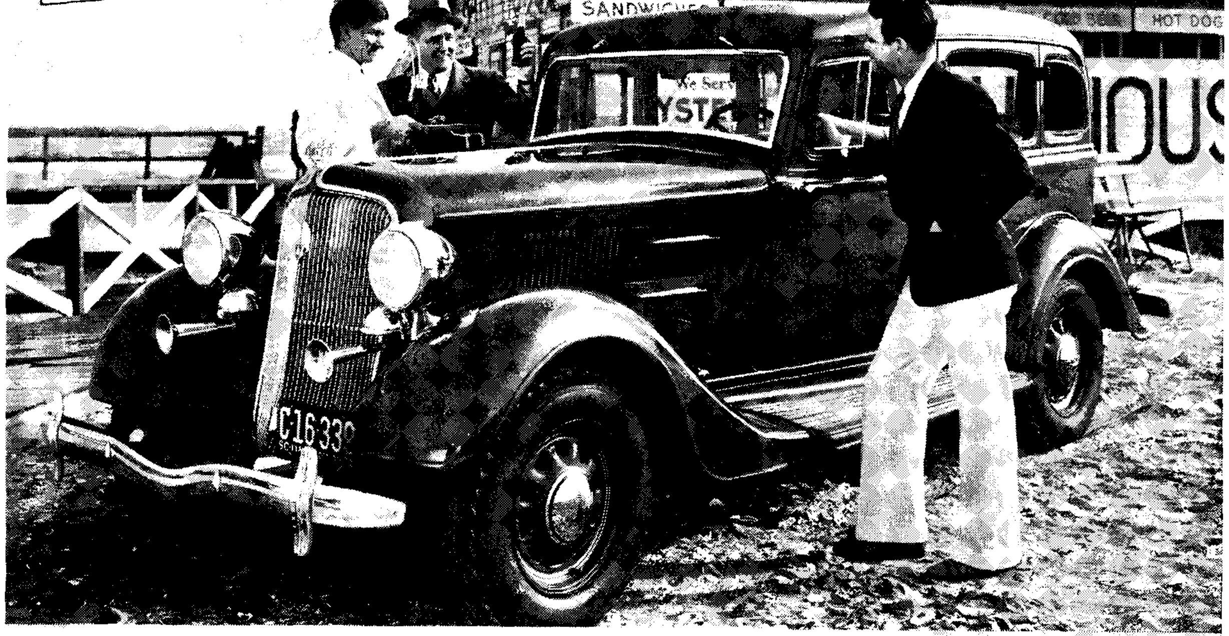
Then, they added more comfort, with patented Floating Power engine mountings and Individual Wheel Springing.

Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will be glad to demonstrate Plymouth.

2. "There's nothing but steel on the hulls of today's warships. And steel is what I wanted in the body of my car. But when I picked my Plymouth I never thought I'd have to depend on it to save my life."



3. "Then one night it happened. I'd pulled up behind a parked car. A truck roared out of the fog in back and sent me sailing. But, thanks to my Plymouth's Safety-Steel Body, I lived to tell it!"



4. Mr. Merritt with his new De Luxe Plymouth Sedan. Plymouth is the only low-priced car with all four of the vital features you need. Duplate Safety Plate Glass may be obtained for all windows in the car at the lowest extra charge in the industry (only $10 on the De Luxe Sedan).

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

NEW PLYMOUTH $530

AND UP
AT THE FACTORY
DETROIT

TODAY'S CARS *are ready..*

only $39.95*

MODEL ELEVEN

FOR THE MARVELOUS NEW

PHILCO AUTO RADIO

Your new car *expects* you to give it a new PHILCO Auto Radio*—it is completely ready—with aerial and other equipment built-in, to make the radio installation easy! Practically all car manufacturers today are aware of the tremendous extra enjoyment a PHILCO Auto Radio provides. They are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on built-in aerials so you can have a PHILCO and enjoy motoring more than ever before.

with NEW and EXCLUSIVE IMPROVEMENTS

Installed while you wait. Nothing in sight except the convenient steering column control.

Operates with motor "OFF" or at any speed over any road.

All-electric. A PHILCO Superheterodyne circuit especially designed for automobile use with PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes.

Electro-Dynamic Speaker—the same type used in home PHILCOS. Automatic Volume Control. Extra Power. Improved selectivity combined with inherently quiet circuits.

PHILCO installation and service are available throughout the United States and Canada at PHILCO dealers and United Motors Service Stations.

PHILCO TUBES

Scientifically designed for every type of service—insure the best possible performance of any auto or home radio.

**Price installed to car aerial $39.95. {Slightly higher Denver and West}. Special installations and aerial installations are quickly and easily made at small cost.*

Model 700—$49.95

Model 10—$55 Model 800—$75

All prices subject to change without notice.

PHILCO HOME RADIOS

$20 to $600

21 LEADING Car Manufacturers approve PHILCO exclusively!

Makers of cars in all price classes have put PHILCO to the test—have compared it with other auto radios in tone quality, distance-getting ability, selectivity and other performance features. As a result, only PHILCO is exclusively approved by 21 leading car manufacturers. They recommend it—want you to accept its new delights.

The RADIO for YOUR car . . . new or old

The makers of many cars have an especially designed PHILCO which you may buy from your car dealer with your car. Or you may have one of the standard PHILCO Auto Radios installed in *any* car—new or old—regardless of make, model or year—at PHILCO dealers and United Motors Service Stations. Drive-in now and enjoy PHILCO in your car as you do at home!

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia Stations

— SPECIFY A PHILCO ON YOUR NEW CAR —

Walking Lady

By Sidney Herschel Small

The story of a girl who faced a great adventure in wild Manchuria—and a man she met when demons were abroad

CAROLINE MAYES awoke facing the gray railway-hotel wall, opened her eyes, saw that it was dark, as if very early, and then tried to recapture sleep. She lay listening to the street sounds of Kiansui, wondering that they hadn't already aroused Mrs. Kingsley. When Mrs. Edward A. Kingsley was disturbed, whatever the cause, she always informed Caroline of it, whatever the hour. She had done this all the way across the Pacific, but this morning, Caroline supposed, she must have been too exhausted by the previous day's monotonous ride over the Manchurian plain.

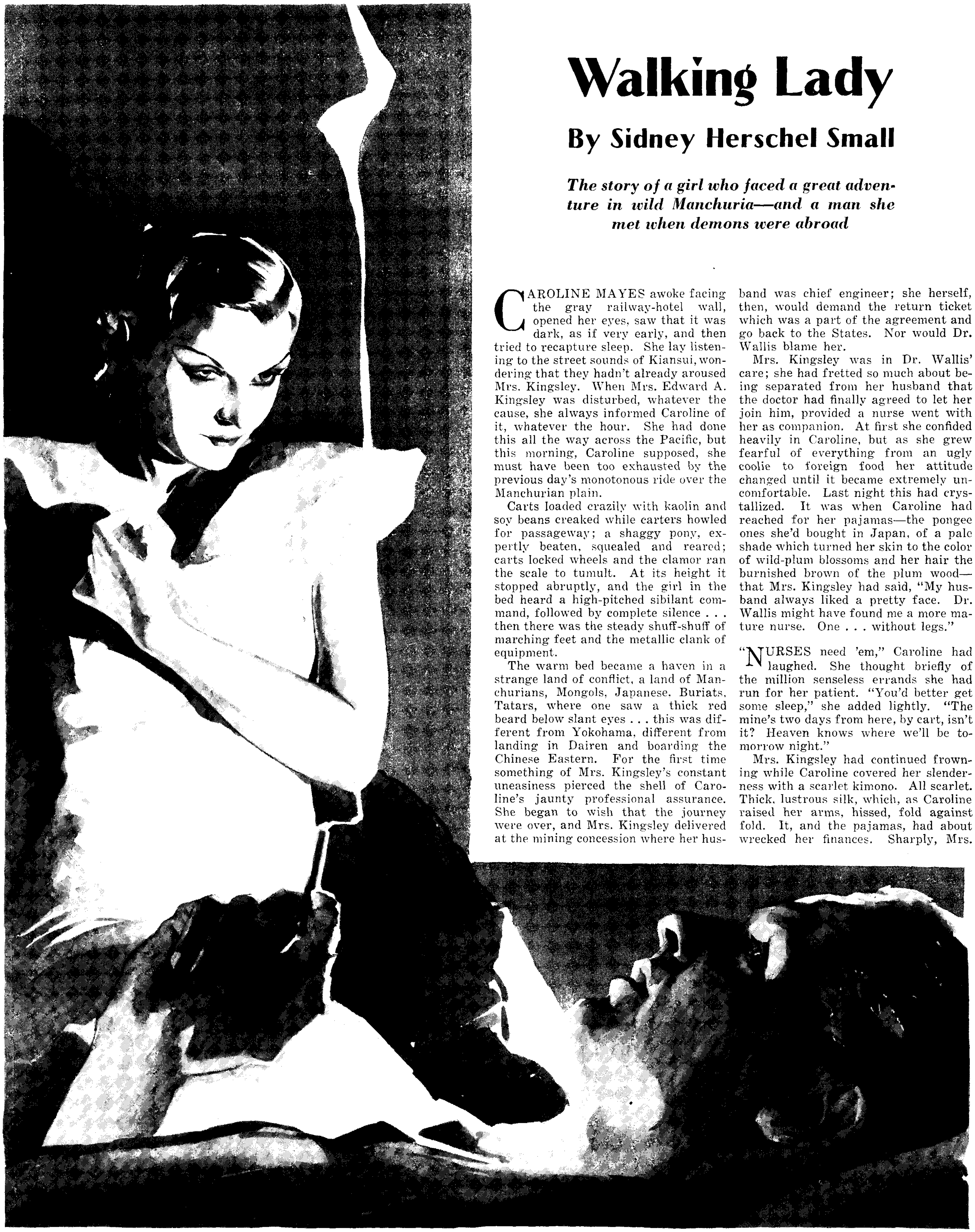
Carts loaded crazily with kaolin and soy beans creaked while carters howled for passageway; a shaggy pony, expertly beaten, squealed and reared; carts locked wheels and the clamor ran the scale to tumult. At its height it stopped abruptly, and the girl in the bed heard a high-pitched sibilant command, followed by complete silence . . . then there was the steady shuff-shuff of marching feet and the metallic clank of equipment.

The warm bed became a haven in a strange land of conflict, a land of Manchurians, Mongols, Japanese, Buriats, Tatars, where one saw a thick red beard below slant eyes . . . this was different from Yokohama, different from landing in Dairen and boarding the Chinese Eastern. For the first time something of Mrs. Kingsley's constant uneasiness pierced the shell of Caroline's jaunty professional assurance. She began to wish that the journey were over, and Mrs. Kingsley delivered at the mining concession where her husband was chief engineer; she herself, then, would demand the return ticket which was a part of the agreement and go back to the States. Nor would Dr. Wallis blame her.

Mrs. Kingsley was in Dr. Wallis' care; she had fretted so much about being separated from her husband that the doctor had finally agreed to let her join him, provided a nurse went with her as companion. At first she confided heavily in Caroline, but as she grew fearful of everything from an ugly coolie to foreign food her attitude changed until it became extremely uncomfortable. Last night this had crystallized. It was when Caroline had reached for her pajamas—the pongee ones she'd bought in Japan, of a pale shade which turned her skin to the color of wild-plum blossoms and her hair the burnished brown of the plum wood—that Mrs. Kingsley had said, "My husband always liked a pretty face. Dr. Wallis might have found me a more mature nurse. One . . . without legs."

"NURSES need 'em," Caroline had laughed. She thought briefly of the million senseless errands she had run for her patient. "You'd better get some sleep," she added lightly. "The mine's two days from here, by cart, isn't it? Heaven knows where we'll be tomorrow night."

Mrs. Kingsley had continued frowning while Caroline covered her slenderness with a scarlet kimono. All scarlet. Thick, lustrous silk, which, as Caroline raised her arms, hissed, fold against fold. It, and the pajamas, had about wrecked her finances. Sharply, Mrs.



"I know a lot about you," she said quietly. "I'd rather marry the first man I met on the street . . . than you!"

Kingsley remarked, "I don't see why you bought that red thing. Just to go to a Manchurian mine. It's not decent." Her thoughts became obvious as she went on, "Don't forget, at the mine, that *I'm* your patient, please. . . ."

The room faced the street; Caroline had insisted to the English-speaking Japanese clerk that they be away from the tracks. Just the same, the blaring of an engine whistle shook the walls, which, before the women, had housed Russian engineers and adventurers and champagne salesmen and Japanese tobacco-buyers and American geologists. It was impossible to believe that anyone could sleep through the clamor. The nurse turned in bed, vaguely afraid because of her patient now; as she rose to her elbow, she saw that Mrs. Kingsley's bed was empty. She said, "Well!" and then supposed that her patient had gone down to demand early coffee.

Mrs. Kingsley's bag was not beside her bed. Caroline saw, all in the same one glance, that there was a note pinned to the pillow. She stood up and went to the other bed. She had no need to unpin the note. Standing there, she read it: "Everything has become impossible. Mr. Kingsley should have met me here. I am returning alone. I do not consider you have given me the care a patient has a right to expect. I will pay you after I have discussed what is due with Dr. Wallis."

That was all. Caroline suddenly snatched the note from the pillow. No ticket beneath. Nor money. In her purse were a few yen; not only had she bought the robe and pajamas, but she'd done considerable tipping for Mrs. Kingsley. The engine hooted again. In sheer panic Caroline ran to the door, tried to unlock what was no longer fastened, lost precious seconds, raced at last down the hall to the window at the end. She thought she saw Mrs. Kingsley's face in the last car; shoving up the sash she cried desperately, "Mrs. Kingsley! Throw out my ticket! You've got to give me my ticket!"

SHE watched the train as it swung southward, wriggling away like a puny worm over the bridge which was a monument to earlier enterprise. Something rose in her throat to choke her. She could see the river beneath the bridge, with its shallow draft sternwheelers flying the Japanese flag, moored side by side with junks choked with grain or firewood. Nearer, crowds of coolies ran about, panting under huge burdens. Beyond, ending in hills where clouds settled, was the level Manchurian plain.

When she turned, men in gray kimonos, standing in the doorways of their rooms, were smiling invitingly at her. She started to walk along the corridor with great dignity, head high; not until one of the foreign guests reached out to put a hand on her arm did she realize that there was anything wrong with her attire. She struck off the hand, and, face bright as her robe, fled ignominiously for her own room. Almost before she had the door locked, fingers were tapping gently on the wood; *"Aa! ii kokoromochi d'atta,"* she heard a man whisper.

"I don't know what you're saying," Caroline said uneasily, "but the way I feel I'd just as soon smash a chair over your head." She thought, "Only I mustn't. I couldn't pay for the damage."

The next words were plain enough. *"Yen twenty?"*

"Scram," snapped Caroline.

She stood leaning against the door, body pressed to the wood, until the other must have decided that the short word was not acquiescence and his straw sandals scratched their way over the matting of the hall. Someone laughed at the disappointed man, someone else jeered ribaldly. Doors closed again.

"Propositioned already," said Caroline. She slipped her arms through the butterfly sleeves of the scarlet silk robe. "At least I've got the right clothes for the profession," she half giggled. She mustn't act like a silly little fool. How much, exactly, did she have in money? Enough to remain here for a day or two, enough to cable Dr. Wallis for funds to get away. She'd manage. She wasn't a nurse for nothing. And what Mrs. Kingsley would hear from the doctor, when she went whimpering for sympathy to him.

THE knock on the door, this time, was an honest one. *"O jo san!* Food are waiting. You are getting carry-bag ready for go away now?"

"I want breakfast here, please. I'm not leaving today. And I want to send a cable."

The clerk sucked in his breath politely. "Coffee are." He clapped his hands and shouted an order concerning it. "I sink you going are, today," he added. "Telegram are not. Too bad."

When Caroline opened the door he managed to make it clear to her. The hotel was being turned over to the military authorities as headquarters. All of the rooms, even his own and the manager's, must be vacated. He was very sorry about it. Moreover, no telegrams could be sent from Kiansui. Soldiers were already in the telegraph office at the station, and even the management had been prohibited from sending a message for instructions to the head office at Dairen. He was very sorry about this, also. Nor were there other hotels in Kiansui.

"Very bad you stay," he concluded. "I sink better you go when other woman say so to you."

There was no color in Caroline's cheeks: "You told her all this?"

The clerk nodded vehemently. He had explained it to the other lady when she had come downstairs, very early; he had also told her that there would be but one train leaving Kiansui with passengers. From now on the line would be used entirely for the transportation of troops and supplies, until such time as the bandits were driven into the hills. What had decided the older lady, the clerk continued, was the fact that all carts, likewise, had been commandeered, as fast as they brought loads into the village; therefore, she would have been unable to go to the mine at which her honorable husband was an important man. When the older lady heard this, she had wished to depart for Dairen. . . .

"Leaving me here," Caroline muttered. Such a miserable trick was only possible to a woman with jangled nerves. Aloud, Caroline said, "Why didn't you call me and tell me before the train left?"

THE clerk bobbed his head, moving aside while a serving-maid brought Caroline's tray of bean soup and colored pickles and rice and watery coffee; then, unable to avoid the girl's angry eyes, stumbled into, "She are telling me many off'cers are nice for you." He looked at the scarlet kimono. "She say—"

"I can guess what she said." Half aloud, Caroline went on, "She knew I couldn't stay here . . . couldn't go home . . . couldn't go to the mine . . . didn't have any. . . ."

"Price for you," said the clerk alertly, "are yen six."

"What a lot of help you'll be," Caroline grimaced. In the same tight voice, "How many white men are in Kiansui?"

"White men are not. They go before army come."

"Umm. How about going down the river on a junk?"

"Junk are not going." Quietly, "Yen six you pay me now?"

The nurse's panic was rising fast; her fingers were unsteady as she paid the clerk. She was caught. Alone, utterly alone, in northern Manchuria. Alone. *Broke!*

She spoke slowly. "I've got to see the officer in charge."

With that, the clerk lost his politeness. Before, he had been uncertain; now, it appeared certain that the older woman had known what she was talking about. He began to laugh, provoked that he had shown his best manners to an unworthy guest. He bawled the thing he supposed to one of the other men in the corridor. Caroline, without understanding a single word, knew well enough what was being said. She stopped thinking, where before she had tried to reason everything out. She watched miserably while the man picked up her bag, muttering a word concerning regulations; while he talked, he scrawled black characters on the "WANTED" steamer label pasted on the bag's side. She pushed the snickering clerk away from the suitcase so violently that he collided with the far wall; she slammed and locked the door.

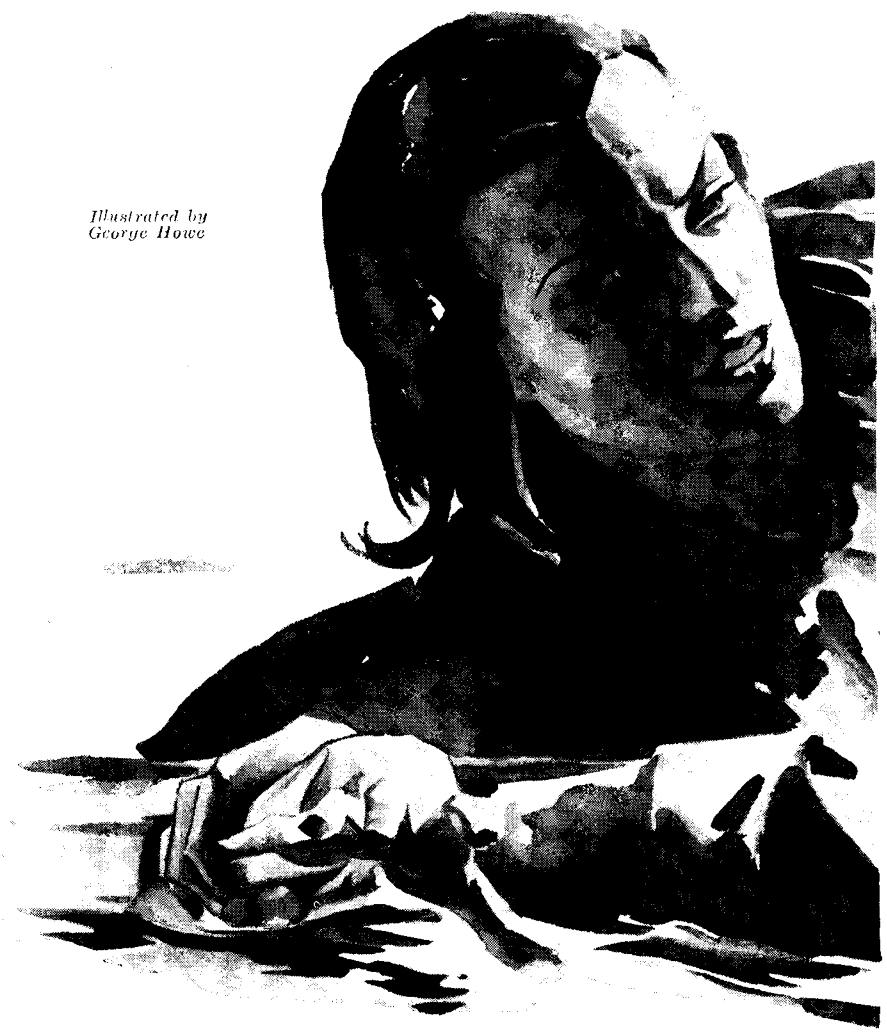
In less than three minutes by the watch she forgot to strap on her wrist, she was in the street.

Soldiers and carts and ponies. Strutting little officers. Tall Manchus in a dozen different uniforms, some carrying modern weapons, others clumsily bearing old Tower rifles or Mannlichers or the heavy '93 Springfields. A looter, so drunk with *shaochui* that he had no realization what the outcome would be for him, was already trussed for the axe. Along the edge of the street Shantung merchants displayed their wares in wicker baskets, profiting again as they had with each change in administration. Here and there a painted flower girl; Manchu farmers in faded blue; Manchu traders in long Russian boots and sheepskin coats, with felt hats embroidered with imitation gold braid. . . .

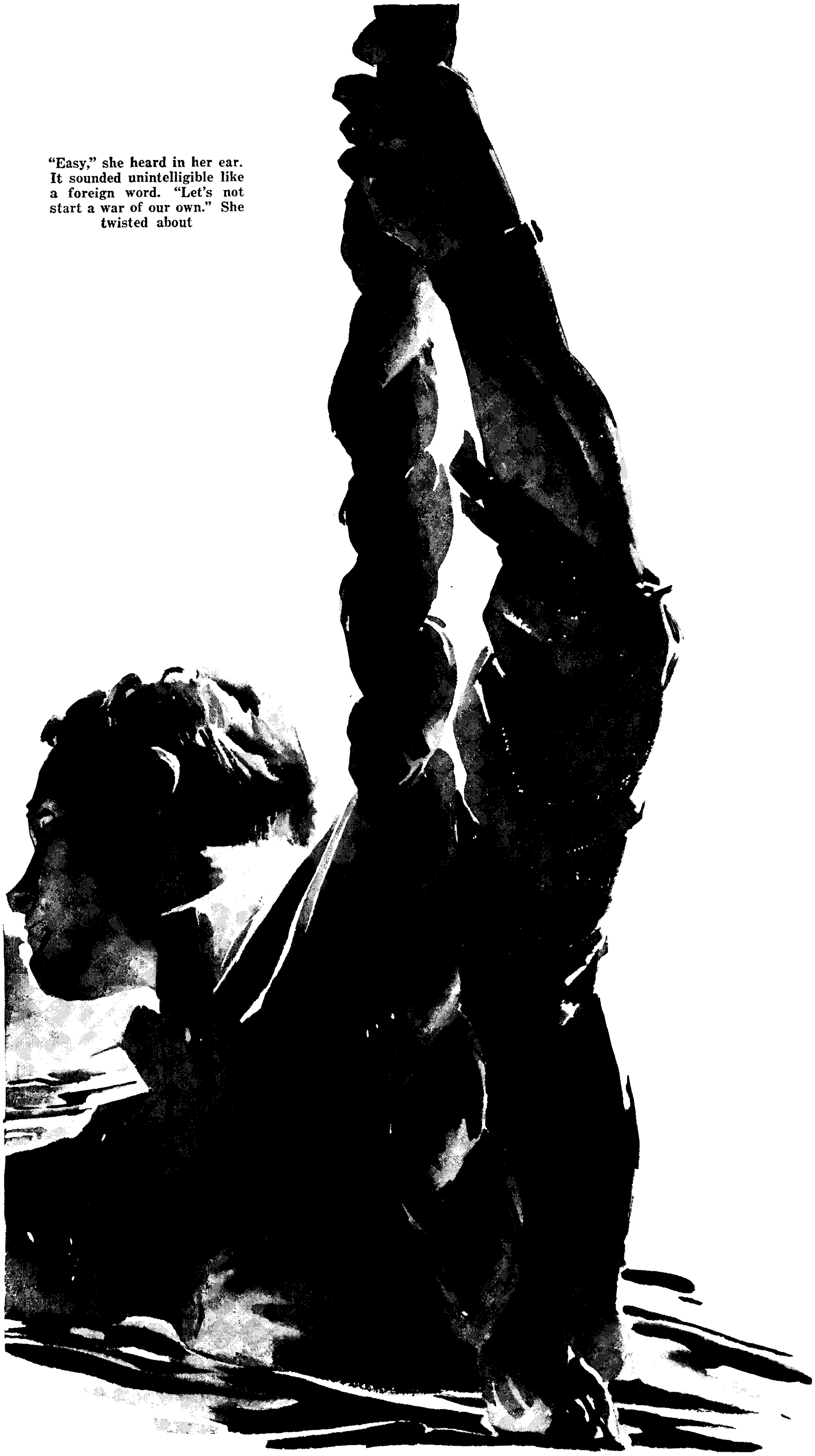
Only her bag saved her from being immediately questioned. As it was, more than one officer sent messengers to commanders, asking for instructions regarding the white woman who was walking about; was she a missionary-doctor, or—since she was young and well-formed—really an *aruku-san,* a walking lady? It all depended on which side of the bag they saw. The glances quickened her pace; when she struck off from the street, heading in the only direction at all logical, she became aware of being followed, and instinctively did the worst thing possible; she began to run.

STRAIGHT toward the railway bridge she ran. Yesterday, when the train had crossed the bridge, Mrs. Kingsley had remarked that the way to the mine started on the side of the river opposite Kiansui; that there was a road somewhere which led to the hills, to the mine. She had even pointed vaguely. Men from the mine, according to her husband, used some shorter method of reaching the town, but the road was a full two days' cart journey. How many would it be on foot, for a girl without money, without knowledge of the language, in a war-torn land? But what else was there for her to do? She knew that she couldn't remain in Kiansui.

She had several hundred feet start over the soldiers behind her. There were three of them, ordered finally to prevent her from leaving town. The officer who had dispatched them had given warning that they must be care-



Illustrated by George Howe



"Easy," she heard in her ear. It sounded unintelligible like a foreign word. "Let's not start a war of our own." She twisted about

ful. If the lady were merely strolling about they were to do nothing; if she attempted to leave Kiansui, she might be a spy. Even so, she was to be brought back alive.

One of the men discharged his gun into the air to give force to his yell to her. Caroline ran the harder. As she reached the track and set foot on the first solid portion of the bridge, she went even faster. Then, horribly, she knew that the floor of the bridge was open steel-work, trestle-fashion. Try as she did to space her steps, to avoid looking down, dizziness unhinged the joints of her knees. Water . . . muddy, slow-flowing. A junk floating, far below, toward the town . . . great wild geese winging seaward, flying high under the bridge . . . she saw all this. In flashes. Behind, the men were shouting to her, were making better progress than she. The very thought made her falter. What was the sense of running? They'd catch her, or someone else would, on the far side. She couldn't run forever . . . but run she did. She managed to keep from looking down now, until the shimmering lines of track swam at her like imprisoning bars.

Then, a full three quarters of the way across, she stopped as if a barrier had magically, diabolically, appeared. Her hand wavered to her throbbing throat; she tried to scream; she did whimper. A dark spot between the gleaming rails had become a moving object and not an illusion, coming swiftly nearer as the hand-car made the sweeping downgrade run toward the bridge and Kiansui. She turned in desperation. The men behind her, seeing only the halted little fugitive, closed in jubilantly.

CAROLINE was midway between two bowstrung supports, which, Russian manner, were only far enough from the tracks to allow clearance of the rolling stock. She could feel, clicking its ominous way into her head, the rushing approach of the hand-car; clickety-click, clickety-clack . . . you're caught! you're caught! She turned again, saw a frantically waving arm, heard (perhaps, perhaps not) the unavailing squeal of brakes, knew there was no escape, felt a moistly triumphant hand at her shoulder.

This time she did scream. She tore away, stumbled, half fell, and, understanding in the tiny portion of time exactly what she must do and was doing, hurled herself from the bridge. . . .

Consciousness returned slowly. She realized only that she was in the river, and that something, or someone, was holding her; she began to struggle immediately.

"Easy," she heard in her ear. It sounded unintelligible, like a foreign word. Nor was there sense to what followed: "Let's not start a war of our own."

She twisted about. A man was holding her with one arm, holding with the other to a plaited straw rope at the blunt stern of a junk. The hand was very brown. So was the lean face close to her own. Caroline shut her eyes tightly and continued fighting; for a moment she almost succeeded in breaking away.

"Woman," she heard, "you soak me again and I'll give you a ducking to remember. *Verstanden? Wakarimasu ka?* Maybe you habla Espanol or perhaps Francaise or are you just another little Russki? If the steersman topside weren't drunk as a goat he'd have batted us both on the head before now, and—"

"Oh," Caroline whispered. "You're American."

She saw now that his eyes were not Asiatic, for, although they were dark, there was the glint of blue in them.

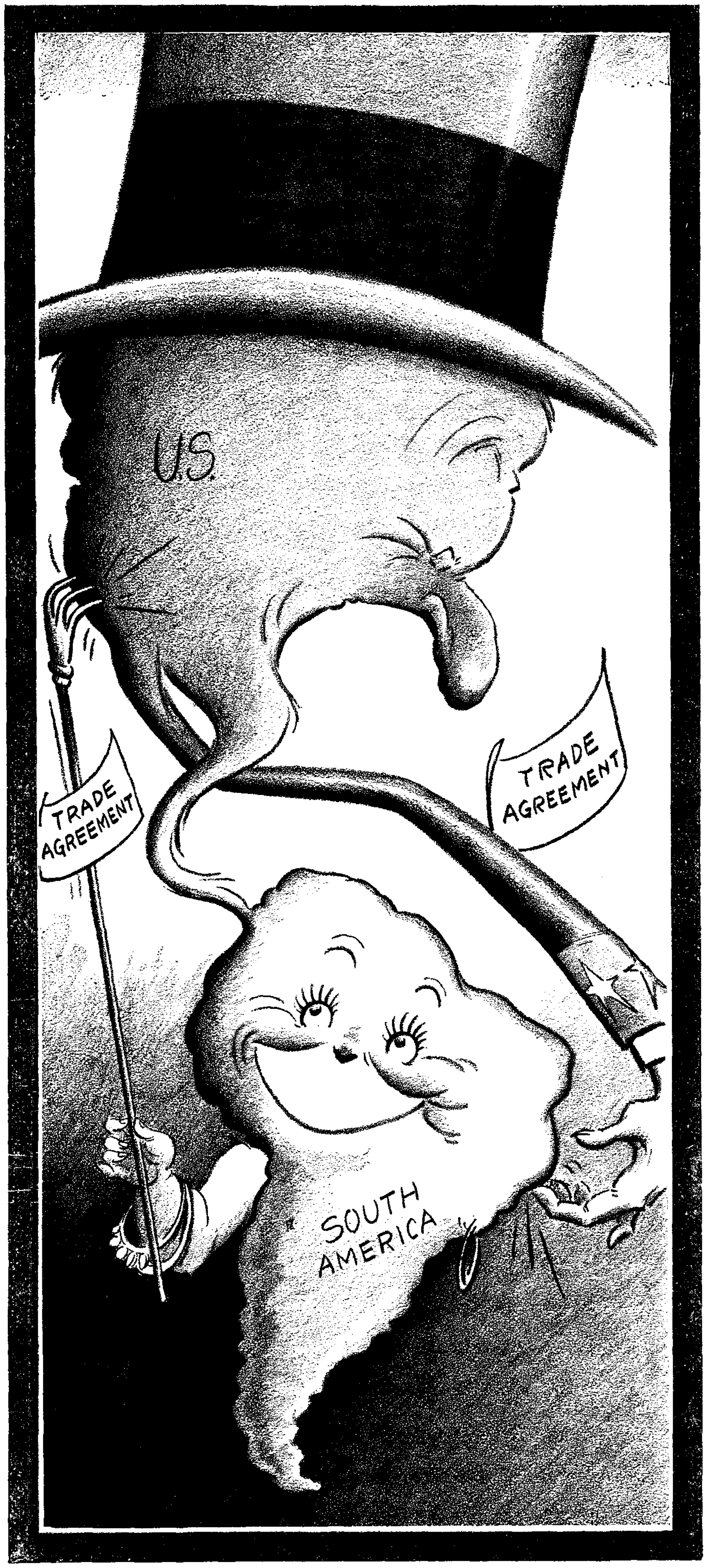
(Continued on page 49)

The New Deal Faces South

The fruits of Cordell Hull's wooing of South America are ready to pick. The personal touch of the New Deal has cleared the way to our greatest potential market. Tariff barriers which for years have hampered the trade development of both Americas are toppling before a series of bilateral agreements, leaving the future free of obstacles and misunderstandings. Mr. Ybarra, who has just completed a survey of South America, shows you what the southern continent means to American business

By T. R. Ybarra

Illustrated by Harold Talburt



The new bilateral trade agreements with South American countries are set up on the principle of mutual help

SECRETARY of State Cordell Hull is certainly keeping the pledges made by him at the Pan-American Conference in Montevideo last December to do his utmost for the promotion of mutually beneficial relations, especially in the commercial field, between the United States and Latin America.

While he was in Montevideo, Secretary Hull promised that the United States would not again interfere high-handedly in the affairs of Latin America. Shortly afterward, this promise was repeated by President Roosevelt in Washington. Since then both the President and his Secretary of State have shown clearly that they mean to translate speeches into deeds.

At the Conference Secretary Hull made a hit as a man. There can be no doubt about that. Any American who, like myself, was in Montevideo last December will agree with me. Latin American delegates to the Conference, some of whom had arrived with chips on their shoulders, all ready to make trouble for the supposedly imperialistic "colossus of the North," were completely won over by Mr. Hull's old-fashioned courtesy, obvious sincerity and unmistakable desire to put the proceedings on a basis of genuine international good feeling.

They who, like the majority of Latins, had been sticklers for formality in official dealings, took to dropping in on him unannounced to discuss their troubles as man to man. The reason for this was that, throwing to the winds all precedent, Mr. Hull had introduced a new fashion into diplomatic dealings, by a round of sudden, informal calls on the dignitaries gathered for the Conference.

"If I found them not at home," he told me there, "I simply went away and returned later."

At first there was consternation. What an affront to etiquette! How undignified! Why, one delegate, when Mr. Hull called, was in his bath! But the Secretary of State of the United States of America eventually carried all before him. Informality won over formality—by a knockout.

Montevideo last December was only one stop for me on a long tour of South America. Everywhere I talked with natives and foreign residents—business men, bankers, government officials, newspaper editors, planters, politicians. Everywhere I sought information as to the prevailing attitude in their countries toward the United States.

The answers were varied. Yet, from practically all of them, one thing emerged clearly: As a result of the personal popularity achieved by Secretary Hull, an atmosphere of friendliness toward us had been created such as had not existed for years. At the same time, it was quite apparent that Latin America was waiting for concrete actions in Washington to follow pretty words in Montevideo. In this watchful waiting there was little skepticism. The general feeling was that such actions would unquestionably come in due time. Had not Secretary Hull told the Latin Americans so?

And that is a good thing. For it must be admitted that to be really successful the New Deal, foreshadowed in our relations with the Latin Americans, must lessen the latent antagonism between the two sections of the American Continent. And that will be *some* job!

We're All "Gringos"

Despite some genuine friendliness—in Brazil, for instance—despite many cases of individual popularity, the average North American is not liked in South America. There is no getting around it—Latin Americans, in general, don't "get" us. And we don't "get" them. Our man in the street has classed them far too often in the past as "greasers," and their man in the street has been only too prone to lump all of us Americans together as "gringos."

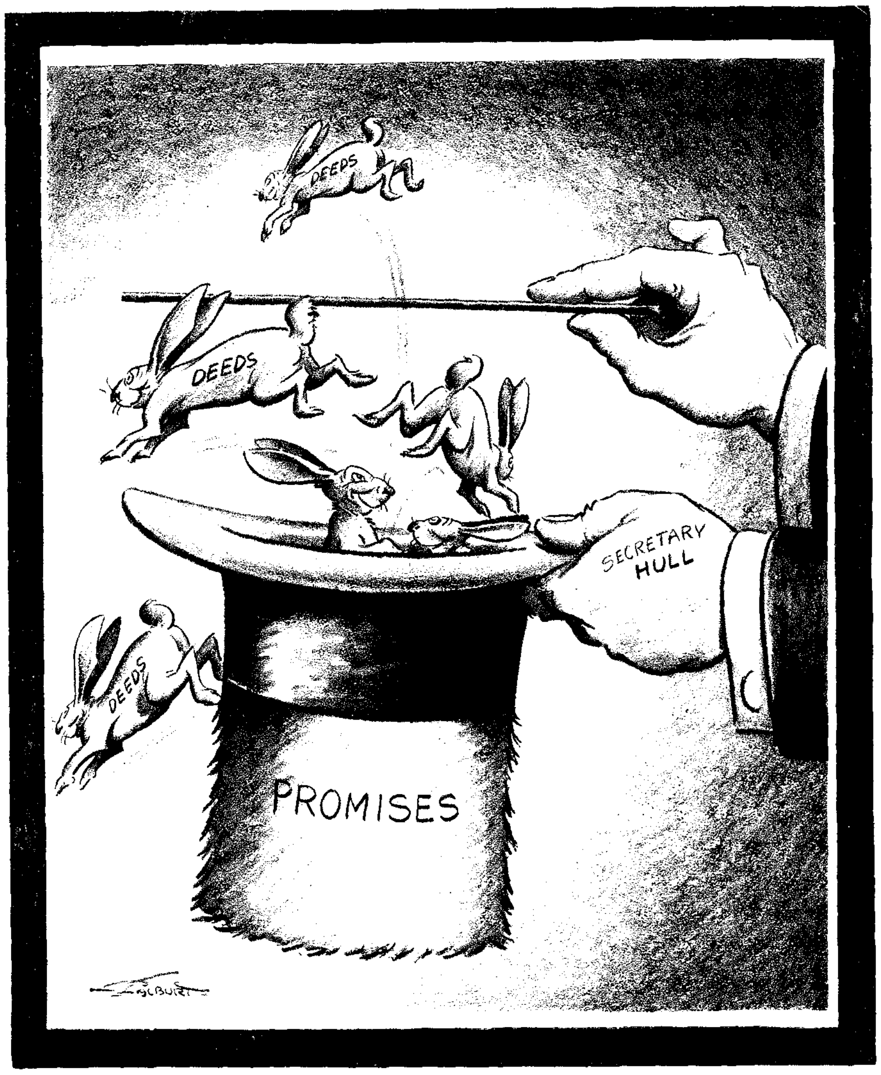
In our attitude the main ingredient has been indifference; in theirs it has been antipathy. This has remained true despite the spilling of oceans of eloquence about "the ties that bind us," "the mutual esteem that unites us" and similar oratorical flubdub.

In Latin America the average Frenchman or Italian is accepted as a good fellow until he proves himself otherwise; the North American, on the other hand, is often held to be an "outsider" until he proves himself a good fellow. Even our cousin, the Britisher, also frequently kept beyond the pale of popularity in Latin America—is better liked there than we are.

For one thing, he is supposed to make less noise than we do. The average Englishman, even when he is so full that his right leg doesn't know what his left leg is doing, usually manages to preserve shreds of his lofty British calm—and that goes big with Latin Americans. We, on the other hand—sober or drunk—are accused of being too boisterous.

In Argentina they still talk about the occasion, not long ago, when a shipload of American tourists, on a cruise around South America, was invited to enter the sacred precincts of that most renowned, luxurious and exclusive social organization, the Buenos Aires Jockey Club. The tourists availed themselves of the invitation in large numbers, but some of them drank so deeply and yelled so enthusiastically that the officers of the club, shocked beyond words, have refused ever since to issue similar blanket invitations.

"Englishmen wouldn't do that!" the Argentines insist reprovingly. As for the French and Italians—well, first, says your Latin American, they don't drink much as a rule and, second, when



Simply by keeping our promises, we are creating a new friendliness for ourselves in the nations to the south

they do, their Latin dignity somehow remains with them.

This attitude of misunderstanding between the inhabitants of the two Americas is especially unfortunate when it comes to trade relations. Latin America's antipathy toward us inclines people there to do business with Europeans unless the advantage of doing it with us is overwhelming; and our indifference toward them frequently makes us shut our eyes to the profits which we might derive from Latin American commerce.

A Change of Sentiment

In Washington nowadays there is elation at the changing sentiment toward us noticeable in Latin America. This is becoming especially significant in newspaper comments. Even in journals hitherto hostile, nice editorials about Uncle Sam are appearing—all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that just as twisting the British lion's tail has been a popular political pastime for years with our journalists so in Latin America a favorite amusement has been tweaking the American eagle's tail feathers. "Yankee plots for expansion southward" are still a bugaboo with many alarmists down there—likewise "Yankee imperialism" and "Yankee dollar diplomacy."

We remain indifferent, as a rule, to what our marines may do in Nicaragua; the average Latin American, though, gets quite rampant on this subject. The late General Augusto Sandino was, to most of us—according to the degree and character of our interest in Nicaraguan affairs—a rebel, a bandit or a nobody. But in the republics south of us he has been acclaimed for years as a heroic patriot, a champion of the Latin race against the menace of the "gringo."

It has been the same with regard to our actions in Haiti and Santo Domingo. The average American, noticing something about them in his morning paper, reads the headlines and then turns to items which really interest him. The Latin American, on the other hand, froths at the mouth and clenches his fists.

As for Mexico and Panama and Cuba, we show for them, on occasion, signs of intense interest, but primarily because they bulk large as issues in our internal politics. To our southern neighbors, though, Mexico is a courageous outpost of Latinism against scheming Anglo-Saxonism, Panama the illegitimate child of Yankee aggression, Cuba a fly struggling not to be strangled in the web of the North American spider.

Fear of the North American devilfish, supposedly stretching out its tentacles to crush weaker neighbors, has been largely fostered by Latin American literary men. When I was in South America early this year the books of our principal foes down there—Ugarte, Blanco Fombona, Rodó, to cite only a few—were still displayed in bookstores, along with those of younger and equally unfriendly writers.

Latin Americans still read—and agree with—this estimate made of us by Manuel Ugarte, a brilliant Argentine, after he visited the United States years ago:

"A supreme contempt for everything foreign, especially for all that proclaims its Latin origin, and a lively self-satisfaction, rather parvenu in aspect but based on palpable success, give the North American a certain rough, brutal tendency to outdo other races, a certain diabolical exclusiveness, which crushes and humiliates the newcomer. . . . To the popular mind, we Latin Americans were savages, ridiculous phenomena, degenerates. . . . Nobody concealed his Olympian disdain for 'the little republics of adventure' which swarmed to the South of the North American Union."

Our leading Venezuelan enemy, Rufino Blanco Fombona, an able and prolific writer, is even harsher toward us. Once he called the people of the United States "a nation of hypocrites, who, with the Bible on their lips, have, in their hearts, greed and lies."

Equally zealous as a defender of Latinism against the Yankee Peril, yet essentially different from certain other writers in that he remains always the courtly Spanish cavalier, is the Uruguayan, José Enrique Rodó. His works were on sale in his native Montevideo while Secretary Hull was laboring to change the feeling of his fellow countrymen toward Americans—indeed, the park beside which stands the hotel where Secretary Hull stayed is named after Rodó.

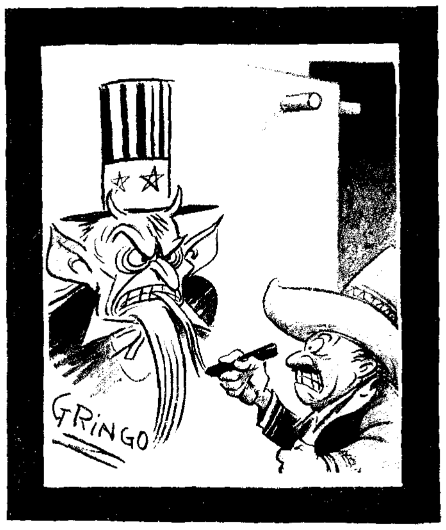
First a Salute, Then the Rapier

The knightly caliber of the man is finely shown by the introduction of his best-known attack upon us:

"Any severe judgment on the North Americans must needs be preceded, as in a duel with a noble adversary, by the chivalrous tribute of a salute."

Then he gives an analysis of the United States and its inhabitants which —though couched throughout in urbane language—is a sizzler. Here is a translation of a small part of it:

"North American civilization produces, as a whole, a strange impression of insufficiency and emptiness. The American nation lives for the reality of the present, subordinating all its actions to selfish search for individual and collective welfare. It is a pile of wood to which nobody has been able to apply a match. Genuine art lives in North America only in the guise of individual rebellion. Emerson and Poe in their North American environment seem like forms of life hurled from their proper surroundings by some geological upheaval. Neither the ideal of beauty nor that of truth arouses enthusiasm in the descendant of the austere Puritans. He despises all thought which does not lead to some immediate finality, no matter how futile it may be. Research is, to him, merely a preliminary to utilitarian application. The very nature of the North American precludes the possibility of his ever exercising domination over other peoples."



Despite some genuine friendliness, the average American was not liked below the equator

Well, the Administration at Washington isn't trying to dominate Latin America. What it wants to do is improve our Latin American relations; and, above all, to increase our Latin American trade.

President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull have arranged for a series of bilateral trade agreements between the United States and each of the Latin American Republics. They are to be based on the method succinctly described many years ago by that homespun humorist, Artemus Ward, as "you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch yours." The program envisaged is the direct outcome of Secretary Hull's good-will tour last winter to the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo; a tour which was, from start to finish, a case of the New Deal going a-wooing—and successfully—in new and promising fields.

It is impossible at present to give a definite picture of how the contemplated agreements will read when they reach their final form. First, many of them do not exist yet even in rough drafts. Second, work on most of them has been held up because the President wasn't sure he would get the special negotiating powers for which he asked Congress. But of one thing inquirers are definitely assured nowadays in Washington official circles—the campaign to obtain these powers will be stubbornly pressed forward, even if it should meet setbacks at the beginning.

Though Europe, in the past, has been of greater importance in our foreign trade than Latin America, it is becoming increasingly apparent that in a general way, *Latin America has what we want most to import and needs what we want most to export, whereas Europe doesn't need what we want most to export and hasn't got what we want most to import.* This should mean, in the long run, a growing value to us of Latin American markets. Not long ago official investigators in Washington, delving into trade statistics, reported that, broadly speaking, the countries whose purchases seemed likely to increase most rapidly were those which want our manufactured products, especially our mechanical devices, and that countries whose purchases seemed likely to increase less rapidly were those which imported a larger proportion of our food, materials and oil products.

Our Five Main Imports

Now, our exports to Latin America are mostly manufactured products in great variety, such as machinery, electrical appliances, tools and gadgets of many sorts. The bulk of our imports from Latin America, on the other hand, consists of a few extremely important foodstuffs and raw materials. Nearly all the coffee we drink comes from Brazil and other southern lands; nearly all the sugar we consume comes from Cuba; nearly all the bananas we eat are from Central America and northern South America; nearly all the petroleum we get from abroad is shipped from Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico, Ecuador and Peru; nearly all the nitrate which we buy abroad comes from Chile.

Those are our main imports from Latin America—only five, in all, as against scores of articles, mostly manufactured, which we sell to the Latin Americans.

In the past, endeavors to flatten down tariff barriers have been wrecked all too often by lack of coöperation between our government and the governments of Latin America; and many attempts to do business despite the continued existence of these barriers have been hampered, or even entirely frustrated, by the prohibitive nature of the duties levied.

President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull now propose to do away with this state of affairs.

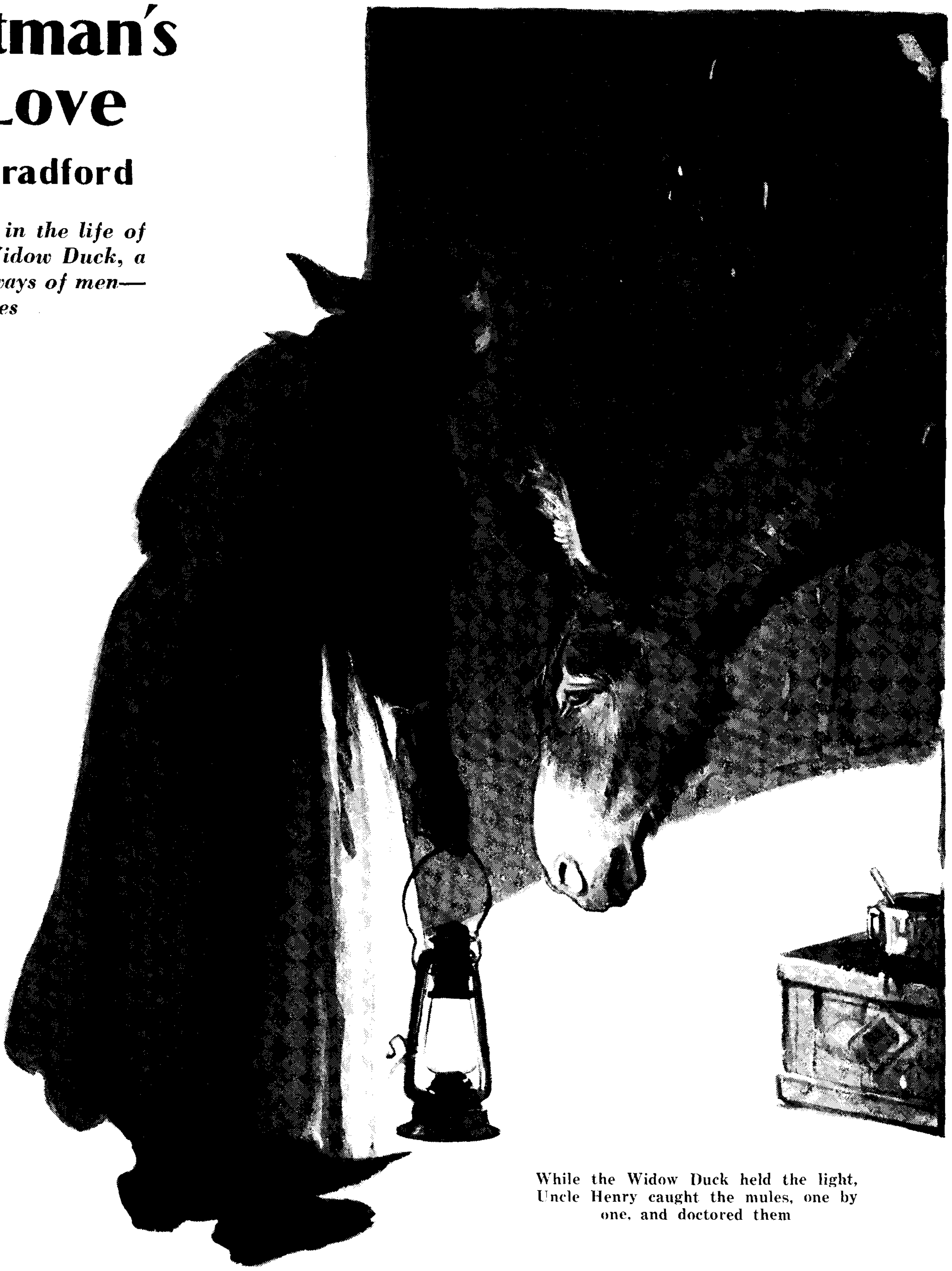
The general character of the tariff agreements which they have in mind may be deduced by study of one such agreement which has emerged from the misty domain in which most of the others are still floating about. This is

(Continued on page 46)

The Lotman's True Love

By Roark Bradford

A romantic episode in the life of Little Bee Bend's Widow Duck, a woman wise in the ways of men—and mules



While the Widow Duck held the light, Uncle Henry caught the mules, one by one, and doctored them

UNCLE HENRY was in a swivit. Giles told him the trouble was there had been a change in the times. The Widow Duck thought maybe it was the Lord tightening up on Christians *and* sinners, just to remind them that He was the Big Boss.

Uncle Henry himself had no idea what the cause was; the effects were more than he could handle.

At the moment the old lotman was leading a mule into the lot. The mule was named Shotgun, and Shotgun was sick. Uncle Henry had seen plenty of sick mules in his day. He had doctored them, too, and generally he had "welled them up" without much hullabaloo. Occasionally, if a mule failed to yield to his ministrations, the bossman brought out a few "powders" from town, and the mule died anyway.

This time it was different. As soon as Giles heard that one of the forty-odd mules in the pasture was sick, he rushed a man to town to notify the bossman, and Uncle Henry knew that meant trouble.

"Now, you stand still, Shotgun," he commanded, "whilst I git you all cyored up befo' Mist' Junior git out hyar wid dat squirt gun and squirt you full er pizen and kill you."

The lotman ambled off to the gear room, directing his talk in the meantime to a half-grown hog that was fattening on waste corn in the lot. "Yassuh, Robbit," he went on, "de bossman is bad enough wid dem powders, but when Mist' Junior git a-holt er you wid dat squirt gun, he lay you out cold!"

In the gear room, Uncle Henry picked up a jar of iodine, a kettle filled with herb brew that passed under the broad general classification of liniment, and a long-necked drenching bottle. With these three items and divers tricks known only to himself, Uncle Henry was able to keep the stock of Little Bee Bend plantation in good condition.

RARELY, the bossman interfered by bringing in a veterinarian, a practice the lotman resented but which he tolerated, because, after all, the bossman owned the stock. But now that Mister Junior was home from school with his books and hypodermic needles and serums, Uncle Henry was saddened and overwhelmed.

The drenching bottle was empty. "Git out f'm under my feets, Robbit," said Uncle Henry, "whilst I git dis dranchin' bottle fulled up again." He poured a pint of Epsom salts into the bottle and went to the pump in the corner of the lot. As he worked the handle, a two-pound catfish slid idly from the sediment in the bottom of the tank, and wriggled lazily toward the fresh stream of water.

"And hyar you come!" Uncle Henry fussed. "You better git back down in de rubbish, Minnie, cause efn Mist' Junior see you, he'll swear you's pizen to de stock, too, and make me fry you."

The bottle filled, Uncle Henry returned to Shotgun. He looked the beast over carefully and failed to find a cut or scratch. "You don't need no i-deen," Uncle Henry diagnosed. "Lemme rub some er dis yarb juice on you." He splashed the liquid on experimentally. "Whar you ailin' at, Shotgun?" he asked. "Better tell me, so's I kin git you cyored up good befo' Mist' Junior git hyar and pizen you."

Fifteen years of dragging a double shovel in a cotton patch had toughened Shotgun's hide and had given him patience in his heart. He stood in sorrow and pain as the lotman applied the liniment.

"Ain't tetchous nowhars," Uncle Henry concluded. "Maybe you needs a dranchin'."

He led Shotgun to the hayrack and with a swift movement he pitched the halter line over the rack and yanked the mule's head high, making the rope fast. In another instant he had the long neck of the drenching bottle buried deep in the mule's mouth and was literally pouring the medicine down his throat. When the last drop of liquid had drained into the mule's gullet, Uncle Henry unfastened the rope.

"Now, Shotgun, please git well," he begged. "Mist' Junior kill you sho', efn he ketch you ailin'."

Uncle Henry scratched Robbit's side, and threw him a handful of corn from the trough. "Take keer er Shotgun, Robbit," he said, and went off down the road muttering to himself.

AFTER wandering around aimlessly for half an hour, he turned his steps at length toward the cabin of the Widow Duck, on the bayou. He went there for no particular reason; his arrival was a kind of natural consequence of his troubled mind.

"Hy-dy, Henry," the Widow Duck greeted.

"Po'ly, thank God. And you, Mis' Duckie?"

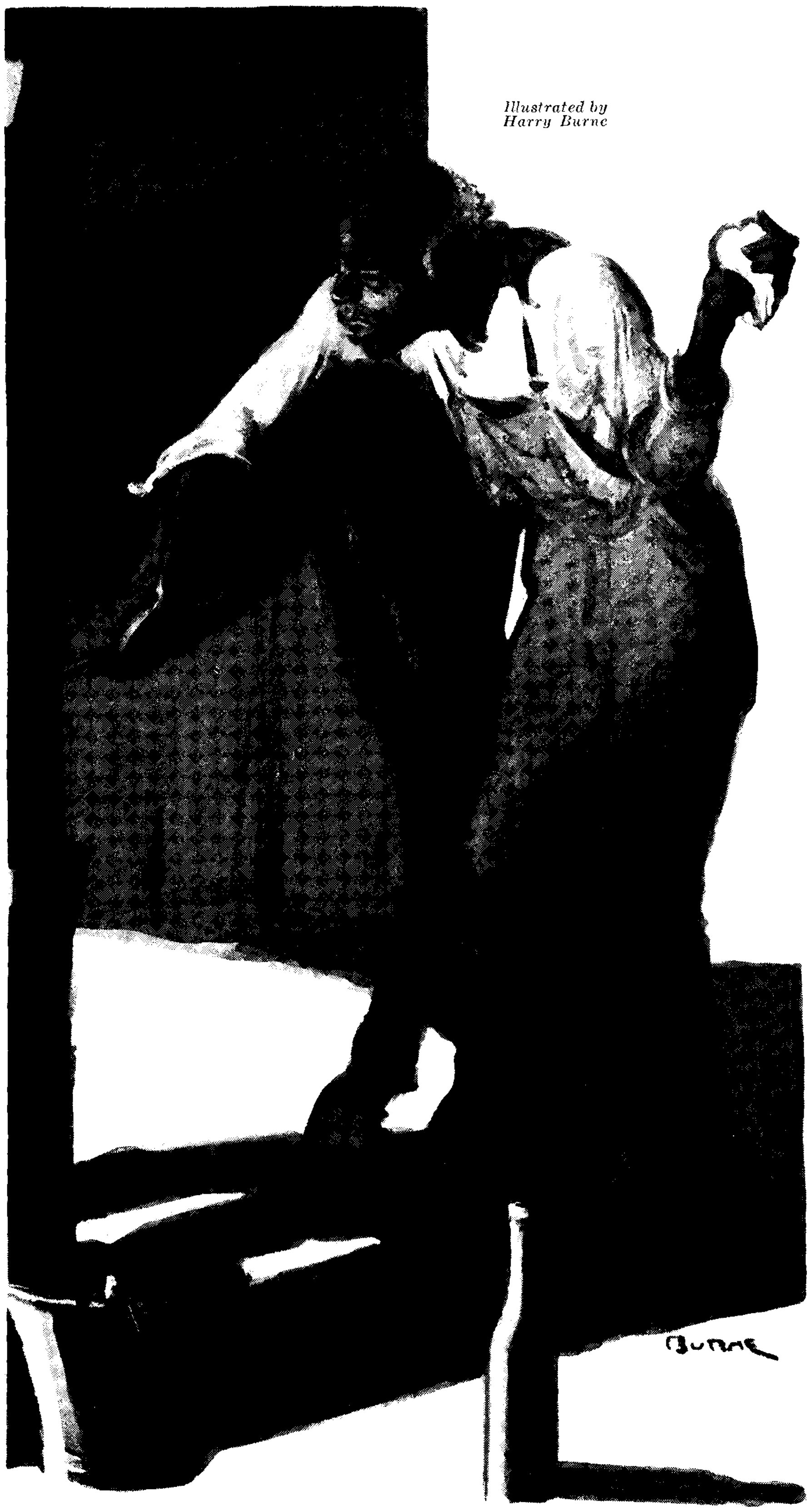
"Middlin' fair," she admitted, "and a little proud."

"Proud?" the lotman grunted. "About which?"

"On account er Mist' Junior is so smart," the Widow Duck explained. "I knowed all de time he gonter turn out like dat, too. He read in his books, good, and now jest look at him!"

The subject of Mister Junior was distasteful to Uncle Henry, but politeness, backed up by curiosity, compelled him to ask for details.

These the Widow Duck supplied, with trimmings. It seemed, according to the word just brought over from Duke's Bend by Docas, that Mister Junior had



Illustrated by Harry Burne

made a serum which had saved all of Mister Wash's mules from a dreadful malady, and all the white folks and most of the Negroes were talking proudly about him.

"Docas say," elaborated the Widow Duck, "dat on account er all de dry weather, de pastures ain't no good."

"Docas say, hunh?" snorted Uncle Henry. "Any fool know dat. And when hit's dry weather and de pastures ain't no good, de cotton do's so good hit don't need no plowin', and mules which don't got to drag a plow don't need much pasture." As Uncle Henry rambled on with his analysis of the situation, he grew sarcastic. "Den de bayou git low, and de feesh git to bitin' good. And de niggers go fishin' cause hit ain't no grass to cut outn de crop, all on account er de weather so dry. Docas didn't tole you all er dat, did he?"

"Docas say—"

"Who keer what Docas say?" Uncle Henry had reached a stage of incivility, a condition foreign to his nature.

The Widow Duck bristled. "So you gittin' mad at me, hunh?" she demanded.

UNCLE HENRY melted. "Beg yo' pardon, grant me grace, efn dat ain't plenty, slap my face, Mis' Duckie," he apologized. "I didn't aim to shawttawk you."

"Well, den," insisted the Widow Duck, "Docas say de grass got some fungers on hit."

"Which?"

"Docas say Mist' Junior called hit fungers on de grass, on account hit's so dry."

"What's a fungers?"

"Docas didn't say. I axed him did he mean fingers, and he say Mist' Junior say hit was fungers."

"What do dem fungers do?" asked Uncle Henry.

The Widow Duck leaned back in her chair, took a big dip of snuff, and spat far into the yard before replying. "Fungers," she explained, "gits on de insides o' de mules and kills 'em daid."

Uncle Henry batted his eyes as though he had been slapped. "Umumph!" he grunted. "Ain't dat a pity and a shame to kill all er dem mules like dat!" In his mind he could see every mule on Little Bee Bend stretched out, dead.

"What do a funger look like?" he wanted to know.

The Widow Duck grew evasive at that point in the recital. She loved Little Bee Bend plantation, and she loved to see the people of Little Bee do things which distinguished them and the plantation. And when a man from a neighboring place brought in a marvelous tale about the bossman's son saving the mules from fungus poisoning by the injection of a serum, she accepted the reflected glory as her due, and when the details ran counter to her beliefs, she glanced over them as lightly as possible.

"I ain't never seed no funger," she admitted.

"Did Docas seed 'em?" pressed the lotman.

"He say not."

"What did he say Mist' Junior said dey look like?"

THE Widow Duck shook her head. "Henry," she confessed, in a whisper, "Mist' Junior ain't never seed one. I jest hyared de tale, and I passes hit on for what hit's worth. But betwixt me and you and de gatepost yonder, I put hit down dat about ha'f is old Docas' lies, and de yuther ha'f is ju-ju stuff. Docas say four er Mist' Wash's mules up and died wid de funger, and Mist' Junior got a squirt gun wid a needle in hit and tuck what he called de cutcher f'm de daid mules and den done a little fancy stuff on hit and squirt dis cutcher stuff in de well mules. He say dat keep de well mules f'm dyin'."

"Hit didn't keep de daid mules f'm dyin', did hit?"

"Nawp; Docas say four of 'em died."

"You can hardly kill a well mule," Uncle Henry philosophized. "And a sick mule'll die on you, ev'y time, onless you dranches him good."

They talked for a long sad time. Uncle Henry's pride was wounded almost beyond healing, and the Widow Duck was sympathetic. The trouble was that Mister Junior was a young one, and young ones ever were irresponsible. You couldn't blame them when they hurt the old people by their thoughtlessness. God made them young and foolish, like that, just as God made the old people smart in their heads so they could undo the wrongfulnesses of the young ones.

"Hit ain't for me and you to mope about," the Widow Duck comforted. "Hit's for me and you to use we's haids de sweet God Almighty gived us."

"Hit ain't," countered Uncle Henry, "for me and you to cross up de white fo'ks, 'specially when dey's de bossman's own son, I don't keer how young and foolish he is."

It was a fact, and the Widow Duck admitted it. She looked out across the field and as far as she could see there was not a mule in it. The sun was blistering hot, and the cotton was growing so fast she could almost see it grow. She smiled benevolently.

"Mist' Junior got a heap er say-so, round hyar," she said, "and de bossman got a heap more say-so. But de Big Boss settin' up in He own natchal heaven git de last word in, I don't keer what de yuthers say."

"Old Shotgun'll be daid befo' sundown," Uncle Henry prophesied, "efn Mist' Junior git dat squirt gun needle in he hide."

"Shotgun's time is might' nigh out, anyway," the Widow Duck reminded him. "He made many a crop."

"He ain't got no business dyin' to he git done makin' de one he started last spring."

"Dat sunshine makin' he crop for 'em. He ain't got to worry. He kin die when he please."

There was little comfort in it all, and Uncle Henry ambled away.

WHEN Uncle Henry returned to the barn, the very worst possible was happening. Shotgun had died; Johnny T and Joe Boody were harnessing Mag and Queen to drag him off to the woods as Uncle Henry walked up. The lot was full almost to overflowing of mules and men. Negroes were catching and holding the mules while Mister Junior shot the serum into their flanks. Giles was assisting Mister Junior, and the bossman was looking on, cussing and directing the work. It was bad. It was too bad!

Uncle Henry sidled into the lot and sat down by the watering tank, muttering to himself while the deadly process went on. Each time the long needle was placed under a mule's skin, Uncle Henry shut his eyes and said "Ye-ow!" as though he, personally, felt the pain.

One glimmer of hope came to him during the process. The men had caught a mule named Monk and Monk was a bad mule.

"Kick 'em, Monk," Uncle Henry growled in his teeth. "Kick 'em smack outn de lot."

Monk never had a chance. Giles slipped a twister on his nose, turned it a few times, and Monk stood in perfect docility as the hypodermic was given.

"You want Patsy?" one of the men shouted to Giles. Patsy was the bossman's saddle mare, and Uncle Henry didn't care for her.

"Sho'," Giles said. "Bring her on."

The bossman's saddle mare was led up, and the twister was applied to her nose also. "Serve you jest right, Mis' Patsy," Uncle Henry muttered. "I hope he stick de needle plum through you." He didn't really hope so, and he groaned as the long needle was inserted.

All of the mules were inoculated and Uncle Henry suffered with each one. Finally the job was completed. Mister Junior issued instructions to Giles and drove back to town with the bossman. Giles relayed the orders to Uncle Henry.

"Keep de mules in de lot," he said, "but don't feed 'em nothin'. Jest let 'em have plenty water."

"Yassuh," grunted Uncle Henry.

"Tomorrow," Giles went on, "Mist' Junior gonter send out some lime bricks to put in de waterin' tank, so's de mules kin drink lime water."

UNCLE HENRY dropped his eyes and winced.

"So," Giles continued, "you better take and git all dat mess and stuff cleaned outn de tank so's hit'll be clean lime water."

"Yassuh."

Giles left him and Uncle Henry sat down to his worry. "I knowed hit," he grumbled. "He won't content hisse'f wid killin' off all de mules. He gonter kill ev'rything which kin creep and crawl." He poked a fork handle into the bottom of the trough and the catfish swam to the top. "And dat mean you, too, Minnie," he said. He looked across the lot and saw the hog rooting peacefully. "Commere, Robbit!" he called. "Pig! Unk! Unk!"

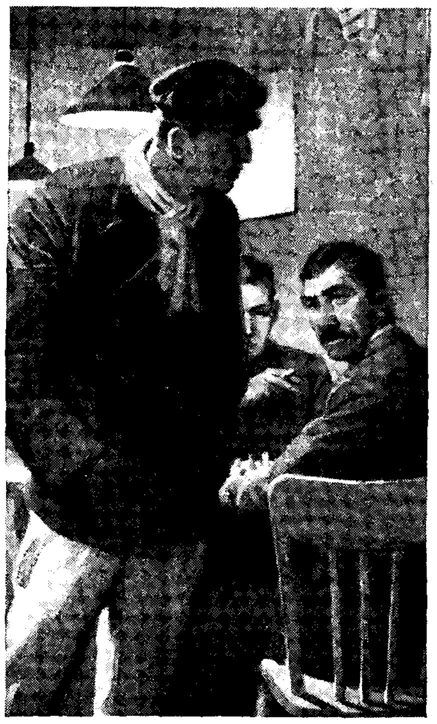
The pig came on the run, squealing in anticipation of corn. This time there wasn't any corn. Uncle Henry fussed at him a minute, then scratched his side and made him lie down. "Now," he announced, "I'm gonter fix yo' tongue palate up good, so's you won't git to ailin'. Mist' Junior had druther kill you den look at you." He twisted a tuft

(Continued on page 32)

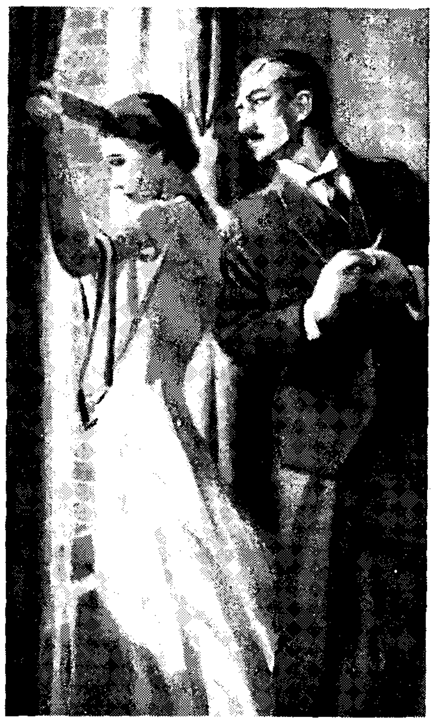
How Ryan got out of Russia

By Lord Dunsany

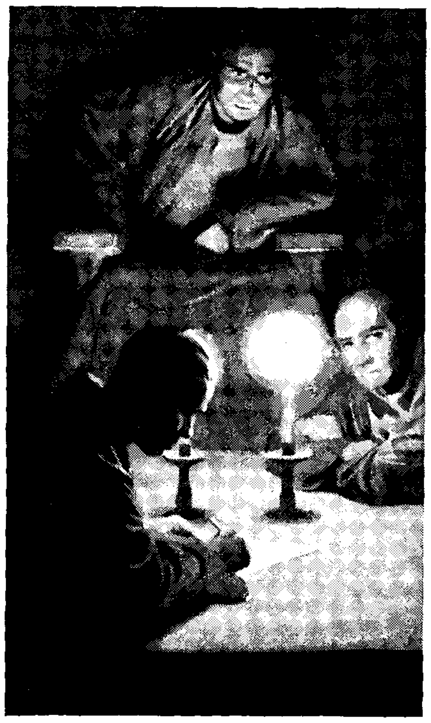
If you don't believe this story our advice is that you hop the first boat for France. Ryan, in all probability, is in Paris, and he's the man you want. It was Ryan, you know, who was given his choice: the firing squad or a trip to the moon



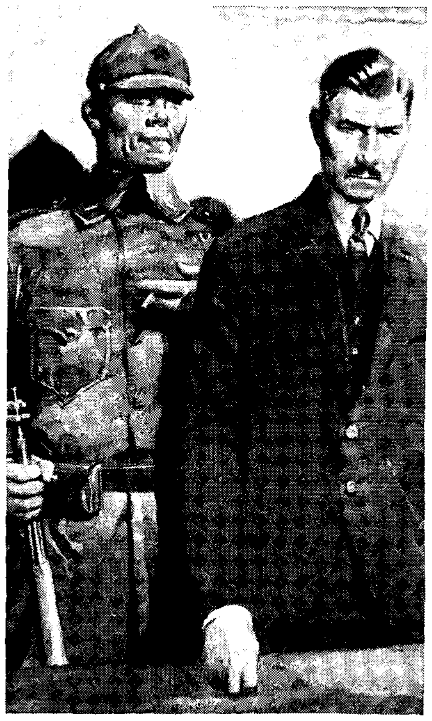
He passed my table but turned at once and spoke to me. "Are you one of us?" he asked



There was a man outside, looking too thoughtfully at the sky, and I knew that Mimi was right



"You are to destroy something deadlier than a man," he said. "You will go to Russia"



"Tell him it's death," one of them said. The sentry took out his cigarette and said, "It's death"

"ONCE again," said Jorkens suddenly, either in answer to some remark that I had not heard or to some fierce memory that awoke in his mind, "once again I must protest that anyone who finds anything unusual in any story that I may ever have happened to tell knows little of the stories that men do tell, daily, hourly, in fact all the time.

"All the twenty-four hours of every day there is someone telling some tale here in London, not to mention everywhere else, that is far less credible than anything I ever told. Then why do they single me out for what I can only call incredulity? Can you answer me that? No. And can you tell me any tale I have ever told you that has been definitely disproved in a properly scientific manner?

"No," he added before giving anyone very much time, not that anyone seemed ready with any case in point. "And I'll tell you what," Jorkens went on; "I'm ready to prove what I say. I'm ready to take anyone now and show him someone within a mile from here who is telling stranger tales than I've ever told, at this very minute. And if he isn't, he'll begin as soon as we ask him. As many of you as you like. Now, who'll come?"

"I'll come," I said.

SO AWAY we went from the Billiards Club, and soon we were in a taxi, going toward Soho, with Tutton, another member, who at the last moment came too.

In the taxi Jorkens sat silent; but when we got to the dingy café to which he had directed the driver, a dark little place called The Universe, and we went in and he saw at once the man he was looking for, he brightened up a good deal. The man was seated alone at one of the tables, eating some odd foreign dish. "Look at his forehead," said Jorkens.

"Yes," I said. "He hasn't got one."

"Well, a pair of bulging eyebrows," said Jorkens. "But no forehead. As you say. Not a man to imagine anything."

"Not in the least," I said.

"No, no," said Tutton.

"Very well," said Jorkens.

HE TOOK hold of a couple of chairs, then, and dragged them up to the man's table, while I brought one for myself.

"A couple of friends," said Jorkens, "who would like to hear your tale." And all at the same moment he made a sign with one finger to a waiter whose home I would have placed as the East of Europe, though I could get no nearer than that; and the sign meant evidently absinthe, for one came. The man had not spoken yet; then he tasted the absinthe; tasted it again, to be sure it was all right; then started at once. "I was in a Russian prison," he said. "The walls were ten feet thick. And I was sentenced to death."

"Begin at the beginning," said Jorkens.

"Oh," said the man; and he looked up from his absinthe, his clipped black mustache wet with it, his eyes groping with memory. Then he started again. "I never knew who I was spying for," he said.

"Tell them how you came to be spying," said Jorkens.

"*I got into a chess club in Paris*," said the man. And he took another drink from his glass of absinthe and it all seemed to come back to him. "It was a dark, low sty of a place. I only went there twice. It was only the second time I ever went there that I looked up from the game I was playing, at one of the other tables. I was having a good enough game and getting a bit the best of it, and I turned to look at one of the other tables while my man was making his move, a table level with mine on the other side of the gangway, and got the shock of my life. I saw all of a sudden *that one of the two players didn't know* the move of the knight. He was moving it anyhow, and his opponent was taking no notice. Well, it wasn't a chess club.

"I'd been introduced to the place by a man of whom I knew nothing. No help there. The man I was playing with was a chess player all right, but one swallow doesn't make a summer. I glanced at a few other boards, and saw pretty much the same thing going on as I had seen at the table beside me. Chess was a blind. What did go on there? I was a long way from the door, and I felt most frightfully alone."

He took another sip at the absinthe, and went on.

"I began looking round at the door, then, and seeing how many men there were sitting between me and it. I couldn't have done anything worse. I couldn't have made myself more conspicuous if I'd made a dash for it. They followed the turn of my eyes, and all seemed to read my thoughts. And a man got up from another table presently and loafed my way as though he were not coming up to me. But I knew he was. He passed my table, but turned round at once and spoke to me. "Are you one of us?" he asked.

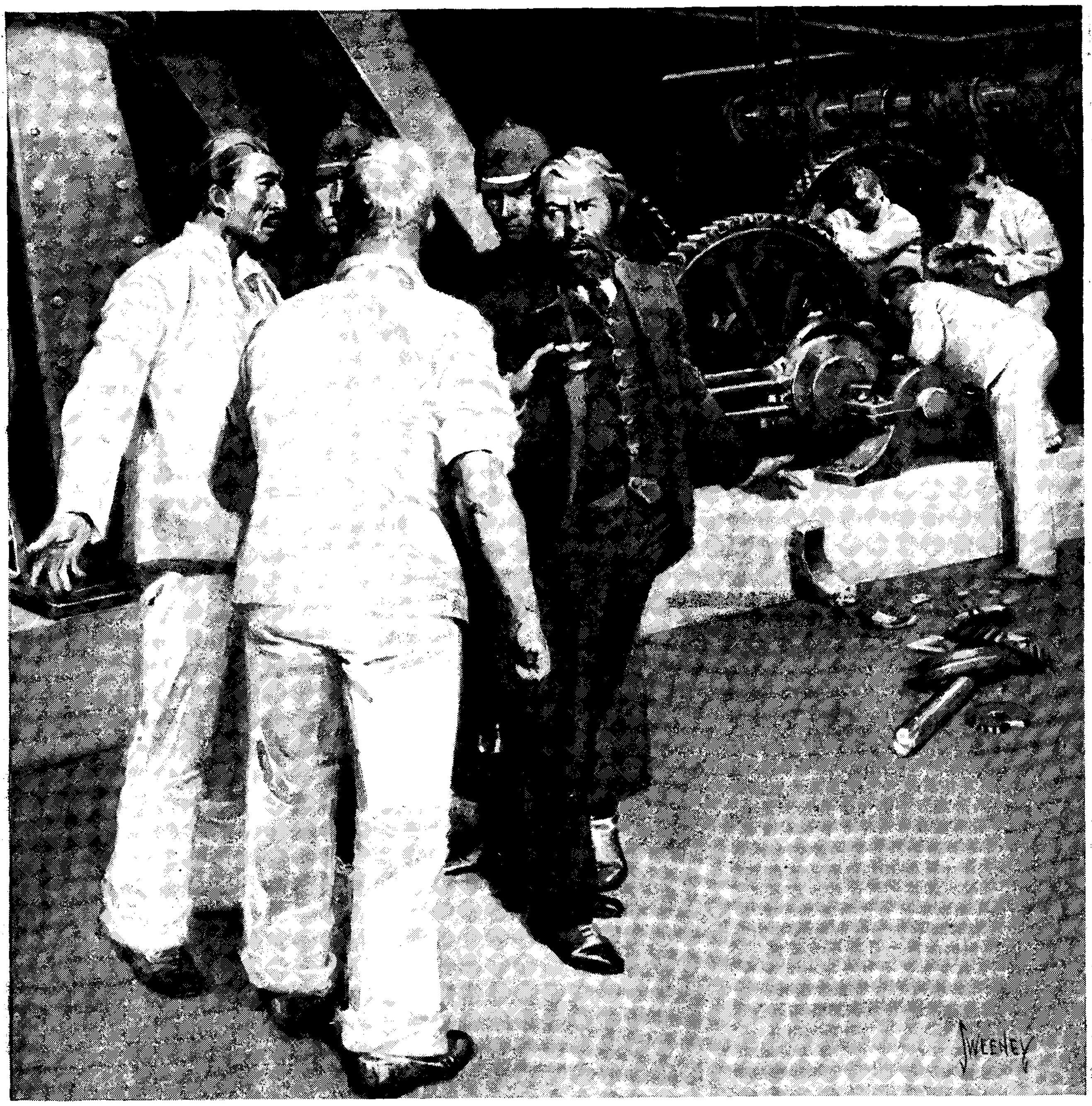
"It was no use saying yes. You can't invent passwords. They'd have plenty of them all right. I knew the kind of people they were the moment I discovered what they were not.

"So I said, 'No, but I wish to be.'

"It was the only thing to do. But it let me in for a lot of oaths, of which I can tell you nothing; with penalties attached, you know. And I became a member of the lowest degree of an association of which I still know practically nothing at all. All I really knew of its aims was that they seemed to be to give orders to members of the degree to which I belonged. And you had to obey these orders. Otherwise, several unpleasant things, behind the screen at the end of that dingy room, the far end from the door of course, and the Seine afterwards.

"WELL, I got away from that room, and I went back to Mimi. I haven't told you about Mimi. And I said to her: 'Mimi, that chess club isn't a chess club; it's something else, and I've got to leave Paris.'

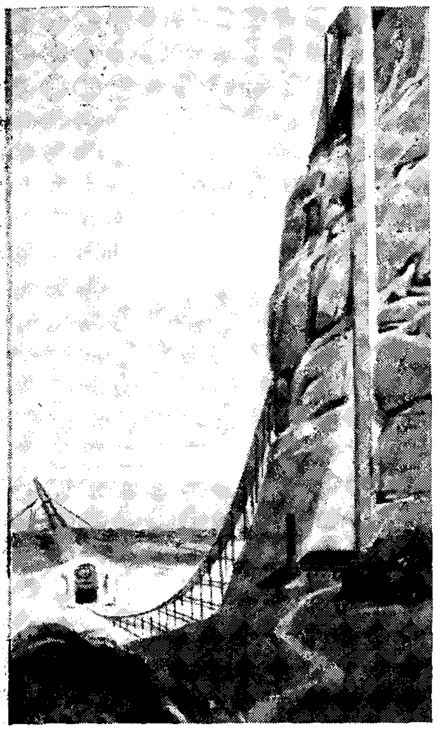
"And she said at once: 'Don't you go. People like that would be sure to watch you. Don't let them see you trying to get away. It's not safe.'



Of course I said I knew nothing about it and they didn't try to mob me. They said there would be a trial, but they were rather polite about it

Illustrated by
Dan Sweeney

They took me out and showed me their apparatus: a high iron scaffold, and their long steel tunnel



"And, do you know, she was right. They were watching me. I saw Mimi gazing out of the window next morning, and saying nothing; just gazing, till I went up and gazed too. And there was a man outside looking too unconcerned, looking a shade too thoughtfully up at the sky; and I knew Mimi was right.

"So I merely stayed with Mimi. And one day the order came. I was to go round to the chess club that evening to receive instructions from the Grand Master. Well, I went. I had a pretty shrewd idea as to what those instructions would be. But I went.

"Well, there he was all dressed up, at the dark end of the room, dingy and curtained off, and a couple of candles.

"'You will go to Russia,' he said; and before he had time to get in another word I slipped in with what I had to say. 'Not to assassinate anybody,' I said. I slipped in with it then because, once he had given me my orders, there was an end of it. If I disobeyed after that, it was the Seine, with certain accessories: if I let him see now that I wouldn't do it for certain, there seemed the ghost of a chance. Why put themselves to the trouble of carrying a sack all the way to the Seine at night, I thought, if they knew they had nothing to gain by it? It was a slender chance. He seemed surprised, and was silent a moment. 'And if he has already signed the death warrants of two hundred thousand innocent men and women?' he said.

"'That's his affair,' I said. 'I attend to mine.'

"'You wouldn't kill even such a man?'

"'No,' I answered.

"He was silent again; so were the others; the sort of silence that seemed like an earthquake, or any awful natural disaster; and the sort of robes they were wearing rustled against the silence. It was only two seconds, probably, before he spoke again.

"'I have not commanded you to assassinate anyone,' he said.

"So it worked, my slender chance.

"'You are to destroy something deadlier than a man,' he said. 'But perhaps your scruples won't let you hurt a machine?'

"THE words sound simple, but he said them nastily enough.

"'I obey,' I said.

"'You will go to Russia,' he repeated. 'There is a machine in Novarsinsk that makes certain munitions. There are only three of them in Russia. They are the three deadliest machines in the world. You will wreck one of them.'

"He ceased speaking. Others gave me my passport, money, railway tickets, and a varnished walking-stick, half of which was a steel bar. I was to break off the bar later on and secrete it in my clothing, and drop it one day into the machine. And they gave me a testimonial that seemed to make me out one of the world's best experts in the handling of that particular machine, signed by some fellow that seemed to cut a good deal of ice in Russia; forged of course. I knew something of engineering, but not that much.

"'What will I do with the machine?' I asked.

"But they were busy closing down their meeting. 'You won't be there long,' said one of them, 'before you drop the bar in. Then you get back here as quickly as possible.' And he rather hustled me out. He was the man that saw me off next day, by the train across Europe. I tried to tell Mimi something about it without giving anything away. There's a lot I haven't told you. I told Mimi still less. And yet she seemed to guess a good deal of it. And the odd thing was she said I'd come back all right. Lord knows how she knew. And I remembered what she said, through the oddest experiences, and when a thousand to one against her being right looked like a safe bet to lay.

"Well, I reached Novarsinsk and showed my testimonial. It looked a good one to me when first I saw it, but nothing to what it looked to them. I was evidently just the one man in the world they were waiting for; they seemed a bit short of engineers. They brought me along to their machine; and, except that it was a machine and needed oiling, I knew very little about it. It was a huge affair, as big as the engines of a small ship. And there it was roaring away underneath me, and they looking at it as though—well, there simply weren't any standards of comparison. They hadn't any religion and no king, and didn't care overmuch about human life, so it's no use saying it was like one of their children to them or a god or anything else; but I saw, from the way they looked at it, roughly what they would do to anybody that hurt it.

"Well, I went round oiling it, but as that was about all I was able to do for it, for a wage of two thousand pounds a year, I thought the sooner I wrecked it and cleared out the better. And so I did. Not the clearing out—they saw to that; but the wrecking of it. I pushed the steel bar, a foot and a half of it, in through a grating with my forefinger at the end of it, with which I gave it a good send-off and it went down like an arrow in among the great cogs of the wheels, till a heaving piston hid it out of my sight, and it didn't heave any more, and the roar of the engine that had been like a huge purr changed its note suddenly.

"I DIDN'T like that change of note coming as quick as it did. I don't know what else I expected. I see now that I might as well have tried to kill a tiger in the zoo with a spike and expect that none of the keepers would notice, as expect to smash a machine like that quietly. Of course I was alone when I did it, but the thing began roaring like a wounded gorilla that has been trapped in a china shop; and the Bolshies rushed in on me.

"Of course I said I knew nothing about it, and they didn't try to mob me. They said there would have to be a trial, but they were rather polite than otherwise and they took me to prison. I got the idea that they would never be able to prove anything and that my chances were quite good. Then a man came to the prison to question me. 'You can prove nothing whatever,' I remarked to him.

"'*Prove* things!' he answered. 'We

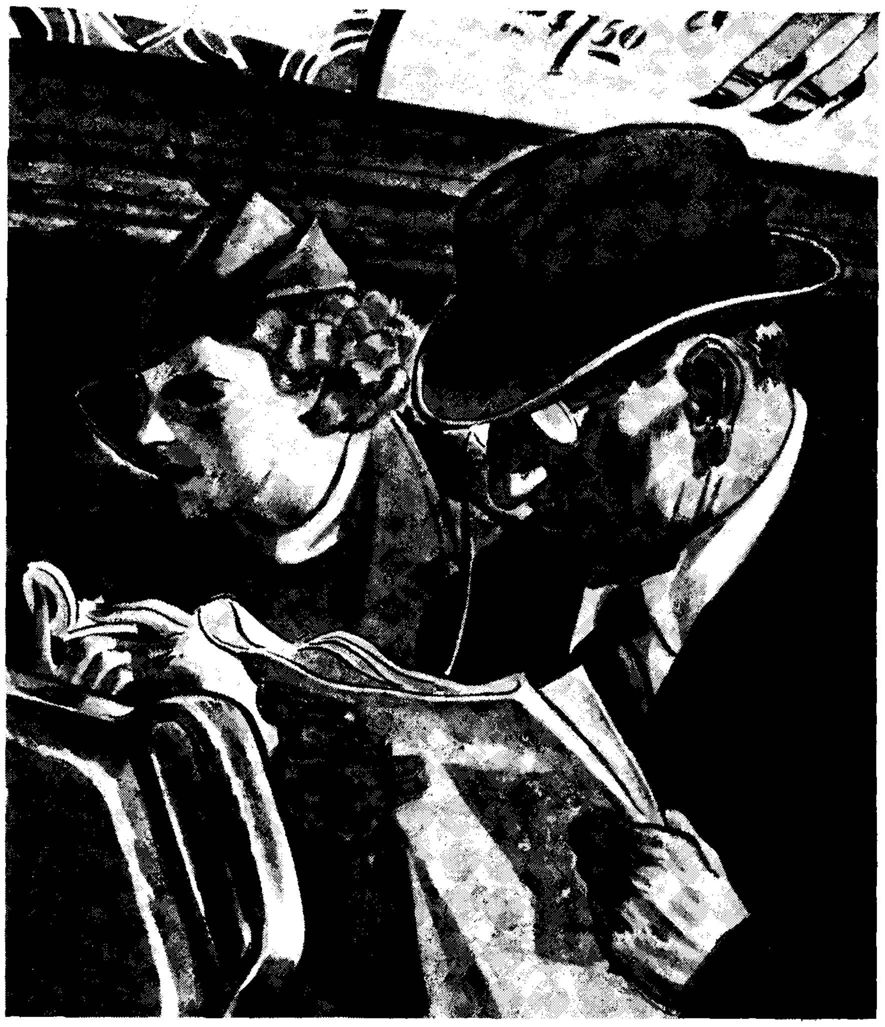
(Continued on page 36)

Pro and Connie

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

Love and golf, it seems, have a great deal in common. The main thing to watch out for in both is imagination. If this puzzles you, just go round with Mrs. Golf Pro Noelson. It's an education



A GIRL nowadays, why she has to be awful careful what fellas whom she associates with. Miss Constance Schmook knew that, alrighty. Like how she said to Daddy and Mom: "It is not like as though I'm going with just any ordinary professional man. Lawyers and chiropractors and certified public accountants—I know how they act. But Mr. Noelson is different. He's a professional golf player."

Daddy wasn't altogether convinced. He said: "Yah, I know. He goes bumming all around the country yet. He don't settle down. Oscar Noelson is a pleasant young feller but I would think more of him if he followed his trade."

And Mom said: "We are worried for you, Connie, because you could have the pick of a dozen fine young men. Those boys at the Turner Hall and that nice Mr. Ubstrucken and the Weber twin. Some man with a trade or in some good business, Connie."

The folks just didn't understand about Oscar. They were down on professional men on account of what had happened to several of Connie's girl friends. Just because Christine Hefferkamp married a lawyer and he got disbarred; and just because that silly Maude Lemkemier let her chiropractor husband practice on her and twist a ligament in her spine or something, why Daddy and Mom were against a man that had a profession. Connie's folks were awful conservative, anyway. They had lived on Minnesota Avenue in the same house for thirty-four years. They thought there wasn't any part of town worth living in but the South Side.

MOM and Daddy hadn't made a bit of objection to Oscar until they found out he played golf. It was kind of a surprise to everybody, even Connie. All of them thought at first that Oscar was just a poor young man who needed work. And Daddy, who was president of the Schmook Contracting Company, gave Oscar a trial as a tile-setter. He had done such a good job with Mrs. Herman Behn's sunroom floor that Daddy hired him for regular work.

Connie had just sort of accidentally discovered Oscar's true profession. She kept books and looked after the office for Daddy. One day, Mr. Noelson was passing through on his way to a job. It was the middle of February but Mr. Noelson looked awful sunburned; it gave him an awful cute expression, too, because his neck and face were dark brown and his hair was light blond. He was wearing a funny tweed coat with bellows in the back and a half-belt. It all kind of intrigued Connie, so she said:

"Is that stain on your face or something?"

Mr. Noelson grinned. He sure took good care of his teeth.

"Naw," he said, "this is sunburn. I been in Miami, Florida, and California and the state of Washington."

"Gee!" Connie said. "You been places."

"Yeah, but I ain't seen any better lookers than you any place."

He said it awful cute and serious; not like he was just being fresh and kidding but like how you say something and really mean it. Connie had to think of something to say, so she said:

"My father, Mr. Schmook, certainly liked your work on Mrs. Behn's sunroom."

Then, it came out.

"Aw, I can put 'em down," Mr. Noelson said. "But it ain't my regular work. I'm a golf pro. That's my regular profession. I'm setting tile for cakes and coffee until the season opens up."

CONNIE often had to blush thinking how dumb she had acted. She knew golf was some kind of game and she had seen a two-reel picture of a fellow named Bobby Jones showing you how to do golf. But she had never realized that golf was a serious calling. Like a terrible goof, she said: "Were you employed doing golf in Florida, Mr. Noelson?"

Some fellas would of tried to high-hat a girl and kid her for showing her ignorance, but not Mr. Noelson.

"I wasn't on no salary," he explained. "I and some of we boys were making the winter circuit on speculation. I was seventh at Pebble Beach and I would of been runner-up to Diegel at LaGorce only I took sick."

After more questions, Connie gathered that a professional golfer, why he goes all around the country doing golf at various clubs and if he is something called hot he wins a lot of money. Mr. Noelson had not won very much money, but he would of won fifteen hundred dollars if he hadn't got sick while playing with Mr. Diegel. Just to show you that Mr. Noelson had nothing to conceal, he freely admitted he had been living on hamburgers and beer for five days before the game on account of he was almost broke. His stomach disagreed with him.

"I'm off of beer from now on," Mr. Noelson said, and she certainly respected him for it.

"Daddy drinks too much beer," Connie said, "and it makes him too fat."

The very next day, Mr. Noelson came through the office to see about the tile for the Hiermeyer flat bathrooms. And what did Mr. Noelson do but bring out a lot of newspaper articles and pictures. Why, Mr. Noelson was famous! He really was. He had his picture in the Los Angeles Times.

"THAT'S me, next to Hagen, the next row back," he said. "That's Sarazen with the light-colored sweater and that's Tommy Armour, the one with the driver. I was tenth in that tournament and won fifty bucks. I would of copped fourth but my putting was off."

It seemed that all the men Mr. Noelson mentioned were in his profession and that they had done golf before the crowned heads of Europe. Mr. Noelson had not been to Europe yet, but he expected to get into a big game called the Mid-West Open in the spring and win twenty-five hundred dollars and with that go abroad to do golf in the British Open.

When Mr. Noelson asked Connie for a date, she did not say anything to her folks about him being a professional man. Mom and Daddy did not know anything about golf, and they might be afraid that Mr. Noelson was living a double life—him being so famous and yet having to set tile for a living.

A lot of men Connie might have had a date with owned cars, but she didn't mind at all riding the bus to a picture show downtown. Mr. Noelson asked her to call him Ochie, which is a nickname for Oscar. He said he was a Norwegian fella but born in Chicago. He was very good-looking for a Norwegian fella; he had kind blue eyes with little crinkly lines at the corners. He had funny wrists. They were almost as big around as his arm at the elbow. He could stiffen his legs and you couldn't push a dent in him no matter how hard you pushed. He said he took up the profession of golf when he was fifteen years old. He was at first a caddy, and that's the boys that carry golf clubs.

Gee, he was a funny fella at first, though. He tore his cigarettes in half and only smoked half. "They get a guy's wind," he told Connie. "I got to stay down to half a pack a day." Then, while they were crossing Grand Boulevard, a smarty fella in a coupé splashed water on Connie's stockings. Ochie said: "Hey, brother, what's the hurry?" The smarty fella had to stop for the light and he talked awful tough. Ochie got madder and madder, but he just took out a half-dollar and jingled it a minute.

Then, just as the smarty fella was about to drive off, Ochie reached in and turned off the switch and asked the smarty fella to get out and fight. The smarty fella wouldn't get out and a cop made him drive on.

"Why did you wait so long?" Connie inquired.

"I'm learning to control my temper," Ochie said. "I didn't want to hit him while I was mad. You can't punch straight when you're mad. Sarazen lost the British Open last summer because he got sore. He was in a sandtrap and dubbed one. He got sore and took two more to get out."

At first, Connie thought, getting a little peeved, why, how could that hurt your profession? But Ochie suddenly began kidding her—saying the awfulest things about her looks and her family and the South Side. She was on the verge of walking right out of the Sugar Lump and leaving Ochie flat. All of a sudden, he grinned and said:

"Hold up your finger? Quick!"

She held it up and it shook like she had the ague or something.

"See?" Ochie said. "That's what comes of getting sore. I take back everything I said."

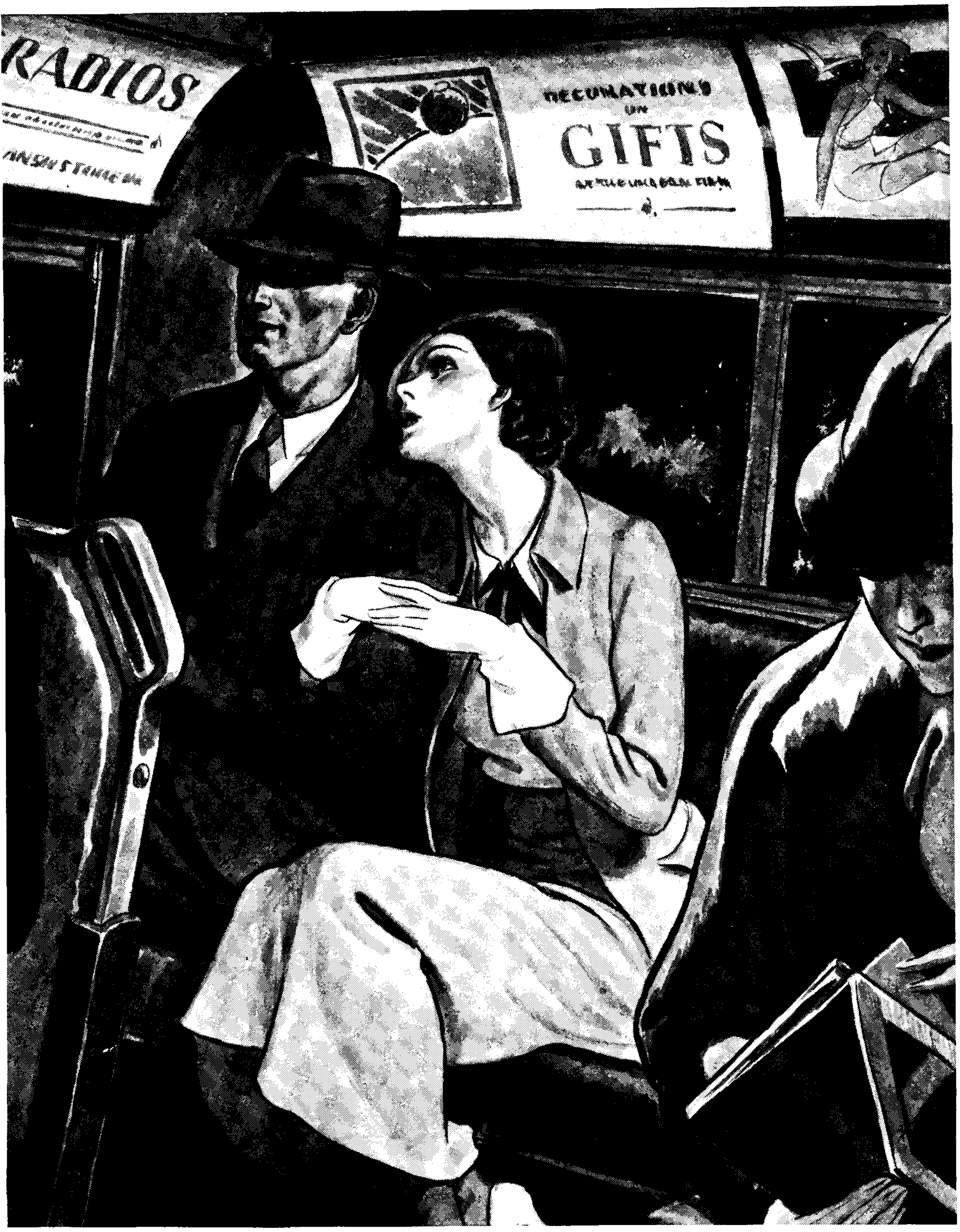
BEFORE that, Connie had her doubts about going with a professional man. But, gee, Ochie certainly opened her eyes. A fella like Ochie, why he really teaches you to think. He is not like a lot of fellas, only interested in petting and dancing and fooling around. Ochie said you should have ten hours good sleep every night and you should live clean because if you didn't you'd find a small piece of hell in a bunker or the rough just when you thought you had the P. G. A. champeenship in your bag.

"My career would of been better," Ochie told her, "if I didn't get stewed in Agua Caliente one night after the qualifying rounds. I grabbed three hours' sleep and went out there. I'm extra long off the tee, I hit my irons perfect, I'm four under par for the first eighteen. I figure that a 70 will put me in. I shoot three birdies in a row that afternoon. Horton Smith's putter had blowed on him and Runyan couldn't make his irons work. It looked like me and Johnny Farrell."

"Gee, Ochie. You'd of been extry famous, wouldn't you? I mean if you had won?"

"Yeah. If. But I went haywire all of a sudden. It come on me like sweat. I took a six and a seven on par four holes. Golf sure finds a man out."

As soon as the weather got warm, Ochie started laying off work in the afternoons. He had made friends with



A lot of men Connie might have had dates with owned cars, but she didn't mind at all riding the bus to a picture show downtown. Mr. Noelson asked her to call him Ochie

several fellas who did professional golf and they invited him to their clubs to play. Daddy couldn't understand it.

"I'm paying him a dollar and ten cents an hour to lay tile," he told Connie, "and he wants to lay off to knock a ball around a pasture yet."

"It's his profession, Daddy," she said. "He's got to practice so he'll advance in his profession."

"Ach. What kind of profession is it yet? A silly game for rich men."

Connie said nothing. Daddy liked pinochle but he did not understand golf.

She asked Ochie to teach her to do golf.

Ochie shook his head.

"It ain't any game for women," he said.

"Women play it, don't they?"

"They play at it. Any good pro can take a two iron and a putter and beat the best woman they got."

Just the same Connie wanted to learn. She had bought a nifty corduroy sports suit like Glenna Collett and she wanted to use it. She kept wheedling Ochie to teach her. Finally, getting red and jingling the half-dollar, Ochie said: "I'll tell you the real reason, kid. I don't like women that have got muscles."

"Any girl has muscles, Ochie."

"Yeah. But not hard muscles. Hard muscles don't belong on a woman."

Abandoning that, Connie asked him if he would take her out to a club to watch him play.

"Sure," he said, "soon as I get in a regular exhibition match, I will."

IT CERTAINLY did open Connie's eyes and teach her to think. Ochie drove her out to Sunset one Sunday afternoon. He and Mr. Manion, the professional, were going to play two other professionals in an exhibitior match. Connie wore her corduroy suit and a red bandanna handkerchief around her black hair. Ochie made her put on old shoes. The car was one of Daddy's little trucks.

There were quite a few people out to watch the match. Ochie paid no attention to them. He said: "Just a lot of dub amateurs. You wait until I get dressed and I'll interduce you to Mr. Manion. He's a sweet golfer. He shoots this course under 70 and holds the record of 66."

Gee, but Ochie looked swell when he came out dressed in his golf clothes. He had a bright yellow sweater and green knickers and pink-checked stockings and a plaid cap. Mr. Manion introduced Connie to a girl who was married to one of the other professional men. Her name was Mrs. Ramheid. She was awful sweet, but kind of hard-boiled about professional men who do golf.

"Your boy friend shoots a nice game," she said. "You engaged?"

"Oh, no—"

"Well, make him promise to quit barn-storming before you marry him. Make him get a job with some club. They'll give you a house to live in and with the lessons and golf shop you'll have something to eat on. I made the circuit with Jim two winters and never again!"

It sure was wonderful to see how all the people stood around and watched Ochie and the others.

"YOUR boy friend reminds me a lot of Craig Wood," Mrs. Ramheid said. "Both long hitters, but when they start pushing 'em, phooey!"

"I don't think Ochie ever pushes," said Connie, trying to be a professional woman.

"With that wrist action he's bound to on off days, or else he turns over too fast and hooks."

Connie watched very carefully, but it didn't seem to her that there was so awful much to doing golf. Ochie just spread his legs apart a little and wiggled his club and took a swipe at the ball like boys do with shinny sticks. Gee, though, that ball went a long way! Connie heard a fat man say: "He's a pretty swinger. How's his short game?" And another man said: "I wish I had his short game."

Well, it was an awful lot of walking. Ochie hit the ball so far he didn't have to swing at it very often. Mrs. Ramheid told Connie to count the strokes, but Connie kind of forgot after about half an hour. Two other women in the crowd had on corduroy sports dresses. One lady had a stick with a seat on the end that she sat on. There weren't any good-looking fellas but Ochie. The grass stained Connie's beige stockings. Ochie wouldn't pay any attention to her. He grinned at her twice, but he wouldn't talk.

Ochie and Mr. Manion won. Mrs. Ramheid said Ochie's score was 71.

DRIVING home, Connie said: "Why you so silent? You never said a word to me all afternoon."

Ochie said: "Johnny Manion thinks I stand a chance in the Mid-West Open."

"Is Mr. Manion gonna be in the tournament?"

"Naw. He don't play much tournament golf. He's got too much imagination."

"What's that? I mean how would that keep you from playing?"

"Imagination is bad stuff for a pro. Say, f'rinstance, you're coming in with maybe one birdie needed to sew it up. You get up on the tee and you start thinking: 'Geez, what if I win this? What if I get home with this drive and only two-putt for this birdie? I'll be in.' That's imagination. I used to have a terrible time with my imagination, but I conquered it. Now I don't think of nothing."

"Gee, Ochie. Not *anything?*"

"Naw. I just swing."

Ochie certainly did open your eyes and get you to thinking things out. There was another point Connie wanted explained.

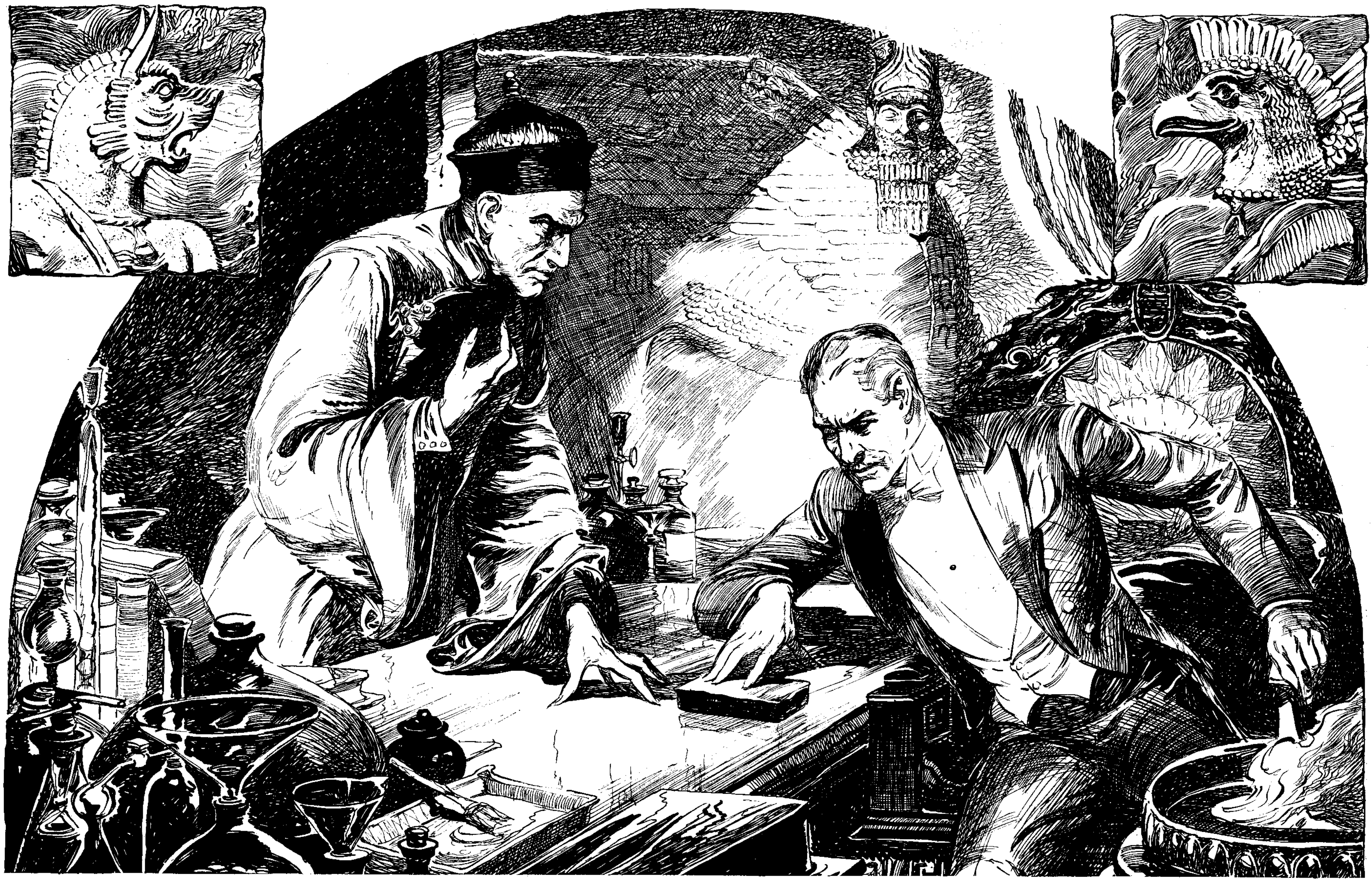
"You're pretty extravagant, ain't you, Ochie? I saw you give that caddy three dollars."

"I been a caddy myself," Ochie said, "and I hate tightwads. Besides, it's good for a man's game to train themselves not to like money too much. If you like money too much you're apt to start pressing."

Mom and Daddy put on a terrible storm the day Ochie decided not to set any more tiles. He had saved up enough to lay off and practice every morning and afternoon; and he had enough to take him to Chicago for the Open.

"He has a good trade but he will not stick to it yet," Daddy said. "You

(Continued on page 57)



"In the case of a man of my experience," he replied, "tests are unnecessary. This is pure gold"

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

POSING as Professor Pietro Ambroso, creator of a remarkable statue—the amazingly life-like figure of a young girl, known as The Sleeping Venus—Dr. Fu Manchu, criminal extraordinary, comes to London from France. He brings with him a case, supposed to contain the statue.

A girl's shriek, coming from Ambroso's house, brings a Scotland Yard man. He investigates, finds the house deserted, phones headquarters. England's most brilliant criminal-investigator is there; also his young friend, Alan Sterling. Sterling is frantic—his fiancée, the beautiful Fleurette Petrie, has been kidnapped in France; he believes she has been murdered. With Sir Denis and a squad of officers, he dashes to the Ambroso house. A search reveals a narrow box—the one in which the statue had been transported from France. It is empty. But in it is a strand of hair. *Fleurette's!*

Sir Denis learns that only that afternoon a "Miss Demuras" (in reality, Fah Lo Suee, the fascinating daughter of Fu Manchu), who had died of pernicious anemia in the house adjoining Ambroso's, had been laid to rest in the Demuras family vault. Accompanied by Inspector Gallaho, Sterling, and various officials, he opens the vault, finds Miss Demuras' casket—which contains only an ancient tombstone!

A Burmese killer (a hireling of Fu Manchu's) attacks Sir Denis in the vault. Sir Denis overcomes him, handcuffs him. A knife—hurled from the darkness and intended for Sir Denis—kills the prisoner, who had been a waiter at Sam Pak's, a Limehouse resort.

Leaving an operative at his home, Sir Denis leads Sterling to Sam Pak's. Entering the place, they join "the club" and are escorted by a Chinese boy to a dirty, smoke-filled room. The boy has a patch over one eye. They take seats. Beside them is a "drunk"—Sergeant Murphy, of Scotland Yard. Presently— "Look, Sir Denis," Sterling whispers, "that one-eyed boy *is a girl!*" The "drunk" lurches toward them. "Right, sir," he whispers. *"It's a girl!"*

IV

FORESTER of the River Police had taken charge of the party covering Sam Pak's from the Thames. His presence, which was unexpected, had infused a new spirit into the enterprise. The fact that he was accompanied by the celebrated Inspector Gallaho of the C. I. D. caused a tense but respectful silence to fall upon the party. Everyone knew now that some very important case lay behind this monotonous duty.

A sort of rumor hitherto submerged now ran magically from man to man, the presence of the famous detective lending it wings.

"It's the Fu Manchu business—I told you so. . . ."

"He's been dead for years. . . ."

"If you ever have the bad luck to meet him, you'll . . ."

"Silence on board!" said Forester, in a low but authoritative voice. "This isn't a picnic: you're on duty. Listen—isn't one of you an able-bodied seaman?"

The ex-steward spoke up.

"I was an A. B., sir, before I became a steward."

"You're the man I want. You see that lighted window—the one that belongs to Sam Pak's?"

"Yes, sir."

"It isn't more than three feet below the roof and there's plenty of foothold. Do you think you could climb it?"

There was a moment of silence and then:

"To the roof, sir?"

"Yes."

"I could try. There wouldn't be much risk if the tide was in, but I'm not so sure of the mud."

"How do you feel about it?"

"I'll take a chance."

"Good man," growled Gallaho. "Inspector Forester has brought a rope ladder. We want you to carry a line up to make the ladder fast. The idea is to get a look in at that lighted window. Bear it in mind. But for the love of Mike, don't make any row. We are taking chances."

MERTON, the ex-sailor, rather thought that *he* was the member of the party who was taking chances. He was endeavoring to find suitable words in which to express this idea when:

"That's a good man, Inspector," snapped a voice from the barge. "Always keep your eye on a man who volunteers for dangerous duty."

Merton looked up as two men who resembled Portuguese deckhands dropped from the barge into the tail of the cutter. But the speaker's voice held an unmistakable note. Rumor had spoken truly. The presence of Inspector Gallaho had started tongues wagging; here was someone vastly senior to Gallaho, and masquerading in disguise. The attitude of the famous C. I. D. detective was sufficient evidence of the seniority of the last speaker.

The River Police craft was eased alongside the rotting piles which supported that excrescence of Sam Pak's restaurant. Merton swarmed up without great difficulty toward a point just below the lighted window. Here he paused, making signs to the crew below.

"Push out," snapped Nayland Smith in a low voice.

The little craft was eased away, and Merton, carrying the line, proceeded to the second and more difficult stage of his journey, watched breathlessly by every man aboard the River Police launch. Twice he faltered and once seemed to have lost his hold. But at last a sort of sympathetic murmur ran around the watching party.

He had reached the roof of the wooden structure. He waved, and began to haul in the line attached to the rope ladder.

A stooping figure passed behind the lighted window. . . .

Merton, in response to signals from Gallaho, moved farther left, so that when the ladder was hauled up it just cleared the window. Some delay followed while Merton, disappearing from the view of those below, sought some suitable stanchion to which he could lash the ladder. This accomplished, he gave the signal that all was fast and:

"As soon as I'm on the ladder," said Nayland Smith, "get back to cover. The routine, as arranged, holds good."

He began to climb . . . and presently he could look in at the lighted window.

A woman attired in scanty underwear was pulling on high-heeled, jade-green shoes. She was seated on a cheap and dilapidated wooden chair. Depended upon a hanger on the wall behind this chair was a green frock, which Nayland Smith guessed to be probably a creation of Worth. A dressing-table of a kind which can only be found in the lumber shops appeared at one end of the small rectangular room. It was set before a window, and this was the window of the wooden superstructure which looked out toward the Surrey bank of the Thames. A flannel suit, a pair of shoes, a muffler, and a Chinese cap lay upon the floor.

FASCINATED and unashamed, Nayland Smith watched the toilette of the woman who squeezed tiny feet into tiny jade-green shoes.

She stood up, walked to the mirror and smeared her face with cream from a glass jar which once had contained potted meat. The features of the one-eyed Chinese waiter became obliterated.

The classic features of Fah Lo Suee, daughter of Dr. Fu Manchu, revealed themselves!

Fah Lo Suee, having cleansed her skin, hurriedly carried the one chair to the dressing-table, and seating herself before a mirror, set to work artistically to make up as a beautiful woman; for that she was a beautiful woman Nayland Smith had never been able to deny.

Silently, cautiously, he began to descend. The River Police craft was pulled in beneath him. Forester and a member of the crew hung on to the end of the ladder as Nayland Smith came aboard.

"Put me ashore," he snapped. "Gallaho! Sterling! Then stand by for Merton."

Sterling grabbed the speaker's arm. His grip was violent in its intensity.

"Sir Denis!" he said—"for God's sake tell me—who is up there? What did you see?"

Nayland Smith turned. They were alongside the barge, across the deck of which they had come, and by the same route were returning.

"Your old friend Fah Lo Suee! When I gave the sign to Murphy and came out, I thought you had recognized her, too. I was interested in the fact that she seemed to have a base somewhere upstairs."

"Fah Lo Suee," Sterling muttered. "Good heavens! Now that you point it out, of course, I realize it *was* Fah Lo Suee."

"The doctor is using her remorselessly; every hour of her day is fully occupied. Late though it is, she has some other duty to perform. She must be followed, Sterling."

THEY were crossing the deck of the barge, Gallaho at their heels, his bowler hat jammed on at a rakish angle when:

"*Look!*" said Nayland Smith.

With one hand he grabbed the C. I. D. man, with the other he grasped the arm of Sterling.

A wavering blue light, a witch light, an elfin thing, danced against the fog mantle over the house of Sam Pak.

"Good Lord!" Gallaho muttered. "I heard of it for the first time tonight, but I'm damned if I can make out what it is."

All watched in silence for a while. Suddenly the mystic light disappeared.

"It looks like something out of hell," said Gallaho.

"Very possibly it is," Nayland Smith jerked. He turned to Sterling. "Did you notice anything curious about the air of the Sailors' Club?"

"It had the usual foggy atmosphere of places of that kind."

"Certainly it had, but did anything in the temperature strike you?"

"Temperature?"

"Exactly. Did you notice anything?"

"Now that you mention it, it was certainly very hot."

"Undoubtedly it was, and twice as hot at the bar end as at the other."

"Maybe the radiator's there," said Gallaho. "I'll ask Murphy about it."

"Nothing of the kind," snapped Nayland Smith. He was still staring up at that spot above the roof of Sam Pak's where the queer, spirituous flame had appeared. "Certain sects in India burn their dead on burning ghats. Were you ever in India, Gallaho?"

"No, sir. But whatever do you mean?"

"You would know what I meant if you had ever seen a burning ghat at night."

"Whichever way the dame comes out," said Gallaho, "she's got to pass this corner to get on to the main road. It's a pound to a penny there's another way out into that yard which adjoins the restaurant, and I'm told that a car is sometimes garaged there. It may be there tonight."

"Evidently it is," said Nayland Smith. "Listen."

Gallaho ceased speaking and he and Sterling listened intently. Someone had started a car at no great distance away.

"Quick!" snapped Nayland Smith. "Your man's standing by?"

"Yes."

"I'll wait here. I want to see who is in the car. Directly it has passed, pick me up. . . ."

GALLAHO and Sterling set off down a side street. In a narrow opening between a deserted warehouse and the adjoining building, the Flying Squad car was hidden, all lights out. They had no more than reached it, when the car from the yard beside Sam Pak's passed the head of the street.

The Scotland Yard driver pulled out smartly. On the corner he checked and Nayland Smith jumped in.

"Fah Lo Suee!" he said simply.

Sam Pak's remained under cover. Anyone leaving would be shadowed to his destination, but Smith's instructions were urgent upon the point that the suspicions of the old Chinaman must not be aroused. . . .

Deserted Commercial Road East reached, the police car drew up closer to the quarry—for at one point, a curtain of fog threatened to descend again. Beyond, however, it became clearer.

"What car is it, Gallaho?" Nayland Smith asked. "I can't quite make out."

"It's a cheap one, sir, and they're making it shift a bit."

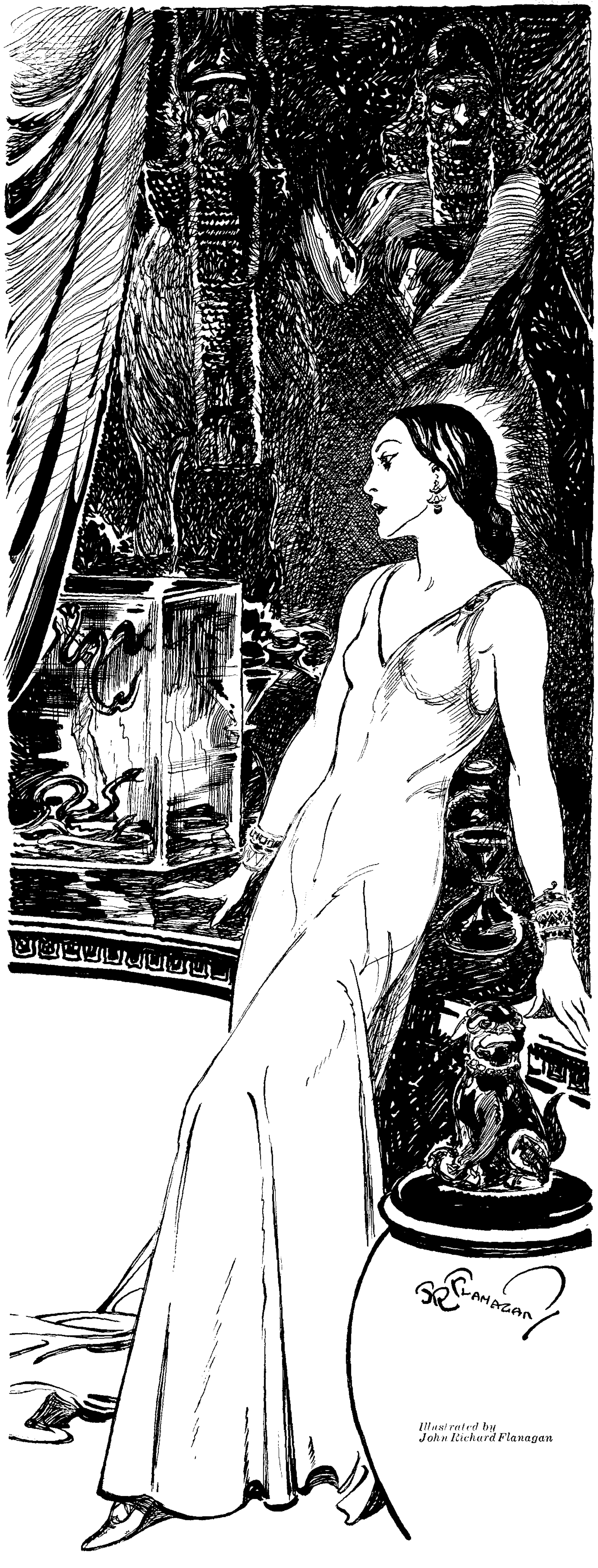
Nayland Smith laughed shortly.

"Once it would have been the best obtainable," he murmured.

Silence fell again as they proceeded along one of the most depressing thoroughfares in Europe. Occasional lorries bound dockward constituted practically the only traffic; pedestrians were very few indeed. The occasional figure of a policeman wearing his waterproof cape brought the reflection to Sterling's mind that the duties of the Metropolitan Police force would not appeal to every man.

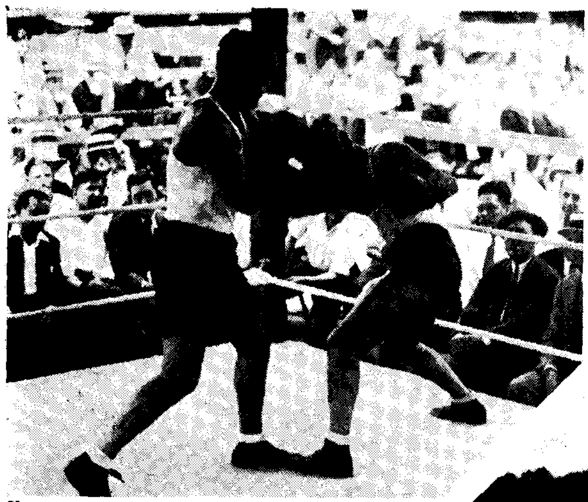
Entering the city boundaries, the driver pulled up much closer to the pursued car. By the Mansion House the fog had disappeared altogether. Sterling glanced aside at Sir Denis. The

(Continued on page 53)



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

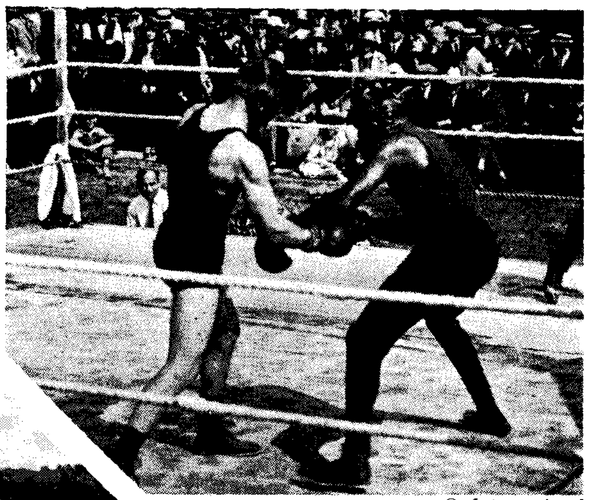
It was a glance unlike any he had ever known. The eyes of Madame Ingomar were fascinating, hypnotic



Keystone

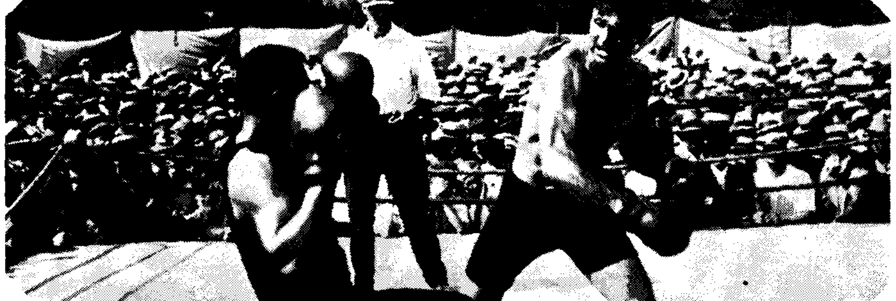
Hidden Lights

By Bill Cunningham



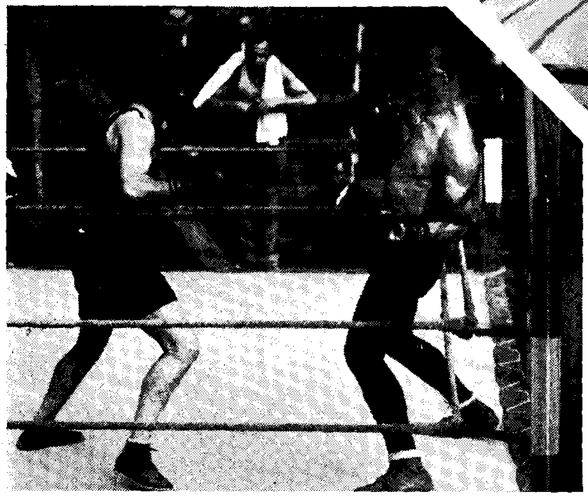
© International

Jack Sharkey training with Johnny Grosso, above; below, Primo Carnera and Walter Cobb. In the center, Dempsey, always rough on sparring partners, knocks out one of the boys while training for Willard at Toledo



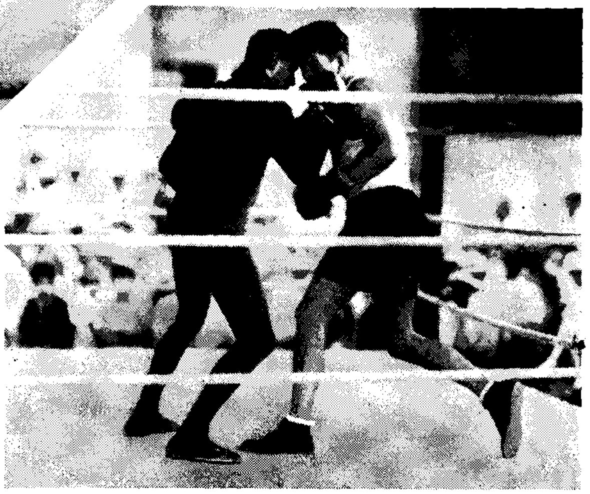
© J. Jay Hirz

George Godfrey trained Dempsey at Shelby, Montana, and got himself knocked clear out of camp. Below, Gene Tunney and Chuck Wiggins. A head-on bump like this started Tunney on the road to retirement



Wide World

It's not a bad life—if you leave out the beating. But there's no future in it and not much present. Sparring partners are necessary glove-fodder. The champ and the near-champ need 'em and always get 'em, but what becomes of them between times? Where are they now?



Acme

THE last time I saw Jim Corbett alive, we were both playing shill to a prize fight. The Garden, fearful lest the Sharkey-Schmeling championship kriegspiel should, as the trade says, lay an egg, was buying advertising space in all the Gotham newspapers and, in addition, had contracted to plug a half hour's gap on one of the radio chains with some windage pertaining to the imminent encounter.

To that end they had summoned some of us and asked us to serve, and here we were in Mr. John Royal's cathedral-like office waiting for somebody, such as Mr. George Olsen, or Mr. Rudy Vallee, to finish his horn music and microphone mooing so we could take over the studio.

We were: Gentleman Jim, looking as dapper as ever; the German consul, who was supposed to lift a few hochs for Herr Schmeling; Socker Coe, who was to act as master of ceremonies; Jimmy Bronson, Tunney's celebrated second; Fidus Achates, myself, supposed to wave the flag in behalf of Squire Sharkey, and a little German band brought south from 87th Street to play Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone? and other operas appropriate to the occasion.

While we were deployed thus nervously awaiting our turns, in strolled a battered vaudeville actor looking for work. He was an elderly gent with a rheumy eye, a gardenia in his lapel and a hole in his heel. Spying the courtly ex-champion, an old trouping acquaintance—Jim graced the boards for more than two decades—he said, "Hello, Jim. I didn't expect to see you here. Say, whatever happened to vaudeville?"

"Well," said Jim, who was never slow on the comeback, "the last time I saw it, it was going up Seventh Avenue, but come to think of it, that was three or four years ago!"

Some of us ragged historians of the game of sock-and-suffer can sympathize with that puzzled thespian. Once we lost the buttons off our coats and the lids off our typewriters fighting our way down to ringsides through impenetrable agglomerations of blondes in ermine, brokers in tails, bootleggers in diamonds, and politicians in striped pants and paunches.

Then came a time when we could get down those aisles marching four abreast and carrying a coffin crosswise.

Whatever had happened to it? Where did boxing go? And will it, as many of its followers believe, come back?

When Nobody Seemed to Care

Of course we know where part of it went. Dempsey got married and retired. Tunney went Parkavian on us. Sharkey was splattered by Carnera, thrashed by Levinsky, shaded by Loughran and decided he'd had enough. Schmeling, knocked colder than Greenland's icy mountains by the ebullient Mr. Baer, sought solace in matrimony and got himself decisively beaten by young Mr. Steve Hamas. Baer, himself, signed for a palooka's part in a Hollywood opus.

Poor Bill Stribling and Ernie Schaaf met untimely ends within the last fifteen months, and the Riskos, Maloneys, Paolinos, Walkers and other octogenarians have waved their feeble flippers at each other here and there upon occasion, without anybody much seeming to care, until Carnera revived some of the flagging interest by outboxing a revived Loughran and signing to meet Max Baer. This latter match is a "natural" which instantly captivated the fancy of large numbers of otherwise sane citizens who are willing to pay out good money on the off chance of hearing the awesome crash that would follow Max's spearing of the giant Italian. All this may prove to be very good for the game.

But what became of pugilism's forgotten men, those patient piles of unimaginative meat known as sparring partners, during the lean years? How, under the NRA of Boxing's New Deal, are they making out? They were a plaintive and pitiful platoon even when things were good. Now, one can't help but wonder upon what they are depending for their eating victuals.

They didn't have much even when everybody else had a lot. Nobody seemed to know where they came from nor to care where they went. Like the scrubs of a varsity football machine, they were the chopping blocks, the tackling targets, the proving grounds of the industry. They were a dime a dozen and the dozens were long, but they were indispensable and they were part of the picture. As one who has often seen 'em lugged out by the limp elbows and knees, scrabbling around on the floor like half-stunned crabs, or grinning idiotically through their incarnadined facial scallops, I've wondered occasionally where they all trooped off to.

Their advent was the sign of serious action around any training camp. Pay ran from $10 to $50 per day, the victims to take their chances. This wage usually lasted from a week up to five, depending upon their durability and general worth. The number employed varied with the temperament and the fistic dynamite of "de champ."

In a training siege of five or six weeks, as few as five or as many as fifteen of these gentlemen might be used. Used and used up!

They All Looked Alike to Jack

Tunney seldom employed more than five, sometimes as few as three. He was, however, unusually merciful, using his foils more to figure things out with than actually to operate upon. Dempsey was just the other way. He never could pull a punch, even with the sixteen-ounce pillows. The wear and tear upon his partners was terrific. But he paid 'em handsomely, being that sort of chap. He used to give Martin Burke, one of his favorite punch-swappers, $1,000 per week, with a house for his family, a maid for his wife and a nurse for his child. Burke, however, wasn't a typical sparring partner. He was more a consulting expert.

With the others, Dempsey had no mercy. They were purely fist-fodder. He bounced their skulls off the floor with a sort of grim resignation that seemed to say that it might be too bad, but it couldn't be helped.

Recall, for instance, a piece of training camp Dempseyania. It's a scrap of rather stern drama occurring in the Great Falls camp where he fitted for the celebrated Battle of the Busted Banks with Tom Gibbons at Shelby, Montana.

Kearns had set up shop in a musty

(Continued on page 42)

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

DEFENDED by Carlton Forman, a brilliant attorney. Rose Ames is tried for the murder of her wealthy husband. John Ames. She testifies that she had heard a shot, rushed to Ames, found him dead. a revolver beside him. She is the only witness, all exits were locked *from inside;* the jury nevertheless acquits her. Whereupon—certain that Forman loves her, hopes to marry her—she receives a shocking surprise. Forman informs her that he believes her guilty—and sails for Europe!

Rose Ames then offers Sam Kernochan, New York's cleverest reporter-detective, fifty thousand dollars to prove her innocent—or guilty. Kernochan accepts the offer, and quickly learns: (1) That for years Emily Trephon, a chorus girl, and Jimmy Pottery, a racketeer, had been having an affair; (2) That other men (one of them Ames) had been interested in her and one of them had been murdered; (3) That Johnson, Mrs. Ames' butler, knows Pottery quite well.

Johnson is murdered. His widow (Mrs. Ames' housemaid) admits to Kernochan that on the afternoon Ames died. Mrs. Ames had had a caller who had, *apparently*, left without seeing Mrs. Ames. Who was that man? Kernochan resolves to answer that question. He now has much to work on. Someone, he believes, killed Ames, slipped out through the bathroom door, locked it *from the outside* (with pliers), and later substituted a new key, the key the police had found. He is sure of this when, in Johnson's room, he finds a plier-marked key which fits the lock of that bathroom door. . . . Near the Ames mansion is a hardware shop. Kernochan shows the proprietor the new key. The man identifies it. He had, he says, sold it to a lady whose pictures he has seen in the papers—*Rose Ames!*

On the trail of the mysterious caller, Kernochan learns that Gerry Dempster, in love with Mrs. Ames for years, had had a nervous breakdown *on the same afternoon Ames had been killed.* He learns, furthermore, that Dempster had been threatened with a breach-of-promise suit by one Amy Lanton, who had known John Ames. He interviews the girl, and leaves convinced that Gerry Dempster hated John Ames. A few minutes later, he is in the hardware shop. "Can you," he says, "leave your shop a moment? I want you to come with me to the house of Mrs. Ames."

XI

TO THE servant who opened the door Kernochan was brusque.

"Tell Mrs. Ames Mr. Kernochan wishes to see her. Ask her please to come downstairs."

In the drawing-room the hardware merchant spoke nervously.

"Hey, what do you want me to do? I don't like busting into a dame's house, without knowing what it's all about."

"All you have to do is identify her as the woman who bought that key from you," Kernochan told him.

"But why? What difference does it make whether she did or not?" protested the man.

Kernochan glared at him.

"The difference is that you get a hundred dollars," he said.

The hardware merchant grinned.

"Hurry her up," he said. "I can't wait to grab that century."

As he finished speaking, Rose Ames entered the room. She smiled at Kernochan and looked with polite inquiry at his companion. Kernochan made no effort to introduce the man. He merely looked at him, question in his eyes.

For a full minute the man stared at Rose Ames. Then, slowly, he shook his head.

"This ain't the lady," he said reluctantly.

"What do you mean?" cried Kernochan. "This is Mrs. Ames."

"Sure it's Mrs. Ames. I've seen enough of her pictures to recognize her. This lady looks like her pictures. But the other dame—I told you that other woman didn't look much like her photographs. The answer is that the other woman wasn't Mrs. Ames."

"But you said it was," argued Kernochan.

"I know I did. I saw her coming in this house, and her hair is something like this lady's, and she's about the same height and all. And I sort of thought it must be Mrs. Ames. But it isn't."

"You're positive?" asked Kernochan.

"Listen," said the hardware man. "For a hundred bucks I don't make any mistakes. What's the racket?"

Rose Ames looked at Kernochan.

"Tell me," she said.

Kernochan ignored her.

"You say Mrs. Ames is not the woman. Do you think you could identify that woman if you saw her?"

The man nodded.

"Sure I could. You see, when I saw her coming into this house I was quite a way off. Put me close to her and I can tell you."

"Maybe you'll have another chance," said Kernochan. "You can go now. Here." He handed the man a bill and with a furtive stare at Mrs. Ames the man departed.

SLOWLY Mrs. Ames sat down on a chair. She eyed Kernochan with a quizzical expression that embarrassed him.

"I suppose there's an explanation?" she said.

"He runs a hardware shop near here. He sold that bathroom door key to a woman one day last May. He said that the woman who bought the key was Mrs. Ames. He said that he had seen you, just recently, enter your house and that he had recognized you as the woman who bought that key. He said you didn't look like your photographs. Now, apparently, you don't even look like yourself."

Her face whitened slightly, but her voice and eyes were steady.

"And if he had identified me?"

"If he had," said Kernochan grimly, "I'd have asked you for a check for fifty thousand dollars."

"You mean you would have thought—"

"I would have been certain, Mrs. Ames," he said.

"And now?"

"Somebody from this house bought that key. Who could slightly resemble your photographs? I mean, of your household."

"Lizzie is about my height; I sometimes give her my clothes; she has black hair."

Kernochan nodded.

"I was thinking of her. Is she still in the house?"

Rose Ames shook her head.

"Lieutenant Kellerman came here, talked with her, took her downtown to identify her husband."

"How long ago?" asked Kernochan.

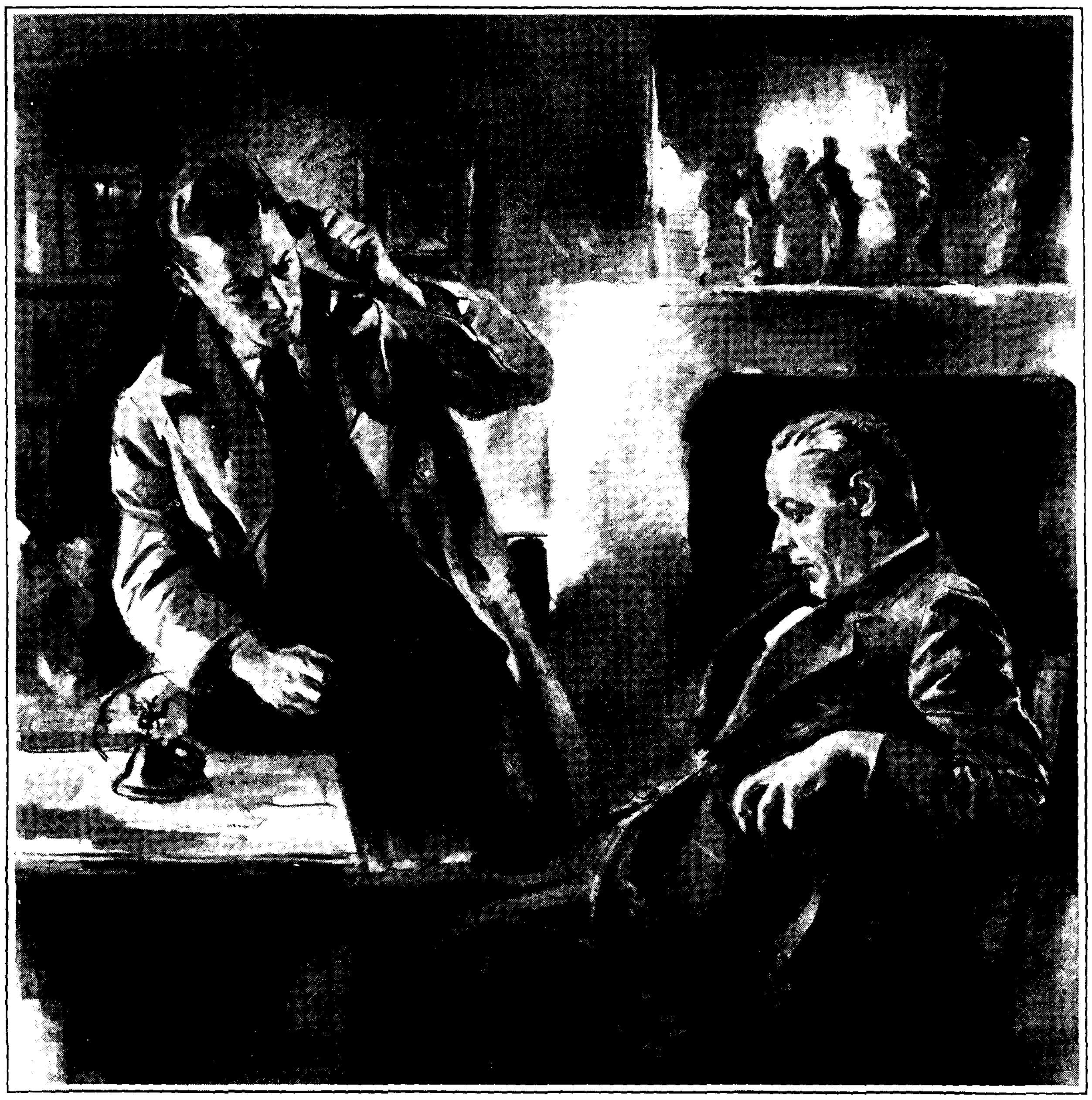
"Shortly after you left here. He seemed very anxious to see you. In fact he has phoned twice asking if you were here. He wanted me to tell you to get in touch with him if I did hear from you."

"May I use your telephone?" asked Kernochan.

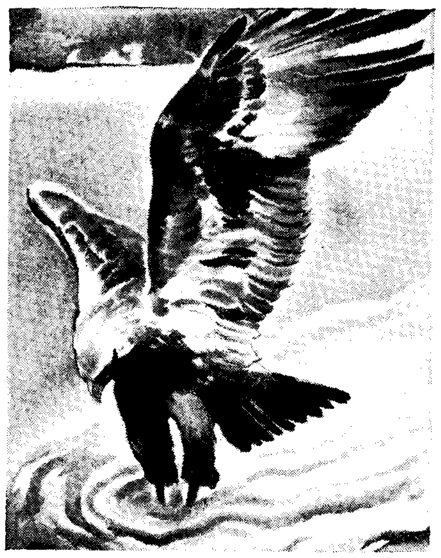
She nodded assent and showed him the instrument. In a moment he was connected with police headquarters, and was speaking to Kellerman.

"Good for you you called me up,"

(Continued on page 61)



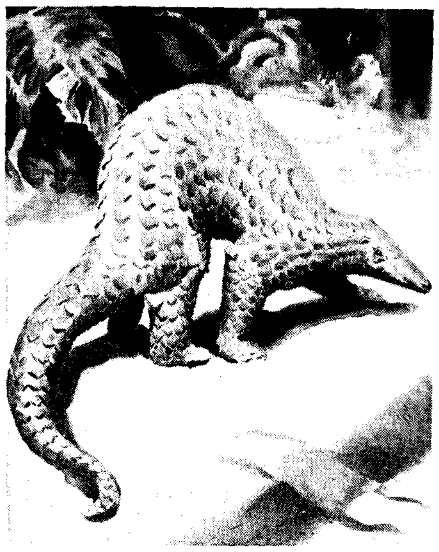
Kernochan gave Kellerman the address. "He's confessed to killing John Ames and Frank Johnson," he added

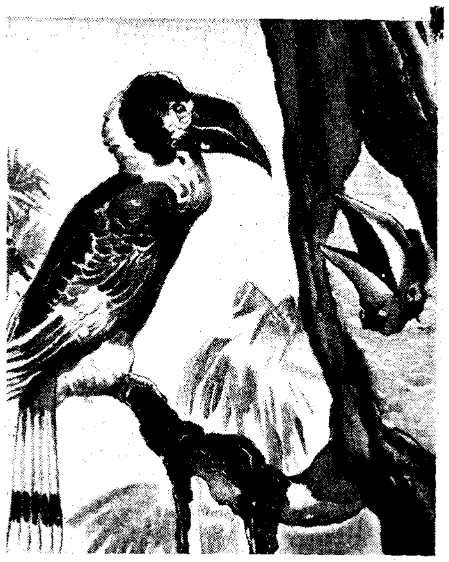


Jungle Trails

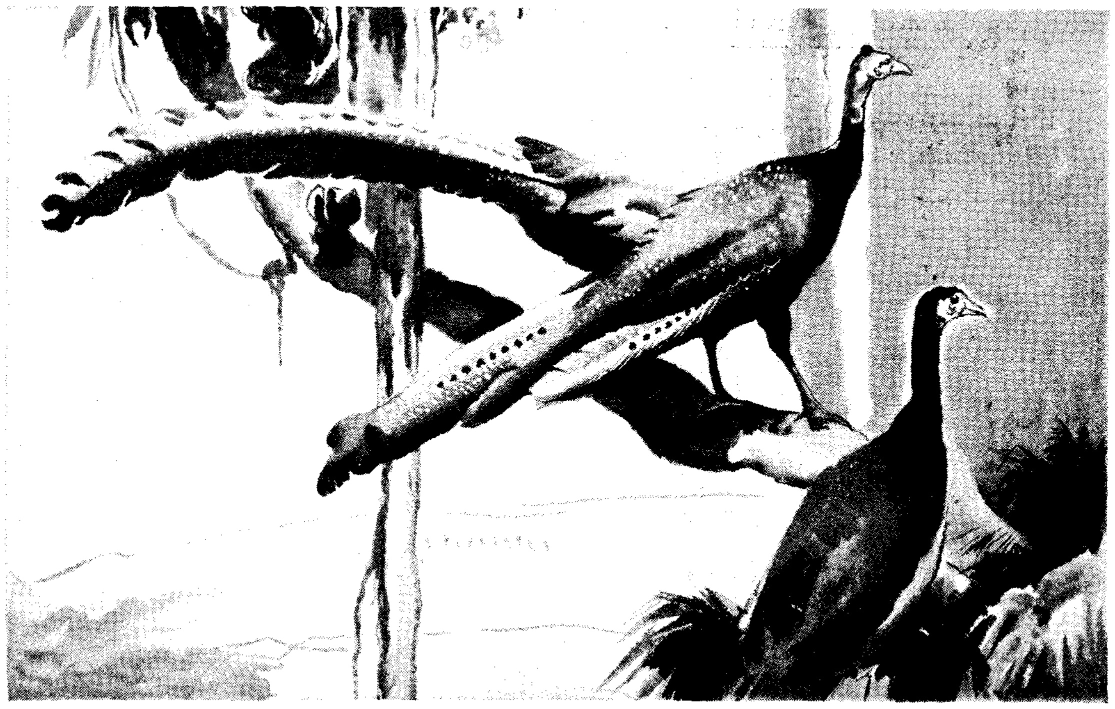
By Frank Buck

Illustrated by R. H. Collins





Above, an eagle who fell victim to his intended prey. Right, a pair of argus pheasants, whose courting is done on a special "strutting ground"



Once on the nest, the female hornbill stays there. For she's sealed in by her mate. At the upper left is a pangolin, the red ant's deadliest enemy

Here's a new version of the postman's Sunday walk—Frank Buck, taking a Sunday stroll through the jungle. Twenty years of jungle experience have only sharpened his interest in the life that teems there and the death that lurks in the green shadows and flashes in the open sky. He'll take you with him, and there'll be plenty to see. The struggle for existence knows nothing about holidays

LIFE in the jungle is a constant struggle for survival. It all looks very beautiful to the casual visitor to the Far East who happens to get to the edge of one of the great forests, or perhaps even goes a short way up a jungle trail. He sees deep green shadows and weirdly lovely and fantastic formations of creepers and vines and ferns; occasionally he catches glimpses of gorgeous-colored birds—red and green and yellow plumage—flying through patches of golden sunlight; he sees and hears cute little rhesus monkeys playing and chattering in the trees, and if he is lucky he may even hear the sweet, musical call of the argus pheasant coming through the mists of dawn.

But the casual visitor always misses the struggle for life that is constantly waged in the jungle. Events may be moving very smoothly for some animal or bird. He discovers good feeding, builds a fine nest or den, finds a compatible mate, raises a young family—and then the jungle, like Alice's Queen, roars, "Off with his head!" And his head invariably comes off.

After twenty years spent mostly in the jungle country of southern Asia, I still love it. If Ali, my Number One Boy, spoke slang he probably would say, "My tuan—he *nuts* about it!" And Ali is in a position to know. He has been with me capturing wild animals and birds for many years, and he is well acquainted with my habit of Sunday walks in the jungle.

The first one, I think, nearly floored him. We had been working hard all week with a gang of natives building log traps for black leopards. We had got our leopards—two of them—had carried them back to camp on poles, and put them in cages we had built. And then, early Sunday morning, I called Ali.

"Come on, Ali," I said, "let's take a walk up the jungle trail."

I think for a moment he thought I was *gila babasa*, which is Malay for slightly mad. He had never heard of the postman taking a pleasure hike. Malays, you see, don't take any hikes that can be avoided.

"Tuan not feel well?" he asked.

"I feel grand, Ali. I just want to saunter through the jungle and look around."

He knew then that I was not just *gila babasa* but plain *gila!* He had taken off the modifying adjective. But he came.

Circus Day in the Jungle

Ali and I have had many Sunday morning walks since then, but to this day I don't think he understands that it is simply because I love the jungle, like to observe it and watch what goes on in its shadows, that I hike an unnecessary four or five miles through early morning heat.

If you have keen eyes a walk up a jungle trail toward some native village or rubber plantation can be as interesting as a three-ring circus. In fact, more goes on around you than ever occurred in sawdust rings. You merely have to have eyes to see it, and know where to look.

That first Sunday walk that Ali and I took is typical of many. A great deal happened on it—things which happen every day and hour in the damp shadows of a jungle—things which mean life, survival, or death in the struggle of jungle creatures.

We had gone perhaps half a mile from camp when I noticed what looked like a shadow moving on the narrow trail ahead. It was crossing the trail obliquely, and for a moment I thought a python was climbing in the branches of a tree overhead and throwing his moving shadow on the ground below.

But on going closer I saw that it was no shadow at all. It was an actual moving thing, single yet disjointed, with one purpose, but with millions of individual units to carry out that purpose—an army of marching red ants!

I have seen many armies of marching ants. Sometimes they cover vast distances on their tiny legs. They move in a steady column about eight inches wide and sometimes a mile or two miles long. It is difficult to estimate the number of ants in one of these armies, but five hundred million would be a fair guess. They advance as nearly as possible in a straight line and instead of going around obstacles they go *over* them. I have seen columns of ants moving steadily and smoothly over immense jungle logs, and even up and down the sides of tall rubber plantation fences.

I was watching the ants when Ali touched my arm and pointed toward the underbrush.

"Here come pangolin!" he whispered.

I watched the little animal move out on the jungle trail and look about. Ali and I stood so still that he didn't see us. But he did see the ants and he moved toward them eagerly.

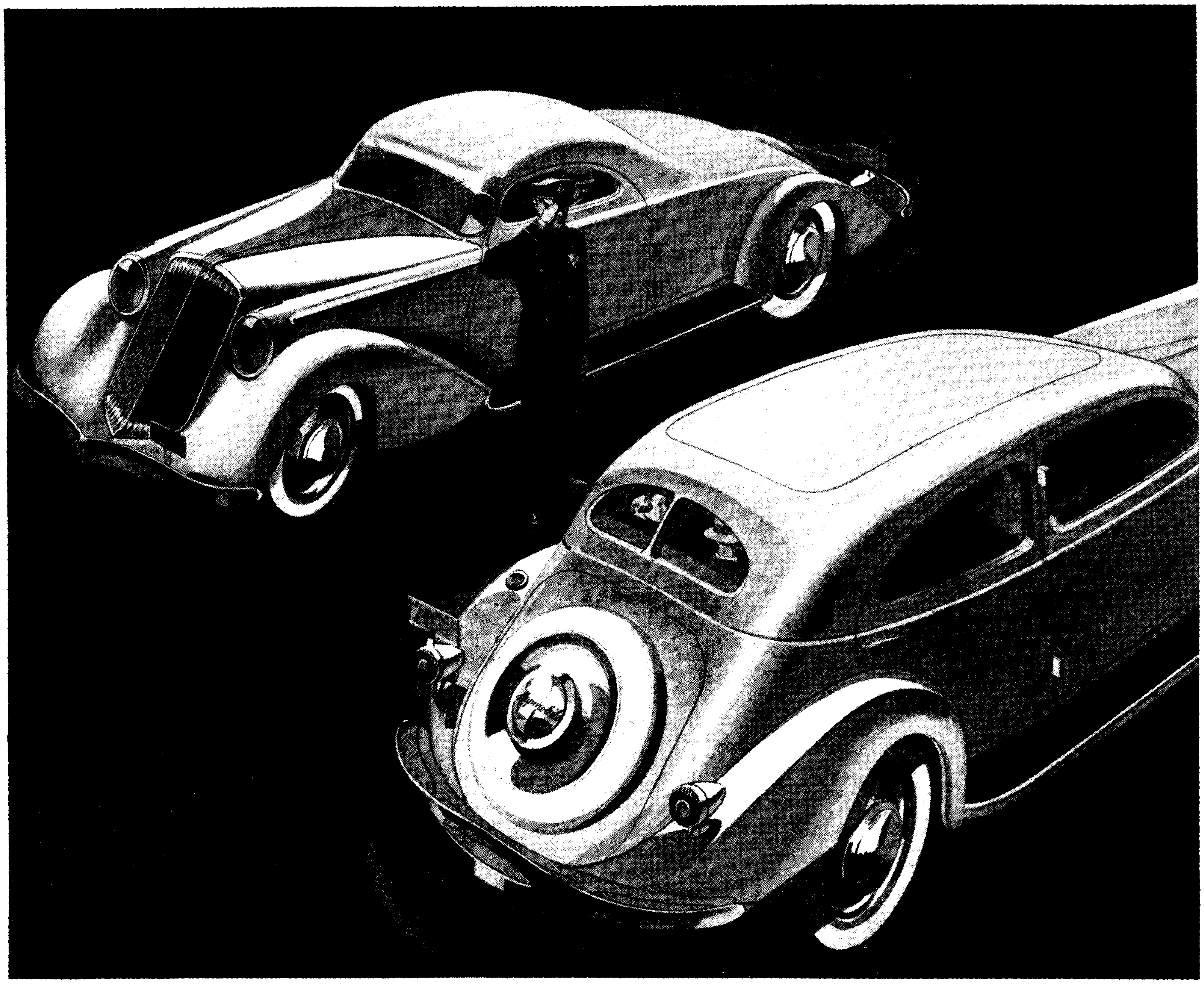
Now a pangolin is the red ant's deadliest enemy. He is commonly called "the scaly ant-eater" for a very good reason. He is armor-plated with scales like a fish, only strong and hard as metal. He can move these scales at will, open them wide by the use of skin muscles such as the porcupine employs when raising his quills, or shut them tight as little steel doors. When in danger he rolls himself into a ball with his scales tightly closed, and it takes a pretty husky animal to penetrate that coat of mail.

The pangolin is a steel-gray color that blends nicely into the jungle foliage. He has a streamlined body and a long, powerful tail that is more useful than ornamental. He can climb trees like a cat, and often feeds on the bugs and insects that swarm over the great ferns that grow from the water-soaked crotches of the jungle trees. Or he hangs by his strong tail from a limb and with his long, sticky tongue captures insects from the tree trunk.

In Marched the Four Million

I was interested to see what this pangolin was going to do with this army of red ants. Here was a meal ready-made and waiting for him on a jungle platter—if he could handle it. Millions of ants were swarming steadily by, and all Mr. Pangolin had to do was stop and eat.

(*Continued on page 59*)



Front..Back..any way you look at it the *true* air-line car is beautiful

"BEAUTY in the modern plane is an index of its efficiency," says Mr. Agnew Larsen, well-known authority on Aero-dynamic design. "A similar index is found in the graceful air-lines of the new Hupmobile."

This *true* air-line design reduces air resistance. The result is greater operating efficiency under all conditions. It so alters body proportions that doors are wider...seats broader...windows bigger...new "pilot house" windshield gives panoramic vision . . . A more comfortable car! A safer car to drive.

Aero-dynamic design also permits a new weight distribution, and, with the side-sway eliminator, pioneered by Hupmobile, produces the exclusive "coördinated suspension" that makes Hupmobile riding qualities a miracle of flight-like smoothness.

There is no doubt about the beauty of the new Hupmobile... Every eye checks it! And there can be no controversy about Hupp's dynamic performance... One thrilling ride will prove it. *That* ride is waiting for you at the nearest Hupmobile dealer's.

MR. AGNEW LARSEN, Vice President and Chief Engineer, Autogiro Company of America; Designer of the Pitcairn Mailwing; Development Engineer of the Autogiro in America.

THE AERO · DYNAMIC

Hupmobile

FOUR-DOOR SEDAN PRICES . . . . . 127-inch wheelbase $1245
121-inch wheelbase . . . $1095 . . . . . 117-inch wheelbase $845
Three-Passenger Coupe . . . . 117-inch wheelbase $795

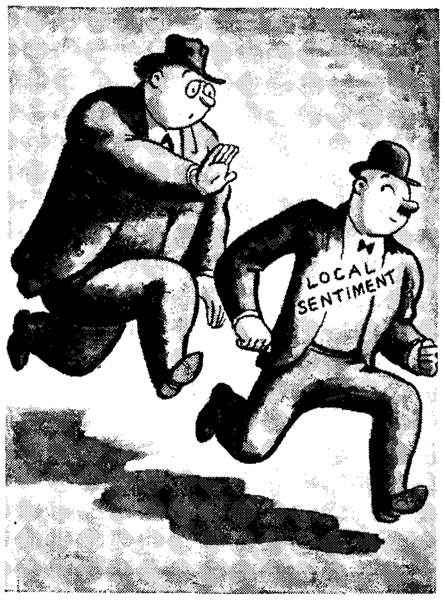
Prices f. o. b. factory . . . tax and special equipment extra

Hooray for Abraham Lincoln!

The Republican party is all set for a revival. The only trouble is that no two members can agree upon what to revive. Not Mr. Hoover. There's unanimity there. So, in their perplexity, they're turning to Abraham Lincoln

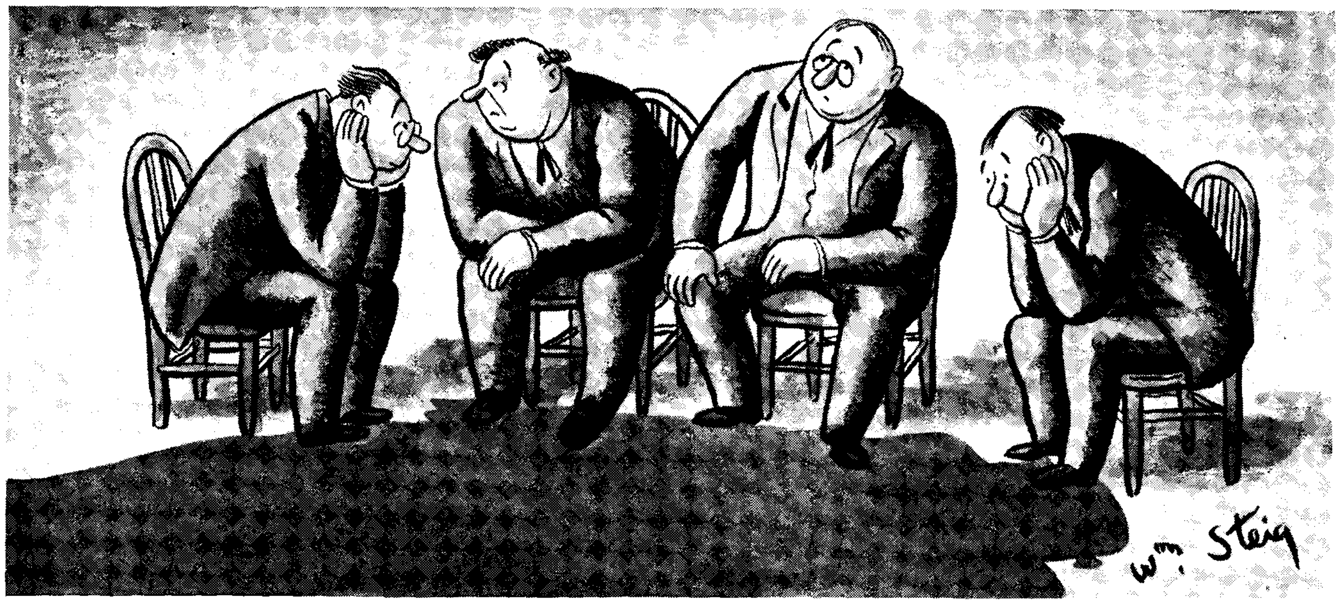
By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

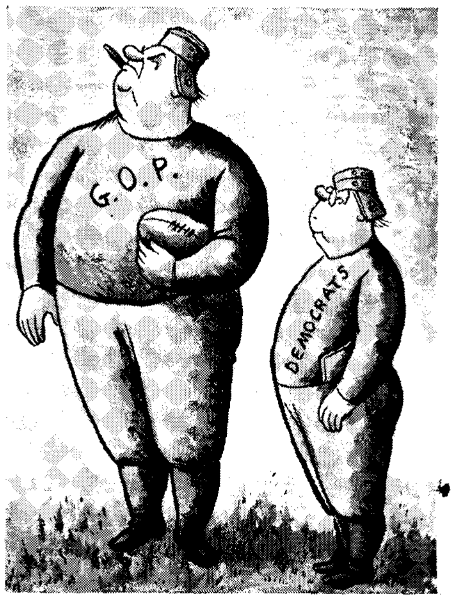


It will be every man for himself this fall, with Republican policies determined on the spot

Illustrated by William Steig



The shadow of Mr. Hoover still falls across his party's councils



The Democratic party was once looked upon by the G. O. P. as a sort of perpetual scrub team

DESPITE the experimental chirps of Republican revivalists, the Grand Old Party is still in a stupor. As the New Deal slows up in spots, it is trying to stagger back to a semblance of its old-time cockiness. Some day it may win back the status it enjoyed when it looked disdainfully on the Democrats as a perpetual scrub team fit only to furnish a work-out every four years. But right now, eighteen months after its disastrous 1932 defeat, it hasn't the faintest idea of where it wants to go—except, in a general way, back to the White House—or of how to start in that direction.

Even this remote prospect doesn't dazzle Republican eyes, for the members of the once-dominant party cannot get together on an opposition or constructive basis or unite upon personnel or platform for the congressional elections only a few months away. It is to be, by formal agreement, every man for himself, and a different Republican formula in every district and state. The boys who were, not so long ago, dues-paying brothers in the best disciplined and wealthiest lodge in American politics will run as New Dealers, Old Dealers, radicals, liberals, progressives, *reactionaries, conservatives*, moderates, support-Roosevelt and oppose-Roosevelt candidates.

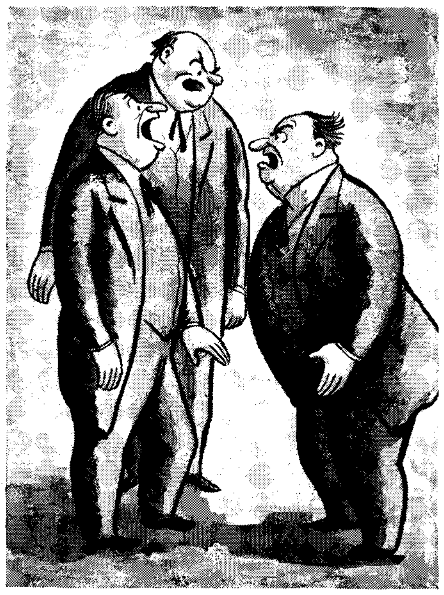
In this Republican chaos, a fairly new thing in political annals, by the way, the traditional hierarchy has been displaced and shattered; the first have become the last and the last have become first, and the practical boys have repudiated the theorists. There has been a riotous reshuffling of the deck, although nobody yet suggests that a Republican new deal may come forth. But when the election of a LaGuardia as mayor of New York summons back to the political practice-pits such battle-scarred aristocrats as Ogden L. Mills, Theodore Roosevelt, William J. Donovan and F. Trubee Davison, all anxious to consolidate the LaGuardia triumph on the eastern front and willing to forget his years of hacking at their political gods and goddesses, it suggests that too much political loneliness sometimes makes people desperate.

It may have been the spectacle of his Cabinet members embracing the once despised insurgent, or it may have been simply coincidence, but soon thereafter Herbert Hoover cast off his rôle of grieving exile and came out of his Spanish stucco home at Palo Alto. But the harmless automobile trips of the former President and actual titular leader, whose theories about the "American system of rugged individualism" still stand as the formal but forgotten creed of the party, gave the jitters to every Republican up for reëlection, and turned the bigwigs' faces white with horror at the thought that he seriously contemplates a comeback.

A Shadow Across the Party

The contrasting receptions accorded Messrs. LaGuardia and Hoover illustrate more vividly than anything else how far the G. O. P. has slipped—and changed—since the 1932 election.

Nevertheless, the shadow of Mr. Hoover still falls across the party, and accounts for a great deal of its demoralization. Although he recently sent word to Washington that he cherishes no further political ambition, there is a strong suspicion that he craves to continue as the party's leader, and that he wants it to stick to his general policies in the expectation of eventual vindication. Nobody, of course, talks of him or anybody else as a 1936 presidential possibility, for the Republicans like to forget that there are such things as national elections. What they fear from Mr. Hoover is that he may seek to impose his ideas on the party again, and, by implication, upon them in their candidacy for office.



Members of the once-dominant party do not seem to be able to agree on anything nowadays

It is through the national committee that a former President usually retains control or influence in the party councils, for he has sufficient power to pack it in his own behalf while in office. He is always allowed to select his own national chairman, and Mr. Hoover's choice was the Honorable Everett Sanders of Vigo County, Indiana. Pudgy, stodgy, inoffensive, inarticulate but likable, Mr. Sanders became Calvin Coolidge's amanuensis after serving his time in the House. He was less active and vocal than Mr. Coolidge himself, and they made a perfect pair; he still thinks that Mr. Coolidge was one of our greatest statesmen. Upon leaving the White House, he resumed practice as a lawyer at the capital.

To understand Everett is to understand the present state of the Republican party. Only Mr. Hoover knows why he named the Hoosierite as the lost leader of the 1932 campaign, but he still hangs on as national chairman, largely by sufferance. The party bosses, not knowing yet where the political cat will jump, see no reason for displacing him, or stirring up a controversy, until they know more definitely what kind of man, a conservative or a liberal, an easterner or a westerner, they want in his place. So Everett is little more than a receiver for a bankrupt organization, and what he receives is hard knocks.

But now, for the first time since he worked his way through a fresh-water college, he is active, articulate, aggressive. So much so that some politicians

(Continued on page 48)

SIMONIZ YOUR CAR

"*Every* CAR NEEDS SIMONIZ TO MAKE THE FINISH STAY BEAUTIFUL ...AND I KNOW!"

MAKES CARS SPARKLE LIKE NEW AGAIN
KEEPS FINISH BEAUTIFUL FOR YEARS

Millions of motorists say, "The sooner any car is Simonized, the better!" Without this mighty protection, weather and dirt soon dull and eventually ruin the finish. That's why your car, whether old or new, should be Simonized if you want it to stay beautiful.

• There's nothing like Simoniz for guarding a car's beauty. Under all conditions of climate, it gives the hardest, most durable protection imaginable. Simoniz saves the finish from all wear and tear—makes it last years longer—and keeps the colors from fading.

• So play safe and Simoniz your car! Simonizing not only makes the finish sparkle like new, but keeps it always beautiful . . . and easier than you ever dreamed possible! After you Simoniz your car it will seldom need washing. Dust and dirt wipe right off a Simonized car with a dry cloth and the finish glows as bright as ever.

• Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Get them today at your hardware, auto accessory store or garage. They are never sold under any other name and nothing takes their place . . . so avoid substitutes.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY • CHICAGO, U. S. A.

EASIER • QUICKER • SAFER

Simonizing a car is amazingly easy. You'll enjoy doing it yourself! A few easy strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener make a dull car sparkle like new. And you needn't wash the car first. Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans the finish and restores its lustre. A remarkable new cleaning feature ends all hard rubbing—makes Simoniz Kleener safer, quicker and easier to use. After cleaning apply Simoniz. It will keep your car always bright and beautiful.

KLEENER
SIMONIZ
DUCO ENAMEL

Motorists Wise

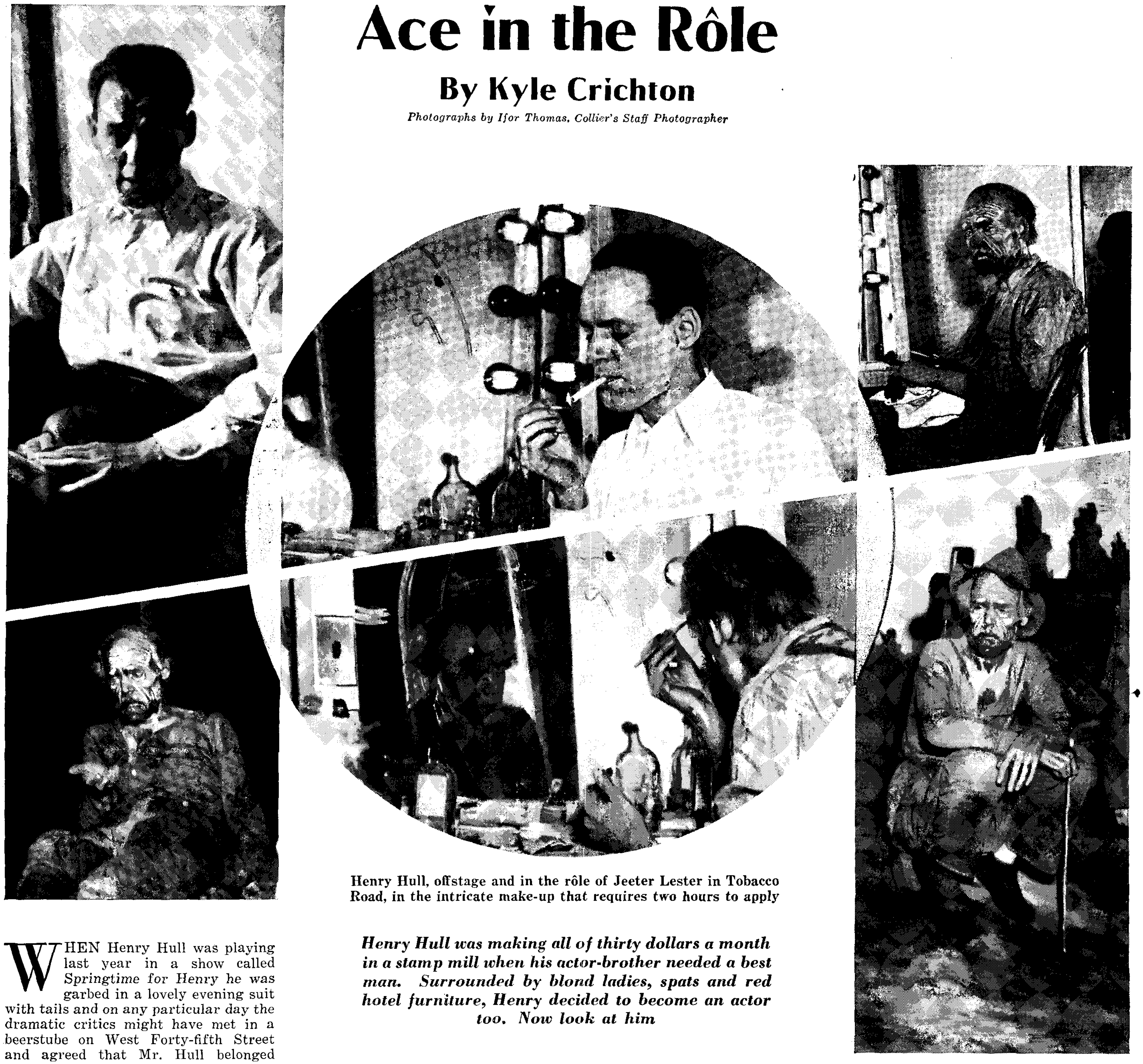
SIMONIZ

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

Ace in the Rôle

By Kyle Crichton

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer



Henry Hull, offstage and in the rôle of Jeeter Lester in Tobacco Road, in the intricate make-up that requires two hours to apply

Henry Hull was making all of thirty dollars a month in a stamp mill when his actor-brother needed a best man. Surrounded by blond ladies, spats and red hotel furniture, Henry decided to become an actor too. Now look at him

WHEN Henry Hull was playing last year in a show called Springtime for Henry he was garbed in a lovely evening suit with tails and on any particular day the dramatic critics might have met in a beerstube on West Forty-fifth Street and agreed that Mr. Hull belonged among the four worst actors of all time. During the present season he has been acting in Jack Kirkland's dramatization of Tobacco Road and giving what Percy Hammond of the New York Herald-Tribune has called "the best performance I have seen in my forty years in the theater."

Hull got his first big part with The Man Who Came Back and he has been staging a series of returns ever since. After that play had run so long that there was threat of action by Congress—two and a half years to be exact—he appeared in a succession of rôles which were an agreeable amalgam made up of three-fourths ham and the rest nonsense. Just when it seemed that the only sensible thing to do was quit before getting shot by a hostile audience, a good rip-snorting play would come along and rescue him.

It was Henry's brother, Howard Hull, who started the family on its theatrical career. Howard agreed with everybody that Louisville, Kentucky, was an excellent city but he persisted in being curious about the people who got off the train at the station and stood nonchalantly on the platform while the porters piled their luggage into the hotel bus. The girls of such groups were no lovelier than the Louisville girls, but a girl in a bus and a Broadway hat was always Romance to Howard. In addition there were the gentlemen who wore the tight-fitting overcoats with the astrakhan collars. Not to mention the canes and the spats.

Brother Goes to Broadway

To all hints from Papa Hull, who was city editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, that Howard might get himself a job in town and settle down, Howard was evasive. He ended the discussion by departing from Kentucky and ending up on Broadway as one of the three hundred and fifty thousand original chorus men in the Floradora Sextette. He played opposite a Nan Patterson, who later shot one Cæsar Young in a taxicab when he was being so foolish as to attempt to leave the country after an affair of the heart with Miss Patterson. Nan was one of the four million original chorus girls of the Floradora Sextette.

When Henry was born he was christened Henry Watterson Hull, after Marse Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier-Journal. Papa Hull had ambitions for Henry and looked after him with that loving care which is given their families by men who work on morning papers; that is to say, he saw him about twice a week. While Papa Hull was watching Henry, the second son, Shelley, followed Howard's spats-bedecked trail into the easy money. Henry had other ideas about his career. He had his heart set on being an engineer.

"A what?" asked his father.

"An electrical engineer," said Henry.

"Why don't you go in for acting like your brothers?" asked his father.

"I thought you disapproved of actors," said Henry.

"Who? Me?" cried his father. "Don't be silly. On the fifteenth I'm leaving here myself to be an advance man for Klaw and Erlanger. You think I'm going to stay around here at thirty-five dollars a week for the rest of my life?"

The truth is that Papa Hull had missed one fortune by not joining the firm at its inception when his old Louisville friend, Marc Klaw, offered him the chance. On the fifteenth he went out on the road for Klaw and Erlanger as predicted, but Henry still had other ideas. He came on to New York and eventually graduated from Cooper Union as an electrical engineer.

An Artist in the Making

His first job was in Washington with Harold Binney, the father of a young lady who later turned out to be Constance Binney. Young Hull studied patent law with Mr. Binney but gave it up to join the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who shipped him off to Canada to standardize pole-line construction for the Canadian Bell

(*Continued on page 30*)

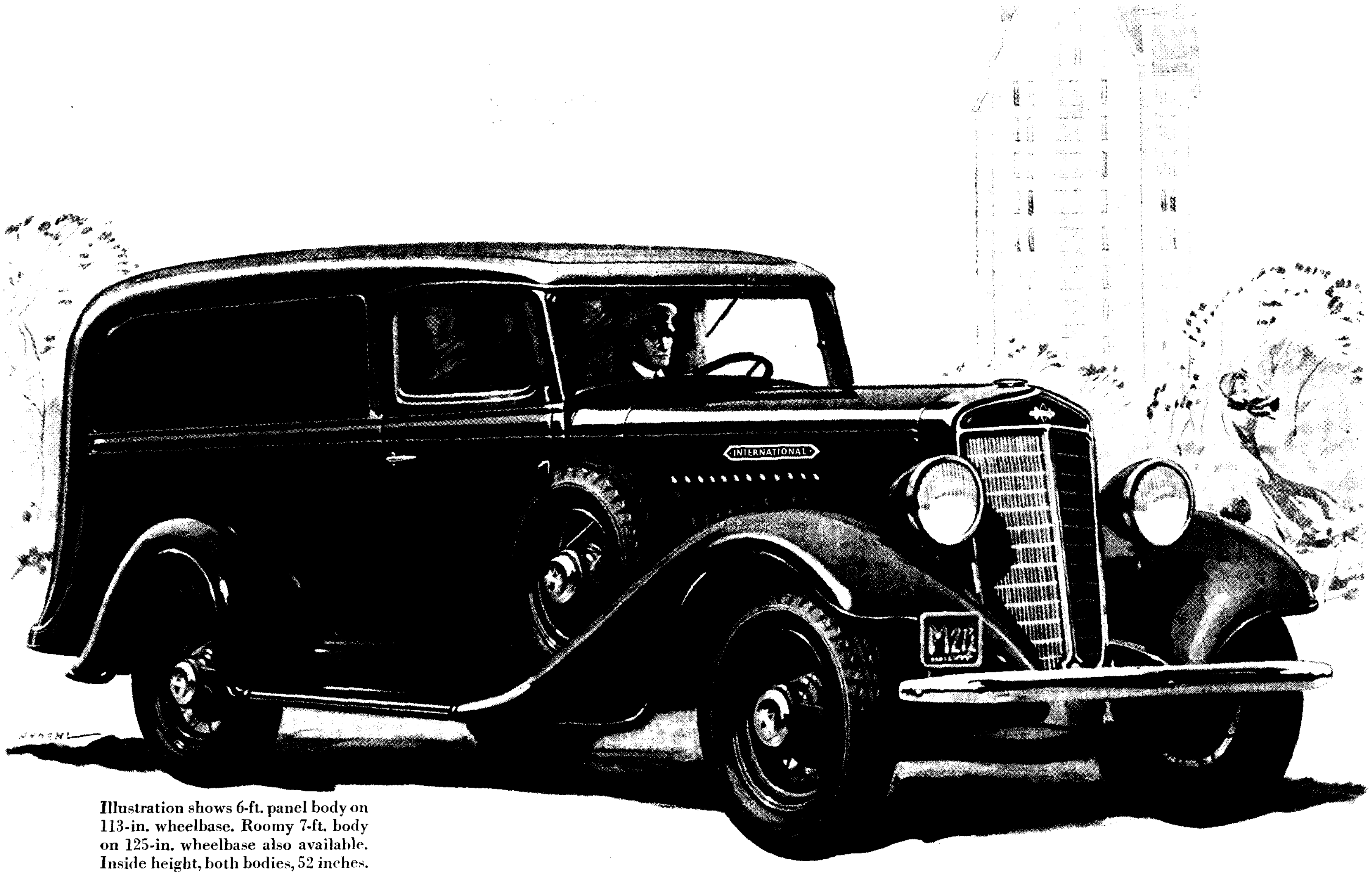


Illustration shows 6-ft. panel body on 113-in. wheelbase. Roomy 7-ft. body on 125-in. wheelbase also available. Inside height, both bodies, 52 inches.

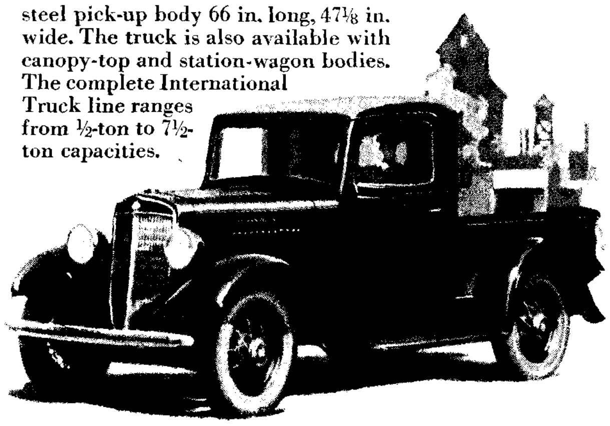
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER
Presents New ½-ton Truck

THIS new Half-Ton International, the Six-Cylinder Model C-1, is a truck of serviceable distinction and beauty, combining new qualities of utility, comfort, performance, and economy. You will find it an outstanding value in the low-price field.

The new Half-Ton International is a fast and sturdy unit that is *all truck*, with chassis and engine built for *truck* performance, like every International, and styled as you see it above. See and drive this latest product of International truck engineering, now on view at International Branch and Dealer showrooms.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) **Chicago, Illinois**

International Model C-1 truck with all-steel pick-up body 66 in. long, 47⅛ in. wide. The truck is also available with canopy-top and station-wagon bodies. The complete International Truck line ranges from ½-ton to 7½-ton capacities.



Half-Ton Model C-1—Brief Specifications

Rated Capacity: ½-ton.

Wheelbases: 113 inches and 125 inches.

Engine: 6-cylinder, L-head type; bore, 3 5/16 inches; stroke, 4⅛ inches. Maximum brake h.p., 78.5. Counterbalanced crankshaft. Removable-shell, precision-type main and connecting-rod bearings. Exhaust-valve seat inserts. Pressure lubrication. Down-draft carburetion. Air cleaner.

Clutch: 9-inch single-plate, with vibration damper.

Transmission: 3 speeds forward and 1 reverse.

Universal Joints: All-metal, roller-bearing type.

Rear Axle: Spiral-bevel. Chrome-molybdenum steel axle shafts.

Steering Gear: Irreversible cam-and-lever type.

Brakes: 4-wheel, mechanical, equal-action cam, 2-shoe type.

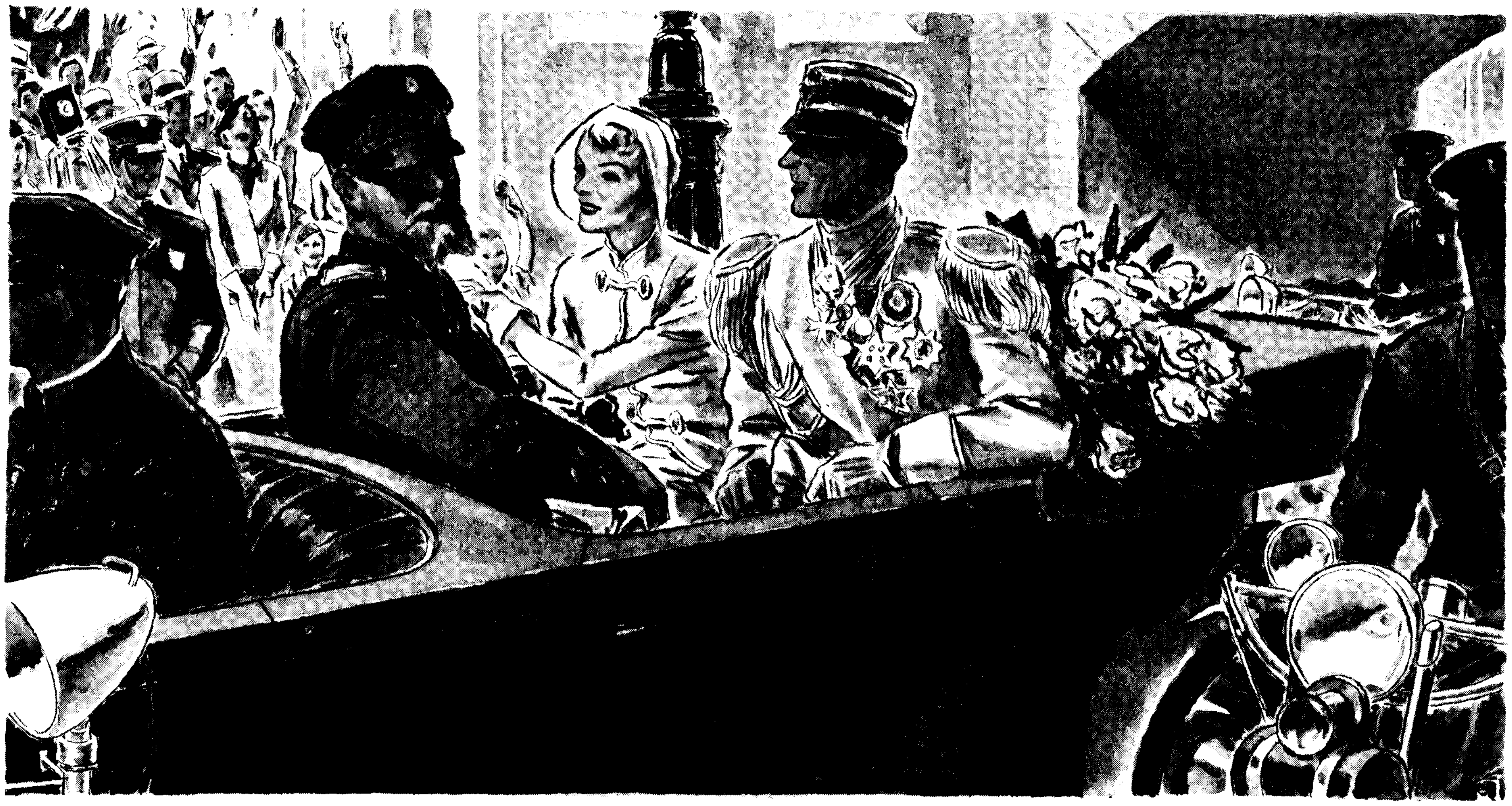
Chassis Lubrication: Hydraulic-type.

Springs: Semi-elliptic. All leaves of silico-manganese steel.

Tires: 5.25-18 (standard).

Standard Equipment includes spare wire wheel, fender well tire carrier, front and rear fenders, full-length running boards. Airplane-type instrument panel.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



The day after the wedding, the prince and princess drove through the city

Love Match

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Mary C. McCall, Jr.

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

JACQUES decided that the anteroom in which he sat waiting was somewhat less appalling than most of the rooms in the palace. The linen-fold paneling was of course beautiful, and the prince's grandmother had stayed her blighting hand to some extent when she reached this room during her renovation of the old palace. But nothing could make the ancient fortress livable. Even the late queen must have realized that the gloom of great age would be upon it always.

The prince came out of his father's library at last. His face looked set, serious. He did not speak until he and Jacques were in the car.

"It's just as I thought," he said finally.

"Marriage?"

"Yes."

He'd known for a long time of course that it must be soon. Still, it must be hard to face it. Poor Claudette! Jacques had a real affection for Claudette. One or two of the others had obviously basked in the glamour of being the prince's mistress. Claudette was fond of the prince.

Jacques put his hand on the prince's knee. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Oh, it's not so bad," the prince said. "It's part of the job. I *do* hate to close the Little House, though."

The Little House was the prince's unofficial residence. It was everything that his official residence was not—it was small, modern and charming.

Jacques wanted to ask which of the eligible princesses it was to be. There was a choice of four. But he waited for the prince to tell him. He was Master of the Prince's Household. They had been in the same college of the university. They were close friends, but that didn't give Jacques the right to ask questions. Charles was the prince. In a few years he would be king.

"It's Erica," the prince said. "I'm glad, really. The last time I saw her was at my uncle's funeral. She was twelve then. She seemed a nice little girl. I'm to leave tomorrow. You'll go with me, old man."

The prince's program on that ten-day visit was worked out to the last hour. On the first day he met the princess at an informal family dinner. There were forty at that informal dinner. The next morning they played tennis together. There were photographers at the tennis courts. There were always photographers, when they played golf, when they swam, when they accompanied Erica's mother, the queen, the afternoon she opened the flower show. Two great peoples must be prepared for this marriage.

Jacques felt less sorry for the prince when he saw Erica. She was really lovely in a grave, clear-eyed, unawakened, eighteen-year-old way.

THE prince came home at the end of ten days, and the engagement was announced. The photographers had done their work well. The public took to the marriage. The press blessed the "true love match" editorially.

The marriage took place in May at the height of the season. Erica, the king her father, and the queen her mother, and a host of nearly royal relatives were housed in the summer palace on the river. The royal fiancés attended the last court of the season. The civil ceremony was brief. There were only two hundred at the civil ceremony. The religious ceremony was very long. Erica's veil was made by the needlewomen of her own country. Forty feet of lace and satin trailed behind her down the endless aisle of the cathedral, under the arch of swords held by the officers of the prince's regiment. Before the ball there was a reception for seven hundred. There were two thousand at the ball. The day after the wedding, the prince and princess drove through the city.

It was just a month after the wedding that the prince sent for Jacques.

He looked pale and harassed. "God, what a month!" he said. "What an indecent, revolting farce."

Jacques was startled. The prince had known he must marry, and the princess was really very charming. She looked gentle, kind, understanding. She was young. She was certainly pretty. Jacques had really believed that the prince was—well, if not ecstatically happy, at least calmly content. He had not known that all this time the prince was in bitter revolt.

"I said a lot to you once about not minding this job of mine. I was philosophical, as I remember it. I must have sounded exceptionally dull and priggish. It was because I didn't really know. I thought I was used to it, inured to it. I'd never been married then. Lord, Jacques—that gloomy, ugly house and that state bedroom—Jacques, we're going back to the Little House tomorrow. I'm stifling. I want to get away. I'll drive my own car."

"No, Your Highness. You know that's unprecedented."

"Yes," the prince said. "I know. It is a crazy thought, but I'm nearly mad with this ghastly business—this rehearsed and supervised 'love match.' Do this for me, Jacques. See that the place looks charming, will you? Really charming. Flowers all over, in all the vases. Spring flowers—jonquils, tulips, daffodils. Armfuls of them. Nothing that looks like a state banquet. Nothing to remind me of that upholstered mausoleum upstairs."

Jacques went down into the country to prepare the Little House. He understood, of course, he sympathized with the prince, but he was sorry for the princess. She was so young. It was the heavy weight of official approval, official connivance, that had prevented any chance of happiness for them. He was a little surprised at Claudette. After all, a romantic interlude with a bachelor prince is one thing, and a liaison with a recently married prince is another. Well, she was fond of him. She'd be gay and tender. With her, the prince would have some respite from this constant surveillance, this travesty of a marriage which had so outraged and revolted him.

THE Little House was flooded with light, soft light. There were no ponderous crystal chandeliers in the Little House. It was gay with flowers, armfuls of spring flowers in low silver bowls. There had been solid, heavily scented red and white roses, tall, oversweet lilies at the marriage banquet, in the bridal chamber of the palace.

When he heard the car in the drive, Jacques had a moment of indecision. The chauffeur and footman could handle the luggage. It might be better if he went at once to his own room. Still, Claudette knew him and trusted him. The prince might want some change in the supper menu. He was still undecided when the car stopped. Too late now for a discreet disappearance. He opened the door.

They stood silhouetted against the night sky. The princess looked very young and very happy. She smiled at her husband, beautifully, tenderly, as he carried her over the threshold of the Little House.

© 1934, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Maybe these dewdrops will
help to tell you how FRESH
your mouth will taste after
smoking SPUDS all day

SPUD MENTHOL COOLED CIGARETTES · 15c FOR 20 · (25c IN CANADA) · CORK TIP or PLAIN

Ace in the Rôle

Continued from page 26

Company. He spent three years up there on a salary which afforded him a very fine diet of beans and pork, interspersed with turnip greens in season. This was trying enough, but what made it harder were the postcards from Howard and Shelley of swell hotels marked with X's showing the corner suites where they were staying.

A little nettled by this, Henry threw up his chance of eventually becoming foreman of a gang putting up insulators and went off to the gold fields of Cobalt and Porcupine, even farther north in Canada. What he had when he reached Cobalt was an extraordinary coat of tan from sitting on telephone pole crossbars, no money at all and a vague notion that he would have a hard time keeping in shoes from falling over gold nuggets in the streets. After two days without food and without stumbling over anything more valuable than a wheelbarrow, he got a job in a stamp mill. His ambitions there were abruptly halted when one of his pals fell forty feet down a shaft and broke his neck. That was shocking enough, but what made an equally indelible impression on his mind was the sight of hundreds of other applicants clamoring for a chance to fall down a shaft or at least to get a job around the shaft.

He Asked for It, Too

Henry was making thirty dollars a month at the time, and brother Shelley, with the subtlety of a cobra, was reporting gross takings of two hundred dollars a week for the mere pleasure of reciting a lot of lines before an audience. Shelley also chose this moment to get married and sent Henry the money to come on and be best man. Once surrounded by the atmosphere of spats, blond ladies and red hotel furniture, Henry was sunk. The next thing he knew he was playing a bit with Guy Bates Post in The Nigger. Not a bit, really, but a belt line of bits.

"Because of that fine coat of tan you have," said Mr. Post, "I think I'll let you play the Negro boy who is lynched."

"Yes, sir," said Henry.

"And because you look like a healthy and upright sort of fellow, I think I'll allow you to double as the head of the state militia."

"Yes, sir," said Henry.

"And because I think the experience will do you good, I'm going to grant your persistent request that you be doorkeeper at the governor's mansion."

"Yes, sir," gulped Henry, who had made the mistake of asking for the part.

"And because I like you and want you to learn the theater from the ground up, I'm also going to let you be stage manager," said Mr. Post.

Salary: Twenty-five dollars a week.

In the meantime Howard Hull had married Margaret Anglin and was playing with her in the famous seasons of Greek tragedy at the University of California. After a season with Guy Bates Post in lugging scenery and furniture, making three changes of costume every night and running up and down stairs to the dressing-room near the roof which had the largest rats, Henry decided that California would be all right for him too. He spent three years out there, most of the time in a toga, and left to become a matinée idol with a St. Louis stock company, breaking hearts all up and down the Mississippi Valley and in points in Western Illinois.

Then came The Man Who Came Back. Hull had left St. Louis to tackle Broadway, convinced that any actor who could cause such swoonings in the aisles among the daughters of South St. Louis brewers that the ushers were carrying stretchers instead of flashlights must have a message for the ladies of the nation. Broadway had other notions. He was the kid brother of Howard and Shelley Hull and that was very good, but so far as Broadway knew he was only the guy who had almost punctured himself with his sword while playing the head of the militia in The Nigger. So Henry went off to the country to cogitate upon life. While cogitating, his wife's aunt (he had got married in St. Louis, thus breaking the unwritten law that no leading man of a stock company should be anything but Adonis unchained)—his wife's aunt, we were saying, had been waited upon by a grocery clerk who also waited upon Grace George, wife of William A. Brady, the producer. It is not clear whether Mrs. Hull's aunt expressed the wish that it would be nice if Henry had a job or whether the grocery man was worried about Henry being out of a job. In any event the grocery man spoke to Miss George and Miss George spoke to Mr. Brady and Henry ended up in The Man Who Came Back.

CITY POUND WAGON
CITY POUND
Frank Owen

"But, honest—I was only barking like a dog!"

Lights for Mr. Watterson

There was a little excitement about this play when Marse Henry Watterson came to town. Marse Henry, who was never noted for the mildness of his reactions, stormed into Brady's office after the show and started to make the pictures jiggle about on the wall. What was the idea of having the young man billed in front as Henry Hull. His name was Henry WATTERSON Hull and unless there was immediate rectification of the error, Mr. Watterson would be compelled to come into the theater every night during his stay in the city and denounce the management. Having read Marse Henry's denunciations in print and having him here now in person reciting one of them was enough to convince Mr. Brady that a few dollars in lights would be money well spent. He made the change for the two weeks while Mr. Watterson remained in the Broadway sector.

After The Man Who Came Back closed, Hull worked along by fits and starts, getting a good part and getting a bum part and feeling none too sure that the children were going to get to school next year, by reason of the trousers being thin in the seat.

A Lesson for Mr. Barrymore

He finally caught on with Believe Me, Xantippe, which had Jack (not John then) Barrymore in the leading rôle. Young Mr. Hull was awed and impressed by young Mr. Barrymore and later almost ruined by him, because young Mr. Barrymore had a habit of emphasizing his speeches by giving his vis-à-vis a stiff-fingered poke in the collar bone. This was all very friendly, but young Mr. Hull acquired such a sore spot just southwest of the Adam's apple that one night in self-defense he started jabbing the great Mr. Barrymore in return. Never letting the scene drop for a moment, they proceeded to poke each other all over the stage. Hull left the scene, defeated, and waited tremblingly for Barrymore in the wings, conscious of Jack's reputation as an amateur pugilist. When Barrymore came off, he rushed up with his eyes gleaming and gingerly holding his shoulder. "Say, that *does* hurt, doesn't it?" he cried.

Hull came under the guidance of David Belasco soon after and acted with Fay Bainter in The Other Rose. Belasco suggested that the young man might be more dignified in one scene if he used a cane. Accordingly, Hull played the rôle by strutting around with the heaviest walking stick he could find. Very proud of himself, too. He was slightly taken aback at the end of the run when he heard Belasco talking with an interviewer.

"That business of Hull and the cane," explained Mr. B. (he was always known as that in the theater)—"I got just the effect I wanted: a young puppy who was sporting a stick for the first time in his life and who didn't know how to handle it."

There was also some difficulty in Lulu Belle, in which Hull played the colored sheik opposite Lenore Ulric. Hull couldn't get a wig to suit him so he went to a barber and had his hair cut short and then waved to give the impression of a colored boy's kinky head.

He was met at the stage entrance next day by an irate member of the cast.

"Listen," said the angry gentleman, "for two cents I'd knock your block off."

"What's the matter?" asked Hull.

"Matter! Why, you lunkhead, a wig wasn't enough for you, eh? You had to have your hair cut and waved. Well, Mr. B. liked it so much, he's ordered us all to have it done."

Prior to Tobacco Road, his big part was in Grand Hotel, where he played another of his suave gentlemen tricked up in a glossy shirt-front and with a moral nature which would have done him no good at all in the Epworth League. Grand Hotel just about ruined him because it started a wave of drawing-room parts with Mr. Hull sipping tea and saying "Ah-ah." The amazement of Broadway was all the greater, therefore, when he appeared as Jeeter Lester in Tobacco Road. The play was rough, dirty and honest and only a genius of considerable imagination could conceive of it as a Broadway success. It was about lowly Georgia farmers who had reached the depths. But not the romantic depths. No young luf. No moonlight and honeysuckle. The characters were down and they were to stay down throughout the play and perhaps throughout life. This is not generally considered a recommendation by ticket agencies who do a great business with visiting firemen, ladies whose home life is not ideal and ex-bootleggers. The book had been written by Erskine Caldwell, the big, kindly fellow who spends his time between a farm in Maine and a farm in Georgia and looks always as if he has just come in from plowing the far forty.

Art for Art's Sake

Tobacco Road stayed on for the first month with almost total lack of business. Hull was playing on a percentage and became a little white around the gills when his share for one week was exactly forty dollars. However, word-of-mouth advertising began to tell and the play started to climb.

As for Henry Hull, even at forty dollars a week it would have taken a court order to get him out of Tobacco Road. Playing a minor part was Sam Byrd, who took the eye of the managers and who was immediately offered a job in the movies. Hull talked to him about it.

"Listen, Sam," he said. "When you get to be my age you'll put up a little shrine and do homage every morning to the author who gives you as good a part as the one you have in Tobacco Road. In the ordinary course of events you will get one part like that in ten years. When you get it, hang on to it even if you have to live on the turnips they give us during the performance. You can get more money playing somewhere else and you can end by playing tent shows in Arkansas."

Mr. Byrd stayed and Mr. Hull stayed and Tobacco Road went on to being the sensation of the season.

The moral seems to be (1) that there is an audience in New York quite in addition to the regular Broadway audience, (2) a good show will succeed if the producers will give it a chance, and (3) Waite Hoyt was right when he said that anybody could be a good pitcher when he was on the same team with Babe Ruth. Translated, that means that it takes a good actor to make a good play. And vice versa.

"THIS NEW CAR IS A REAL THRILL TO DRIVE"
"IT'LL STAY THAT WAY IF YOU KEEP USING MOBILOIL"

The World's Largest Selling Motor Oil

Today's Engines are Smooth because they're Precision Built... and they Demand Fine Oil!

No doubt about it—today's cars are *worth* bragging about! But did you ever stop to figure out where they *get* that lively performance?

It comes from precision engineering! More carefully made, *tighter* engines. Parts that fit into other parts with half a hair's breadth to spare. Faster speeds—higher temperatures.

This station attendant has seen the inside of a lot of cars. He's learned that Mobiloil doesn't thin out dangerously at extreme heats. He has found out that it stays *tough* when it's squeezed down to that tiny film which separates part from part in modern motors. He *knows* that motors run smoother and last longer when they have a rich, *full-bodied* motor oil like Mobiloil.

Millions of car owners know it too. So ever since high-speed motors came in—Mobiloil has remained the world's largest-selling motor oil.

You need not travel far to find a Mobiloil dealer. And every one of them sells from a simple chart that shows exactly the right grade for your make of car. When you buy at the sign of the Flying Red Horse, you can also buy Mobilgas, the quality mate of Mobiloil. Try *both of them.*

Mobiloil SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION **SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION**

AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH PERFORMANCE... MOBILGAS

of hair between the pig's shoulders and yanked three times. "Now, keep dat tongue palate up," he warned, "or you'll git sick. And efn Mist' Junior so much as ketches you *lookin'* sick—"

He sat back to go on with his worrying. Any moment, now, the mules would start to fall dead.

Johnny T and Joe Boody returned from their journey to the woods with the carcass of Shotgun. Uncle Henry thought of suggesting to them that they leave the harness on Mag and Queen so they could drag off the other mules as they died. But another idea came to him. "Did Mist' Junior stick dat thing in old Mag and Queen?" he asked.

"Sho', he did," Johnny T answered.

"Den you better git dey gears off," suggested the lotman, "befo' dey draps daid and git hit all tangled up."

Johnny T laughed. "I said Mist' Junior got de needle in 'em befo' dey got hit wid de plague," he explained. "Dey ain't fixin' to die. Dey got de cutcher in time."

But Uncle Henry knew better.

Much later, Uncle Henry came to a decision. And when he had arrived at that, he got up and walked rapidly and directly back to the Widow Duck's cabin.

The Widow Duck was alone on her porch.

"Mis' Duckie," Uncle Henry began as soon as he came up, "how long is you been a widow woman?"

"Too long, Uncle Henry," she replied, "'cordin' efn you looks at hit one way. But efn you looks at de crop er pants growin' round hyar, well, hit ain't long enough."

UNCLE HENRY spent several seconds trying to digest this answer. He concluded it was one of those "yes-and-no" answers that widows always handed out when a man came courting. He started on a new line.

"You needs," he announced, "a good man to look after you."

The Widow Duck began to feel a proposal. "What ailin' you, Henry?" she demanded.

"I means," the lotman explained, "dat I'm fixin' to quit bein' de lotman. And when I don't be's de lotman no more, hit ain't but one thing left for me, and dat's a double shovel in de cotton."

"Is dat a fack?"

"I means," Uncle Henry told her, "dat you's liable to wake up some mawnin' and see me out yonder, plowin' in yo' cotton patch, jest like hit was my own."

The Widow Duck saw the point now. "Aw, git along, you ole jackass," she laughed. "You tryin' to make marry tawk wid me, and hyar bofe er us is old enough to be we's daddy!"

Uncle Henry twisted his hat in his hand uncertainly. "I wa'n't allowin' to do much cou'tin'," he apologized, "seein' as how I and you 'bout de oldest fo'ks on Little Bee. O' cou'se, efn you'd druther I cou't at you some, I reckon I ain't plum forgot how. Only hit's been a powerful long time since I cou'ted a lady."

The Widow Duck grew pensive. "Hit's been a long time since a man cou'ted at me, too, Henry," she said. "Big Jim was de last man which cou'ted at me. He quit a frail brownskin, over on Duke's Bend, jest to put a pair er stripet stockin's on me."

The old couple sat in dreamy silence for a few moments.

"I *could*," Uncle Henry broke the silence, "send over and git you a stripet pair er stockin's—"

The Widow Duck shook her head sadly. "I reckon you better not," she decided. "I reckon I and you is too old for dat kind er stuff, anyhow."

"We is gittin' kind er agety," Uncle Henry agreed.

"And sot in we's ways."

The Lotman's True Love

Continued from page 13

"And sot in we's ways," echoed the lotman. He thought a minute and then went on. "I been livin' in dat room back er de gear house for might' nigh ten years now. Gittin' my rations at Giles' house, and livin' at de barn wid de stock. I been de he-coon in my own hollow for so long."

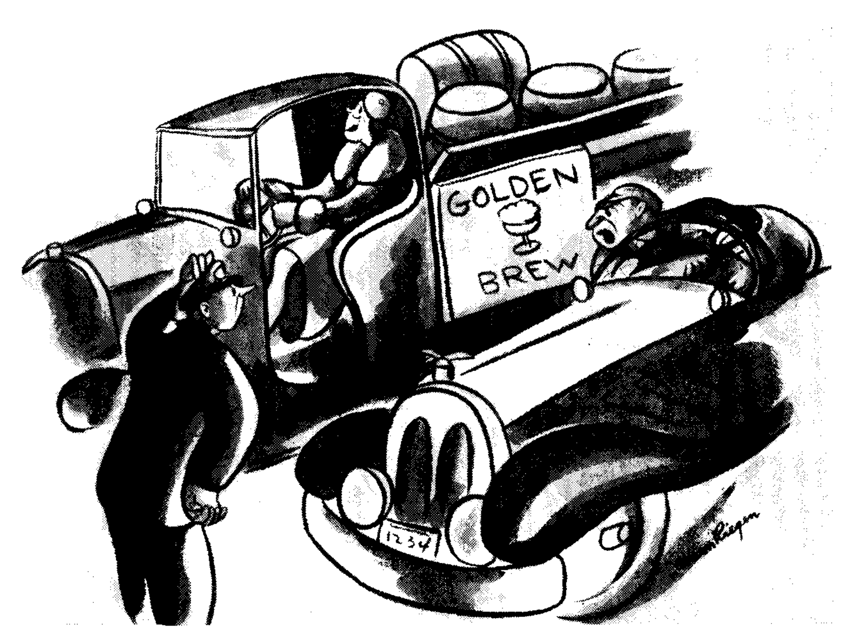
"Yeah, I know," said the Widow Duck. "And I don't know how I'd like hit wid a man under my foots, either."

THEY sat in a glum silence for another long spell.

"Who you reckon Giles gonter git to look after de stock?" the Widow Duck asked.

Uncle Henry tightened his lips bitterly. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Hit ain't a man on de place kin do hit like I kin. But hit won't be a mule on de place by daylight, I bet. 'Scusin' how Mist' Junior pizened 'em all, like dat, de bossman'll have to bring a team out f'm town to drag 'em off. So hit don't make me no diffunce who look after 'em."

They talked and talked, wearing the afternoon away with random conversation. At sundown, the Widow Duck made up her mind.



"We swapped seats—any objections?" *William von Riegen*

"Hit ain't gonter be much fun, bein' married up together, Henry," she told him. "I'm sot in my ways and you's sot in yo' ways. I don't love you good, and you don't love me good. But I likes you and you likes me, and hyar we is, de two oldest fo'ks on Little Bee Bend. I's a widow woman widout no man and you's a widow man widout no woman. God aimed for fo'ks to git married up in pairs, like Adam and Eve done."

"Yas, I reckon hit figgers out about like dat," Uncle Henry said without enthusiasm.

"Well, content yo'se'f hyar on de po'ch," the Widow Duck said, "whilst I go fixes you up some supper." She got up and grumbled to herself, "Hit's been a long time since I tuck de pains to fix grub for a man."

After supper, when they returned to the porch to catch a "good night breeze" from the bayou, Uncle Henry grew restless. "I b'lieve," he announced, "I'll wawk about a little."

"Naw, you don't!" the Widow Duck was emphatic. "Hit ain't no man kin marry up wid me and wawk de road at night. I never would put up wid dat kind er stuff f'm Big Jim Haley, hisse'f, and I *daid* ain't gonter put up wid hit f'm you. Efn you fixin' to live at my house, you make up yo' mind to content yo'se'f after sundown."

"Aw, Mis' Duck—"

"'Blessed is de man which hang up his hat in de widow woman's hall,'" she quoted, "'but wharfo' efn he gits de eetchin' heel at sundown, I putteth him outn my house of many mansions and let him abide therein.' So say de Speerit, Henry. Hit's de natchal Bible, on dis road-wawkin' at night. De Lawd don't like hit, and I won't put up wid hit."

"Us ain't married up, yit," Uncle Henry pointed out, ungallantly.

"You's dad-gummed right us ain't," agreed the Widow Duck. "And dat's about ha'f er dat tale, too."

They glared furiously at each other in the darkness. Then the Widow Duck laughed.

"Henry," she said, "I and you ackin' like two fools, settin' hyar, grumblin' and quar'lin' like dis."

"I ain't quar'lin'," snapped Uncle Henry. "I jest said I b'lieve I'd wawk about a little, and I still aims to do jest dat."

"Sho', you do," the Widow Duck told him, "and I said no man er mine c'd wawk de road on me after sundown. And dat's a fack, too. Cause you ain't my man, no mo'n I's yo' woman. I loves my own ways too much to put up wid you'n, and you love dem old jackasses up yonder in de lot too good to stay home wid a woman. Ain't dat a fack?"

"I WAS sort er countin' on drappin' by de lot to see efn dey's daid yit," he admitted.

"And you's daid right, Henry," she told him. "And efn dem mules all ain't daid, now, you ought to see kin you do somethin' for 'em, on account er hit would be a pity and a shame for all de mules on de place to haul off and die, jest when ev'ybody gittin' so proud er Mist' Junior bein' so smart."

That sounded sensible to the lotman. The more he thought about the idea, the better he liked it.

"Us old fo'ks," the Widow Duck urged, "got to kind er cover up de mistakes er de young'uns. Mist' Junior is plenty smart and a pleasure to Little Bee, but he jest a baby, might' nigh."

"Mis' Duck," Uncle Henry asked, "will you holt de lantrun for me?"

"Sho'. Why?"

"I ain't gonter let dem mules die, Mis' Duck. I don't keer efn Mist' Junior did pizen 'em. Dem mules is too good to git kilt."

They went to the barn and while the Widow Duck held the light, Uncle Henry caught the mules, one by one, and doctored them. First, he put a dab of iodine on or near the spot where the hypodermic had entered. Then he splashed each mule's belly with his liniment. And finally, he led them to the hayrack, hoisted their heads into the air, and drenched them with a generous dose of Epsom salts.

It was a long, tiresome job, but Uncle Henry was patient. The only ones that did not get the complete course of treatment were Monk, the bad mule, and Patsy, the bossman's mare. Neither would permit the liniment swab on their bellies, so to make up for it, Uncle Henry drenched them twice.

Day was breaking when the last mule was doctored. Uncle Henry was tired but moderately happy.

"Blow out de lantrun, Mis' Duck," he told her. "We done about done we's jues, now."

"And good work," commented the Widow Duck. "You got ev'y lastin' one of 'em dranched 'fo' dey started dyin'."

"Now, I got to clean out de tank. Wait a minute." He got a sack from the barn, and after a little maneuvering in the water tank, he inveigled the fish to swim into the sack. "Now, you take Minnie home and skin 'em and cook 'em good. And I'll come over visitin' you, after a while, for breakfus'."

"You gonter eat yo' pet feesh?" demanded the Widow Duck.

"Sho'," he assured her. "Ain't dat what a feesh is made for? Sho', I'm gonter eat 'em. Ha'f of 'em, anyhow. You kin have de yuther ha'f."

BY THE time the tank was emptied, scrubbed and refilled, the day was well started. The bossman had come out with the lime bricks that Mister Junior had ordered put into the watering tank. More than that, he brought proud news about Mister Junior.

At first, Uncle Henry paid no attention to the talk. He was tired and sleepy, after a hard night's work. But when Giles, himself, got to telling it, the lotman could not help lending an ear.

"Uncle Sam, hisse'f, sont for him," Giles was saying. "Uncle Sam hyared how he cyored up all dem funger-ailin' mules, and so he sont for him! Ain't dat proud? A man f'm Little Bee, up takin' keer er all er Uncle Sam's mules!"

"Naw!" Uncle Henry could hardly believe it. He was proud of Little Bee Bend's achievement, but he was happier about Mister Junior's being called away. "I bet you's sayin' a lie, Giles, jest to brag."

"Hit's de natchal," Giles insisted. "De bossman tole me. Uncle Sam hyared about us, so he telegrammed for Mist' Junior to git his hat and git right on up to Washin'n."

"Did, hunh?" Uncle Henry was grinning for the first time in three days.

"Mist' Junior wanted to take you off wid him," Giles continued, "to he'p him out in de tight places, but de bossman say he need you hyar."

"Aw, Giles, now I knows you's sayin' a lie, jest to make me feel good."

"Hit's de natchal," Giles repeated.

"Well," Uncle Henry grinned modestly, "I b'lieve I'll drap over to my breakfus'. You, Mis' Patsy! You stop plaguin' dat Robbit! You thinks cause you's de bossman's hoss you kin cut up wid dat hog. Now you stop dat!"

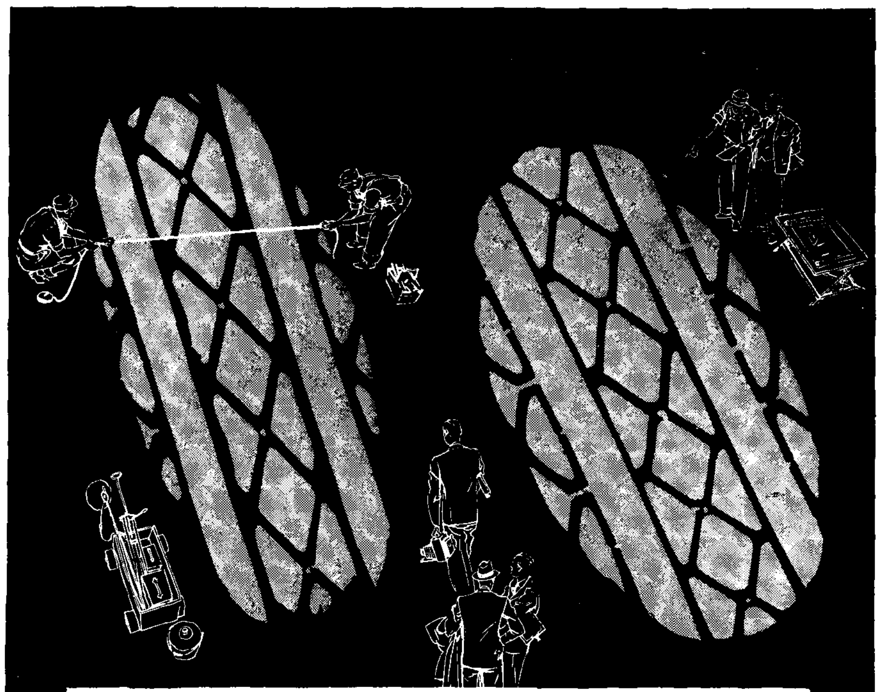
"Here's your mother now"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

How LONG since you've heard your Mother's voice—or talked to the other folks back home? Telephone visits are quick, easy, and surprisingly inexpensive. In the evening, after 8:30, you can make most station-to-station Long Distance calls for about 40% less than in the daytime: 75 miles for about 35c; 150 miles, 50c; 275 miles, 75c. . . . Why not try it tonight?

"Hold the line, please!"

How a MYSTERY of a nation



"Footprints" of old and new tread show how new tread is widened—with more blocks of rubber against the ground

Test drivers tool speeding cars day and night—brakes are relined every 72 hours — engineers find cause and cure of fast tire-wear — solution arrives with greatest tire Goodyear has ever built

(Just start to read, and you will forget the length of this advertisement —because it's news)

IT JUST didn't seem reasonable. We were sure we were making better automobile tires than ever before.

But, reports were coming back from our "performance detectives" – Goodyear salesmen all over the country – that said, *"Treads are wearing down too fast."*

Not only competitive tires, but even our own.

Something was wrong. But WHAT?

Council of war

Here was a challenge such as Goodyear welcomes.

You should have seen the light of battle that glowed in many a veteran's eyes when the chief called the force together and issued these terse orders:

"Lick this trouble, no matter what it costs!

"Lick it as we have licked problems that baffled the rubber industry so many times before."

Old-timers knew what that meant.

Back came the memories of 25 years ago—when Goodyear designed the first scientific non-skid tread design—when Goodyear upset all the traditions of the industry and built a straight-side tire – 10% oversize to end an epidemic of rim-cutting.

Back also came memories of 1915 which brought from the Goodyear laboratories the first multiple-ply cord tire, and set a pattern which the whole industry had to follow.

And even the younger men knew how Supertwist was born in 1922—to solve the problem of carcass failure, brought on by stiffer carbon-black treads.

Here was a challenge like those which started Goodyear on the way to past great achievements—and the whole force: chemists, engineers, "trouble-shooters," foremen, superintendents, workmen – knew what to do about it.

The first clue

We couldn't believe anything had slipped in the factory—but we checked, just to be sure. Nothing there.

Then attention was drawn to a peculiar fact: while reports came from all parts of the country—east and west—south and north—there were more from certain spots than others, and we wondered if THAT meant anything.

We sent engineers and chemists to three widely separated places—Carolina, mecca of east-coast vacationists—Arizona with cities hours apart on its smooth, fast highways—and California with thousands of superb roads, running from seashore to mountain top. They gathered samples of the soil. They studied weather records, analyzed concrete, scrutinized the tires on hundreds of cars.

Then, they brought back to Akron samples of the diamond-like grit they had gathered.

The Grindstone Tests

Out of these they made *sandpapers*, the scratching-est, cruelest, toughest sandpapers you ever saw. Then they mounted it on high-speed "grindstones," and used it to eat down the rubber tread designs of all kinds of tires, all makes, as well as some new tread designs that Goodyear engineers had invented.

More tests followed – grinding tests on the roads. One of the new Goodyear treads seemed to hold out best. They "gave it the works." No question about it, this tread DID have something that the others didn't.

The engineers had identified this tread as "G-3." And before they had time to give it a more important-sounding name, orders came from "Headquarters" to build "G-3" All-Weather tires for the Goodyear test cars.

What followed has been set down in Goodyear history as the "Battle of Brakes." The drivers were instructed to speed up to 50, then – jam on the brakes. Speed up to 50 – jam on brakes. Driving in 8-hour shifts they were to keep at it day and night, a jam-stop every 2 miles.

The brakes couldn't stand it. So stops were made every 5 miles. At that, brakes had to be adjusted every 8 hours and completely relined every 72. The strain told on men and cars, but the "G-3" kept on and on.

Real Cause of Wear

Meanwhile the reports of the "performance detectives" had been scientifically followed up. And the real reason for the fast tread-wear was found to be just this:

The new, fast-sprinting, quick-stopping, higher-powered and easy-braking automobiles use up tire treads faster! Improved automobiles had put an increasingly severe burden on tires and it was up to tire makers to meet the situation, since tires that *keep their grip* are more important on smooth, high speed super-highways and crowded

Here's what you get in Goodyear's new "G-3"!

You get the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather Tread.

You get quicker-stopping and the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center.

You get the easy steering and smooth travel of wider riding-ribs.

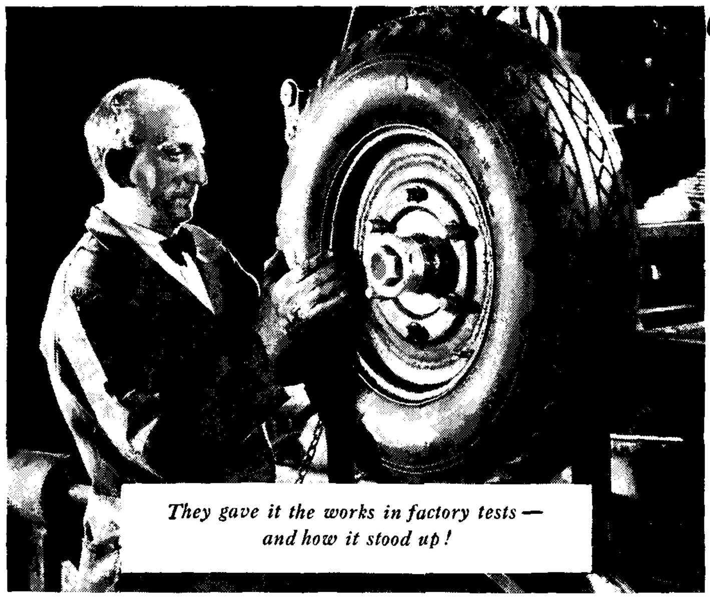
You get the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs.

You get more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire.

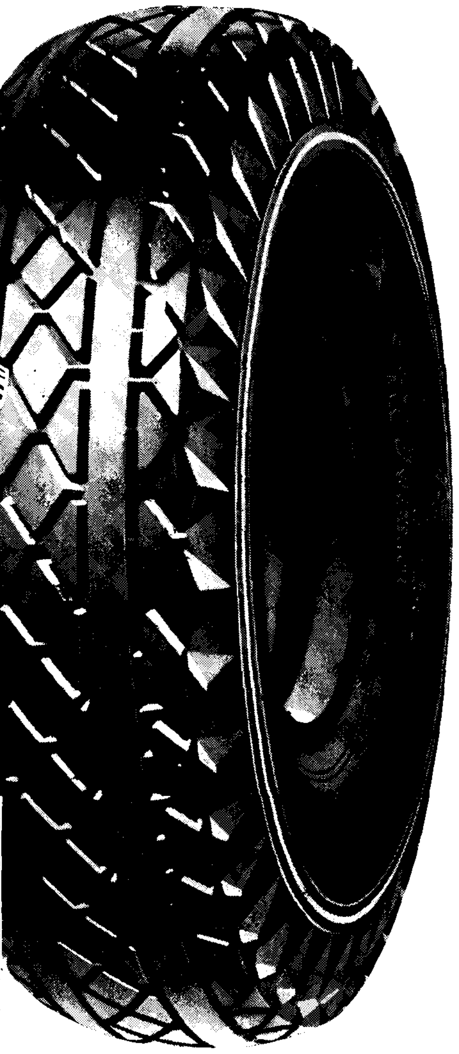
—all of which adds up to

43% MORE NON-SKID MILEAGE at no extra cost to you!

that puzzled the tire users is SOLVED by the *astonishing* NEW "G3"



They gave it the works in factory tests — and how it stood up!



boulevards than they have ever been before.

When the Goodyear test cars had finally put "G-3" All-Weathers through "the works," we felt sure we had a tire to meet these new requirements. We knew that again Goodyear had been first to see a tire need, and first to answer it.

But, we wanted to be sure. So, we built "G-3" tires in a few sizes and sent them out to Goodyear Dealers. Soon, the "performance detectives" reported: *"Some Goodyear sizes giving best tread wear ever seen."*

And those sizes were the new "G-3's"!

The Improvements in "G-3"

When you examine "G-3," the new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tire, it may appear familiar. It has the famous Goodyear non-skid blocks, and keeps them in the middle of the tread, where they *have to be for traction and safety under modern driving conditions.*

Other tire-makers may take the easy way out and replace *grip* in the center with smooth running-ribs—but Goodyear refuses to sacrifice *safety.*

So the "G-3" has 16% more of these blocks! More traction, more safety.

The riding ribs are wider — 11½% wider! Grooves are narrower. Blocks and ribs nested closer, thus reducing "squirming" of the tread pattern under pressure and so reducing wear.

It is a wider tread — a flatter tread — a tread with more rubber in it. More contact, more grip. Being wider and heavier it puts added strain on sidewalls, and there Goodyear was prepared. The long-famous, superlative SUPERTWIST carcass, extra-durable and extra-elastic, handles this extra strain easily and safely. No other tire-maker has Supertwist. It is protected by Goodyear patents. Now, Supertwist delivers the full service that only Supertwist can give.

Brakes couldn't stand it—but the "G-3" kept on and on

Better Tire—No Extra Price

A tougher tread, a longer-wearing tread, a safer tread, a carcass full of reserve strength! Sure, the new Goodyear "G-3" is the tire that matches up with the improved motor cars.

See the new "G-3" All-Weather at the nearest Goodyear Dealer. The tire that was originated in a mystery, became a marvel, and — although it costs more to build — costs nothing extra to buy!

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

How Ryan got out of Russia

Continued from page 15

don't waste time *proving* things when we know perfectly well what has happened.'

"And then very soon the trial came on. I'd worked out a good enough defense. Who had ever seen me with a steel bar? How could I have concealed it? Why should I wreck a machine that was to pay me two thousand pounds a year? And a lot more points besides. But somehow when I looked at them in their law court I got the idea that they were on to all that. And at the very last moment I felt I must do something better.

"THE charge was read out and the judge looked straight at me. 'Did you do it?' he said.

"'Yes,' I replied, on the spur of the moment.

"'Why?' he asked.

"'I was compelled to, by capitalists,' I answered.

"They were interested at once. 'Of what country?' he asked me.

"'England,' I said; and watched how the answer went down.

"'Who gave you your orders?' asked the judge.

"'The Archbishop of Canterbury,' I said, and saw that I had said the right thing. I didn't expect to get off scot-free, but if I could get the blame on to English capitalists I felt sure they would spare my life.

"'Where did he give you your orders?' said the judge.

"'At the back of his cathedral,' I answered.

"They believed me! I could see that.

"'What were his exact words?' said the judge.

"And that was where I crashed. I had nothing prepared, and with the judge's eyes on my face I had no time to prepare it now.

"'Those accursed Russians have a machine,' I began; but I saw from a change in their faces that it was no good. And one watches men's faces pretty closely when one's life hangs on what they are thinking about. You see, I hadn't liked to blackguard them too much to their faces, but my silly politeness ruined me; I should have given them the talk that they would have expected from a prominent personage of a capitalist country, instead of mincing my words as I did. Look what they had done to religion. They would have expected the archbishop to talk pretty stiffly about them, and I was altogether too mild.

"So all I got for trying to spare their feelings was a death sentence. I saw they had stopped believing me, and somehow after that my answers were merely silly. And in a minute or two the judge took a pull at his cigarette and leaned back and looked at me, then shot the smoke out of his lungs and said two words in Russian.

"'Tell him it's death,' I heard one of them say. And the sentry standing beside me, with a bayonet fixed, took out his cigarette and said: 'It's death,' and went on with his smoking.

"They hadn't got my real name yet, and now they asked for it, just when it seemed not to matter any longer. I gave them the name of Bourk."

"And what name do you give us?" asked Jorkens.

The man thought for a moment, and then said: "Ryan."

"This is where the tale gets a little unusual," said Jorkens to us. And the man went on.

"I'd looked at the stones in my prison wall pretty thoughtfully; square gray blocks that had once had plaster over them; and now I decided to work the mortar away and get one out, after which some of the others should come more easily, and see where the hole led to. I had ten buttons on my trousers—metal ones; and by bending one of them double I got some sort of a point, and I started to scrape away the mortar at once, so as not to waste time, which was precious. The mortar came easily, being old and full of damp, and presently I began to hope.

"I had a chair in the cell, and I kept it handy: whenever I heard the lock in my door beginning to move I slewed the chair round and sat on it, with my back to the spot I was working on.

"By nightfall I had one stone loose, and had only used two buttons, and even they were by no means finished. That night I got it out, and worked till dawn on one of the stones behind it; then I tidied up the dust, eating some of it, and put the stone back, and had some sleep, for an hour or two. But I didn't want to waste much time on sleep.

"They must have been watching me through some spy hole they had; for the lock turned and one of them came in, and there was I sitting comfortably in my chair with my back to the loose stones, and the bent bit of button in my pocket. And he never said a word. Just threw a hammer and a good sharp chisel down on the floor in front of me and walked out of the cell.

"Then I knew that those walls must be about ten feet thick, and that nothing was any good, and I left the hammer and chisel where they had fallen and gave myself up to despair.

"Next day I was sitting there, hopeless, when in walked another fellow.

"'Do you want a reprieve?' he said.

"But I had seen the look on his face. I don't know what I thought he was going to ask for; to betray all those people in Paris, I suppose. But the look on his face was enough, and I said: 'No, thank you.'

"'Not want a reprieve?' he asked.

"'No, not today, thank you,' I answered.

"'If it's not today, you'll not want it at all,' he said. 'You're for the cellar tomorrow morning.'

"And he hung about near the door, to see if I'd change my mind. But I wouldn't. I felt sure that there must be some trick in it, from the look I had seen on his face.

"WELL, a little while later another man came in, as though the first hadn't come in at all.

"'I've got a reprieve for you,' he said.

"'What have I got to do for it?' I asked him.

"'We want to explore a distant place; perhaps to colonize it,' he said. 'We want you to go there first and light a fire as a sign when you get there.'

"'What else?' I asked.

"'Nothing else,' he said.

"'How do I get there?' said I.

"'We send you,' he said.

"'Where is it?' I asked.

"'The moon,' he replied.

"'Nonsense,' I said. 'How would you get me there?'

"'Shoot you out of a gun,' he said.

"'Well, there's two reasons why you couldn't do that,' I told him.

"'Well?' he said with a superior smile.

"'Firstly,' I said, 'the thing would smash to fragments on landing.'

"'There's a parachute that you can release from a spring inside,' he said, 'as soon as you see you're close. The head of the shell is crystal.'

"'Well, there's another reason,' I said. 'Starting off at a thousand feet per second would finish one. Why, even a railway train . . .'

"'You don't,' he said. 'You're moving at four hundred miles an hour when you enter the gun.'

"'How do you manage that?' I asked.

"'We've rails,' he said, 'and the shell is on very low wheels. It runs on those rails over what is almost a precipice, *four or five hundred feet of it,* and that's how it gets its pace. The moment it enters the tunnel a steel door falls behind it. The tunnel's the gun. As in any gun, the near end, the chamber, is larger, and the powder is stacked there all round you; but when you get to the barrel it exactly fits the shell, even to a groove for the wheels. The powder is ignited behind you the moment you pass, slow-burning big blocks of black powder, slow-burning I mean when compared with modern explosives, and by the time you leave the muzzle you have your maximum speed. Is that simple enough for you?'

"'Is the gun rifled?' I asked.

"AGAIN the smile, as though he spoke to a child. 'Of course,' he said. 'The grooves for the wheels are twisted round the barrel.'

"'Then the spin will addle my brains,' I said, 'and I shan't unloose any parachute.'

"'There's a gyroscope in your cabin,' he answered.

"'What? The outside spins, while the gyroscope holds the cabin?'

"'Of course,' he said.

"'And what will I breathe?' I asked.

"'Oxygen,' he replied.

"'And eat and drink?'

"'We give you supplies,' said he.

"'And how long will they last on the moon?' I asked.

"'We'll send over more shells,' he said.

"'Supposing one of them hits me,' I said.

"'Very unlikely,' he answered. 'Whereas our man in the cellar was working hard all through the busy time, perhaps fifty thousand cases, and he's never missed yet.'

"I could see they were pretty keen for me to go, from that tactful reference to the swine in the cellar. Well, I wasn't keen on the cellar, and I accepted. A bit longer to live, and that was to the good, and anyway I would get out of Russia.

"They released me from the prison and housed me decently. As a matter of fact, there was tapestry all over the walls; but it wasn't any easier to escape; they saw to that all right. There was a courtyard all round the palace and plenty of soldiers walking about.

"What they were keenest on was my lighting a fire when I got there: they gave me a packet of powder to spread over a hundred yards square, and they were going to watch with their telescopes. They were keen on Russia being the first to do it, and keen on proving they had. If I lit the fire they would send other men after me; if I didn't they would send over no more provisions.

"They fed me well, very well indeed; in fact, they seemed as fond of me as a farmer is of a good fat turkey when it is getting near Christmas. They took me out and showed me their apparatus: a huge, high iron scaffold on a hill, with a lift running up it, and the rails running airily down over a viaduct, and their long, steel tunnel lying along the fields, slanting very slightly upwards, just enough for the shell to clear the

(Continued on page 40)

You'll like THIS FASHION in MEN'S UNDERWEAR

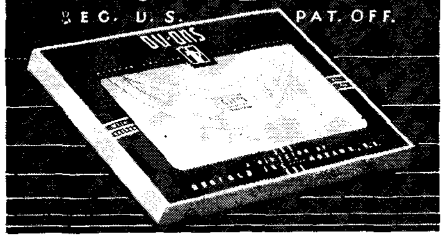
ONE piece, brief, cool, light—DU-ONS are built to fit a man's body. They can't pinch, bind, roll, pull out or bunch at the waist. They stay put, look smart, and feel free as the schoolboy's fashion at the old swimmin' hole.

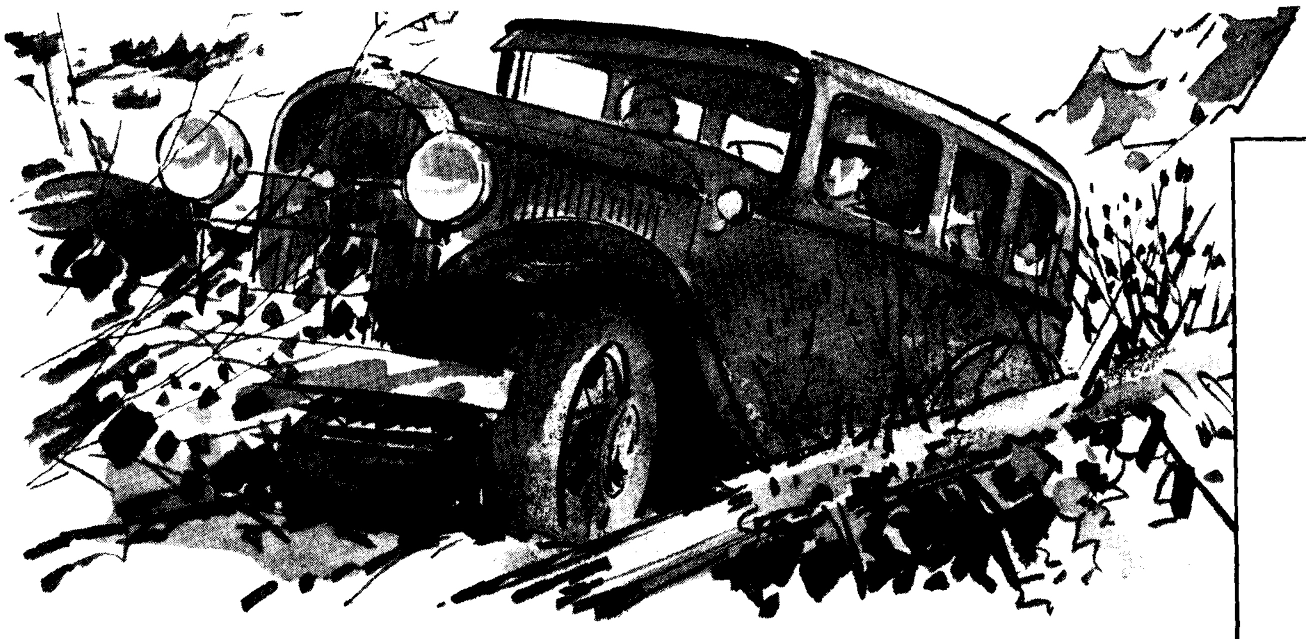
Even their packing is an improvement—each garment in an individual container—clean, fresh, unhandled. Plenty of variety in fabrics and styles, all white, solid color, and white top with color from waist down. Give up your "endurance test" with uncomfortable underwear and ease into DU-ONS. Be sure to get genuine DU-ONS. Patented . . . no other garments just like them.

DUOFOLD, INC. Dept. G-3 Mohawk, N.Y.

*Patented

*DU-ONS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





George Rothang, of Santa Rosa, California, who, in an unsolicited letter, tells this story that will interest every car owner.

"All the way we heard the underbrush scratching"

"Last summer my wife and I spent a month on a trout fishing trip in the mountains

We drove to an elevation of 8,000 feet, over dirty, narrow roads; had the car scratched on both sides from the brush and trees; experienced heavy rain, dry, hot weather and a week of damp nights.

"After the second day, the car had collected a dirty, greasy film over the entire body—almost like a crust. Damp nights added to the mess, hot days cooked and baked it, then we encountered a rain storm. After the car had dried off, it was discolored, spotted and streaked from one end to the other. We feared repainting would be necessary.

"Several days later we were told of another hidden stream further back in the mountains where we could get some beautiful Rainbow and Speckled Trout, although we were warned of the terribly narrow roads. Off we started and all the way we could hear the brush scratching first on one side and then the other and we just looked at each other and wondered what we were getting into.

"By the time the vacation was over and we returned home, the car was just a mess from front bumper to the rear.

"Well, the next morning I got up bright and early and started in. First I gave the car a thorough washing inside and out. When it was dry, I opened my Johnson's Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. When I applied the Cleaner the first cloth looked like a dirty, greasy rag you usually find around a grease-rack. The second application made the car look like it did the day we picked it out at the automobile show; but when I gave it a coat of Johnson's Wax, boy oh boy, what a lustre, and all those terrible scratches were gone.

"At the Service Station they asked me where I got the new car. They wouldn't believe it was just my old one cleaned and polished with Johnson's Cleaner and Johnson's Wax.

"The cleaner and also the wax can be applied with such little effort and with such astonishing results that I shall never put another drop of any other kind of polish, cleaner or wax on my car again."

Mr. Rothang's letter will be cheerful news to car owners (whether their cars are old or new) who have not discovered for themselves the merits of this new wax method.

The enthusiastic reception given to Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax leads us to believe that the motoring public has been wanting *exactly these products* for a long time.

Well, here they are. So easy to use you'll gladly do the work yourself, to keep your car looking its best, protected by a coat of hard wax against sun, weather, road dirt. Read the brief instructions below—then go see your dealer! Or mail the coupon below.

How to Beautify and Protect your car with this new wax method

Saves many washings, increases trade-in values

1. After the car is washed and thoroughly dry, apply the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner with a soft cloth (cheese-cloth is ideal). This cleaner is a liquid, works on an entirely different principle. Easily applied, dries to a white powder, which is quickly removed with a cloth, taking all dirt, scum and dullness with it—without scratching the finish one particle. Be prepared for a pleasant shock when you try this cleaner. You will discover beauty you thought was gone forever!

2. Next, to *protect* the finish, apply the new Johnson's Auto Wax. This remarkable new wax is soft in the can, for easy application, yet it gives the hardest possible coat of wax for maximum protection against ultra-violet sun rays, fog, weather, road dirt. The wax takes much less work than you would expect—and once the wax is applied, keeping your car gleaming is easy. An occasional rubbing with a cloth does the trick. Dust and rain slide off the hard wax finish, dirt cannot penetrate.

JOHNSON'S WAX Method

● The Cleaner sells for 75c a can—the Wax 35c a can. These two products will save you labor and money. This wax method actually saves many car washings—and greatly increases trade-in values. On sale at your dealers. Or send the coupon for generous trial sizes.

AUTOMOBILE
Cleaner & POLISH
NSON
SPECIAL
Automobile Wax

● S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc., Dept. CL-5, Racine, Wisconsin.
Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage and packing charges.

Name ________________

Street ________________

City ________________ *State* ________________

Dealer's Name ________________

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc

"AN EYE TO THE FUTURE —

—this describes General Motors' policy, a policy by which the public is given *what it wants in better cars* year after year, and yet

More than a car owners *"sat in"*!

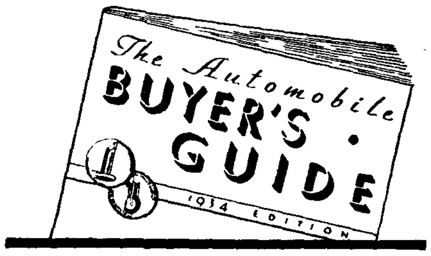
ONE thing we never forget is that we are building motor cars not for ourselves but for the public.

Accordingly we check our own ideas with the public's to be sure we're working on *what the public wants.*

That's not difficult to do: we simply write to car owners and ask them questions as part of our Customer Research activity.

Through our dealers, too, the largest such organization in the industry, we get additional light on popular needs and desires.

Last year we sent more than a million letters to motorists, asking them to tell us the things they thought their next cars should have.



Last year the Customer Research Staff of General Motors mailed a questionnaire, *"The Proving Ground of Public Opinion,"* to more than a million owners of all makes of cars asking what features they most desired in their next cars. The Automobile Buyer's Guide is based on this extensive survey. If you haven't obtained your copy address Customer Research Staff, General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

That explains why our 1934 Streamline Designs hit so squarely the public's favor, and why No-Draft Ventilation and Knee-Action Wheels were right on the target too.

It's not strange, when you think of it, that *every* new feature on General Motors cars this year is enjoying enthusiastic approval.

More than a million car owners "sat in" on our conferences, so to speak, and certainly no one had a better right to be there!

HOW GENERAL MOTORS LEADERSHIP KEEPS IN STEP WITH YOUR DESIRES

FIRST—The vast and varied activities in research and experiment pursued by General Motors cover virtually the whole field of transportation. Its work in aero-streamlining over many years, for example, embraces airplanes, automobiles, even railway trains.

SECOND—Through the largest automotive dealer organization in the world General Motors is in close understanding of the public mind; and every year this understanding is verified and double-checked—last year *through more than a million questionnaires* mailed to owners of *all makes* of cars.

THIRD—It is a hard and fast policy of General Motors to suffer its own mistakes, to test and prove every innovation under conditions beyond those of normal use, to protect the buyer against any experiment of doubtful utility or value.

FOURTH—The balanced excellence of General Motors cars in 1934 as in other years includes ample and numerous features such as safe, smart, roomier Fisher Bodies, perfected No-Draft Ventilation, Knee-Action Wheels, smoother, more powerful motors, better brakes, to mention just a few.

AN EAR TO THE GROUND"

is safely protected against ill-timed or dubious experiments

million

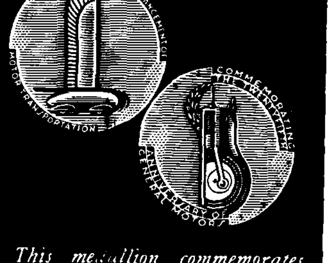
"—modern industry with its large scale operations tends to create a gulf between the customer and those responsible for guiding the destiny of the institution. We can no longer depend upon casual contacts and personal impressions—our business is too big; our operations too far-flung."

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

GENERAL MOTORS

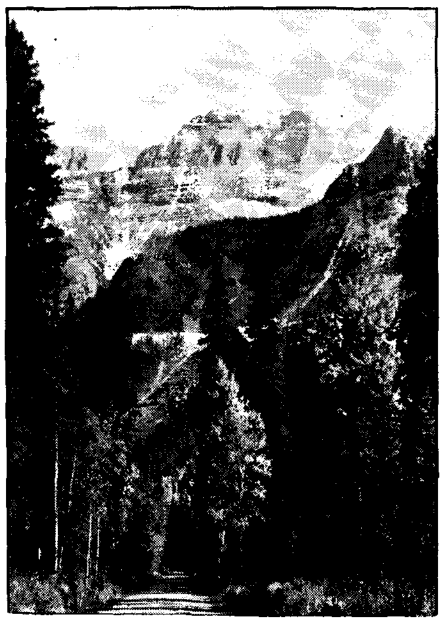
A Public-Minded Institution

CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC


TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF MOTOR TRANSPORTATION
COMMEMORATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL MOTORS

This medallion commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of General Motors and of its public-minded interest in the advancement of motor transportation

I'm headed FOR THE Pacific Northwest



Scene on Logan Pass Detou

THROUGH Glacier Park

● With Empire Builder train and Pullman fares so low I'm taking the Great Northern to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland this summer. Including Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker, the Olympic Peninsula and Mt. Hood. On the way west I'm going right through Glacier National Park on the *Logan Pass Detour* over Going-to-the-Sun Highway. It costs so little to travel this year, I may even include Alaska or California in my trip to the Pacific Northwest. It's a wonderful opportunity.

See America . . . never before so cheap . . . It's National Park Year

Great Northern offers rail and Pullman fares too low to ignore. See Glacier National Park from the *Logan Pass Detour* en route to Pacific Northwest, Alaska, California and other National Parks. In all the world no trip like this. See nearest Great Northern agent or write A. J. Dickinson, P.T.M., Room 745, Great Northern Railway Bldg., St. Paul.

GREAT NORTHERN

Route of the EMPIRE BUILDER

Air-Conditioned Dining and Observation Cars

GREAT NORTHERN

How Ryan got out of Russia

Continued from page 36

low hills in the west on its way to the new moon. New, you see, so that it would most of it be in darkness and they would be able to see my fire. And there was the shell all ready, waiting at the end of its rail.

"They opened it and showed me my bunk inside, like the smallest berth on a boat you ever saw; barely room to turn round; a nasty place to spend ten days or a fortnight. And the gadgets they showed me, too, the oxygen gas-mask for use on the moon, and the switch for releasing the parachute that was to steady the shell before landing. When it came to the switch for the parachute I pointed out that there wasn't much air on the moon. 'Not much,' said one of them, the same man that first offered me the reprieve; 'but we have evidence that there is some. Four or five hundred feet would be all you'd want for the parachute,' brushing aside lightly enough what was probably the principal drawback. I bet he'd have worried more about that air if he'd been the one that was going.

"THEN we went down and had a look at the tunnel, with its steel door up in the air like a guillotine, the door that was to fall behind me the moment the shell ran in, and would close the breech of the gun. We walked in and saw the big blocks of black powder lying beside the rails and stacked round the walls, and then the sudden narrowing of the tunnel.

"'The bigger the blocks of powder the slower they burn,' said my friend, if one can use such a word of the man who had sneeringly offered reprieve. 'The explosion gradually increases in force all the time you are in the gun.'

"I may say that that moon-shooting tunnel was over two hundred yards long.

"There seemed sense in what they told me about the gun, but I couldn't get over my fear that the lunar atmosphere would be too thin for the parachute, and that I should crash through it and melt on landing. I watched them talking among themselves in the tunnel and knew what they were saying, though I didn't know Russian: they were boasting that the U. S. S. R. would do it.

"'It's a thousand to one against getting there,' I blurted out to the man who talked English.

"'Russia will do it,' he answered. 'Our scientists don't leave things to prayer or chance, like the people in capitalist countries. If it's a thousand to one we'll send a thousand men, and get one there, and then a thousand more, and as many thousands as we need to get enough there to colonize it.'

"So that was the sort of men they were.

"Well, there seemed nothing for it but to try to live as long as I could. 'Will you give me a fortnight's holiday before I start?' I said.

"And to my surprise they said yes. Well, next day Eisen called for me rather early; that's what the sneering man called himself, the man whose reprieve I'd refused; and he said that he wanted to show me all over the shell again, so that I should know all about it, and that after that we'd go to a theater, and to a dance with some girls he knew. He talked of the girls all the way to the high, gaunt tower, and they really seemed very nice. One in particular, he said, would be very glad to meet me: he knew her tastes. He said this just as I got inside the shell; he had been describing her all the way up in the lift.

"The moon, a little past full, was high in the sky behind us as I got in, the long gun pointing away from it. Eisen put his hand in and began showing me things; then he questioned me about everything in the shell, because he said that I had to know all about it before I went on my holiday, and he kept on explaining about spreading the powder on a hundred yards square of the moon. 'She's a very pretty one, that girl,' he said all of a sudden. Then he showed me how the door shut.

"There was a grinding of wheels at once. Lord! I was off! I thought at first that it was an accident, but I've found that, however easily people fool you, you find it out when you think it over, sometimes long afterwards. Having the moon behind me was one thing that helped to fool me. It never occurred to me that the gun might be aiming at just where the moon would be ten days to a fortnight later, when the shell would be due to arrive.

"Well, it was a sickening feeling, dropping down the rails from that tower. I lay there on the sort of bed, wondering when we'd come to the tunnel. As a matter of fact, I remember nothing of that. It was all very well for them to talk of the increase of speed being gradual, but somewhere or other in that tunnel I must have had a jolt that was a bit too much for my brains; for I opened my eyes feeling very sleepy indeed, and when I remembered what had been happening and looked out through the crystal window, there was nothing but sky in sight.

"That damned Russian had turned on the oxygen, or I wouldn't have been alive. How many hours or days had passed since leaving earth I had no idea, nor any idea how far we were away from it. Nor could I see the moon. All I knew was that I was rushing through space at the pace of a bullet, and all I felt was the most absolute stillness, the most absolute stillness that I have ever known; and no sound but the purr of my gyroscope that was keeping my cabin steady while the shell rotated.

"An intolerable glitter oppressed me, a glare still and unflickering, sunlight rushing through space unhindered by clouds or air. I shut my eyes to escape it, but could not sleep; and so hours went by. And then a shadow came over us that I felt through my closed eyes, and I looked through the crystal again, and at once the stars came out. This blessed shadow wrapped us for a while and passed away again and the glare returned."

"WHAT made the shadow?" I asked. And Ryan looked up wearily from his absinthe, weary still, it seemed, from the memory of that long journey, unsheltered in sunlight. "Sunset," he said, "and then in what seemed like an incredibly short time it came up on the other side. We were as far as that from the earth."

"How awful," I couldn't help saying.

"But I was out of Russia," he said. "Still I couldn't see the moon. I didn't know where I was or how long we'd been going. I ate some food. And then a curious thing happened. I'd been lying back in my bunk, facing the way we were going, with my feet a lot higher than my head."

"You should never sleep like that," said Jorkens.

"No," replied Ryan, "and it probably helped to keep me unconscious much longer than I should have been otherwise. But I don't know. But now I was sliding down more and more to the other end, and pressing against my feet. The head of the shell had been higher than its base, and was now evidently lower. I drank a lot more water during the next few hours, which I seemed to want more than food; and nothing else changed. And then my bed seemed to be a little steeper, and I was pressing a little harder against my feet. And suddenly through the crystal head of the shell the weary, steely glitter disappeared, and a soft gray took its place.

"The relief to the eye and the brain itself was immense. But I had no idea where I was, or what was happening. And then sound came again, the sound of what could only be air. And the soft gray darkened. It came to me with extraordinary suddenness, and nearly too late, that it was time to use the parachute. It worked, and there was a bump that broke the end of my bed. We had landed.

"THE first thing I did was to slip on the oxygen gas-mask, that they had given me to wear when walking about on the moon. I could see nothing at all, for most of the crystal nose of the shell was buried, and the rest of it was all blurred with some atmospheric disturbance that looked like rain. Then I opened the door that Eisen had shut in Russia, and walked out wearing my gas-mask; and sure enough it was rain, and it splashed on my eye-pieces and dimmed them at once, and it seemed to be evening. From a soft patch of soil in which we had luckily landed I stepped at once on an expanse that I could feel rather than see to be utterly devoid of all vegetation. In fact it was exactly the sandy or gravelly waste that I had expected to find by the shore of some dried-up lunar sea. But our anticipations do not always guide us aright; for suddenly just behind me I heard the words: 'Are you aware you are trespassing?'

"Yes, it was England. England all over. And a man who couldn't have been either a Russian or an inhabitant of the moon came toward me, looking at me out of his eyeglass, along his gravel drive. My shell had landed in one of his flower beds, and the parachute draped all over it looked like a fallen tent.

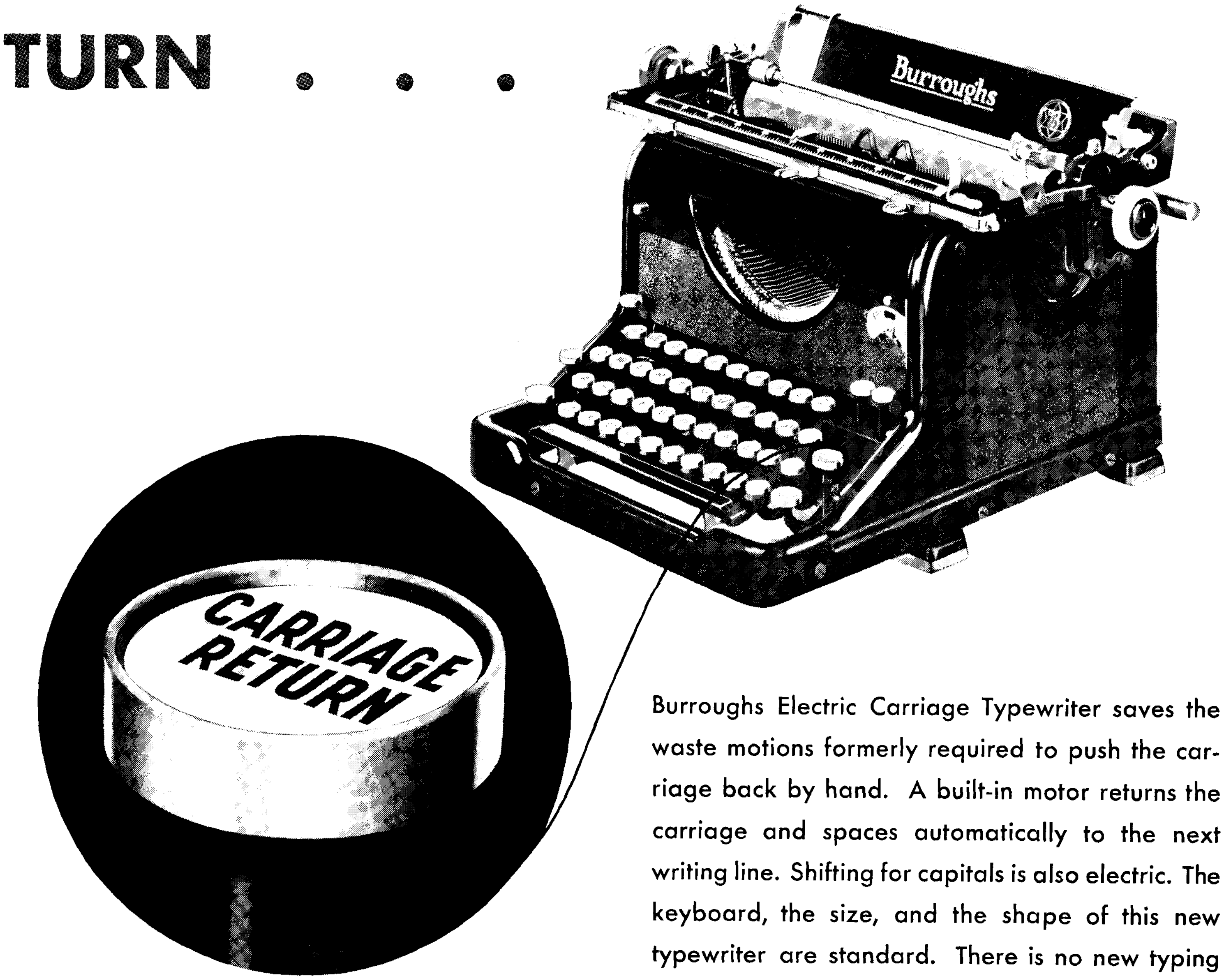
"Well, I'm not a lunatic. So I didn't say to him: 'I have come out of a gun in Russia, but I was looking for the moon.' No, I said: 'I'm very sorry, sir, but I'm down from London, camping; and I didn't know it was private. I'll go away at once.' He gave one disgusted look at his flower beds, and went away with his nose in the air. You see, I'd told him exactly what he'd expected, as when I told the Russians about the Archbishop of Canterbury, and there was no more for him to say.

"Well, I didn't like to leave that shell for the Press of the world to write about. I was none too sure I mightn't get extradited over that business of the steel bar. So I got hold of the powder that was to light up the moon, and mixed it with everything inflammable in the shell and put the oxygen canisters on top of it and, protecting it all from the rain with the parachute, I set the whole thing alight. It made a fine glow in the sky; but they wouldn't have seen that in Russia: they were looking for it in the wrong place. And I doubt if what was left of the shell, after that, got into even the local papers. And by the evening of the next day I saw Mimi again, as she had told me I would."

"Now, you know, that's unusual," said Jorkens to Tutton and me. "I should say distinctly unusual."

Burroughs

IT'S SURPRISING HOW MUCH EASIER TYPING IS WITH ELECTRIC CARRIAGE RETURN . . .



THIS ONE KEY returns the carriage to the starting position, or an intermediate point, and spaces to the next writing line. With these movements of the carriage controlled from the keyboard, the result is faster, easier typing.

Burroughs Electric Carriage Typewriter saves the waste motions formerly required to push the carriage back by hand. A built-in motor returns the carriage and spaces automatically to the next writing line. Shifting for capitals is also electric. The keyboard, the size, and the shape of this new typewriter are standard. There is no new typing touch to learn. Telephone the local Burroughs office for demonstration or descriptive folder.

Typewriter Division • BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY • Detroit, Michigan

ELECTRIC CARRIAGE TYPEWRITER

COCOS
G de Zayas.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The "richest" treasure spot in the world today is little Cocos Island in the Pacific Ocean. Sometime this spring, an English expedition will search for its buried hoards with the most modern geophysical apparatus. For several centuries this island was a favorite resort of pirates, and well-founded estimates—some even made by the British Foreign Office—place the amount of its hidden gold, silver and jewels as high as $60,000,000.

Of the many methods used by the Chinese to get rid of evil spirits, the most logical one is the "spirit money" trick. When a man feels that the devils are hovering about him, he buys a handful of cheap stage money and tosses it into a swift river or a stiff breeze. And away it goes—with the silly devils in hot pursuit.

From prehistoric times, men and women have tattooed, mutilated, scarified and deformed themselves from head to foot for the sake of fashion. In fact, no part of the body has escaped some kind of treatment. In 16th-century Russia, women even dyed black the whites of their eyes. —*By Nathan Klotz, New York City.*

Few persons, even in the world of art, know that an oil painting can be reproduced in oil—by a mechanical process. The method is somewhat like that used in color printing, the different photographic "plates" being silk screens through which the paint is pressed. One such reproduction hangs today in the National Portrait Gallery in London.

Down in the Philippine Islands, nearly all farming is done to music. The musicians—sometimes as many as ten—follow the workers in the fields and play for them while they work and sing. All their movements are in rhythm with the music, thus making them the only group of farm hands in the world who go about their work like a Broadway chorus.

A most remarkable exhibition of muscle control was given by a young male dancer throughout India a few years ago. During his dance, he would play a melody on a number of small tuned bells—hung on his body —by moving each one of them with the muscle nearest it.

The afflux of blood to the brain during mental activity has been demonstrated by having a man lie on a delicately balanced table that would tip downward at either end if the weight on it was increased. When the man's mental activity was at a low level the table did not move. But when he set his mind at work on a problem the head-end sank at once under the increased weight.—*By Dr. Paul Tabori, Budapest, Hungary.*

The only "negro" chicken in the world is the Silkie of Asia and South America, a domestic fowl with a coal-black skin and white feathers. Although it has only been bred for about 300 years, its origin is cloaked in mystery.—*By Alan Black, San Mateo, California.*

That some toy firearms sold in the United States today are capable of shooting real cartridges with deadly force was demonstrated recently when a three-year-old boy succeeded in firing a .45 calibre bullet from his popgun.

Despite the fact that nine states and the federal government have found many advantages in the civil service system, 39 states are still without one.—*By Robert Carlee, Essex Fells, New Jersey.*

Bells, drums and other musical instruments are played by the peoples of the world with ten different parts of their body—feet, knees, hips, chest, elbows, wrists, hands, mouth, head and nose. The instrument played by the nose is a Hindu flute which is inserted into a nostril.

Italy has made more progress in organizing the leisure of its people than any other country. Its "Dopolavoro" now has 20,000 clubs, many of which have gymnasiums, swimming pools, game rooms, theaters, summer camps, stadiums and schools for teaching various arts and trades. Today every Italian family can, for a small membership fee, spend its leisure time in some worthy recreational or educational way.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Hidden Lights

Continued from page 20

resort that had collapsed to prohibition, and had collected a herd of punch absorbers, including a large but awkward young blackamoor whose name was George Godfrey. Husky Negroes are in demand around heavyweight camps. Lighter men are frequently used to work with for speed, but there must be a stevedore or two to do the heavy catching. Godfrey had been brought on from the East to essay this latter chore.

Dempsey came on from Hollywood after things were all set. He'd been lolling around, mostly there, for quite a long time, and although his magnificent body was still fairly well streamlined, he'd done no boxing, his eye was badly off focus and his timing was sadly out of kilter.

Mr. Godfrey's Error

In their early sparring sessions Godfrey, who'd been fighting steadily, was actually outpointing the champion. The older scribes, realizing that Dempsey hadn't had a chance to get the feel of the gloves, paid no particular attention to it, but the townspeople did, and Godfrey became quite a personage, especially over in the colored section where he spent much of his time away from camp.

One afternoon, in the midst of a torrid exchange, Godfrey actually knocked Dempsey down. It may even be that he knocked him out, but nobody will ever know about that. All the crowd saw was Dempsey, bobbing and weaving as was his wont, weave away from one punch and exactly into another, a hard right-hander the big Negro had started and seemed unable to stop.

The blow landed cleanly under Dempsey's cupped chin with force enough to fell a stallion, and the champion of the world crashed into his own corner like a parlor sitter who's missed his chair. The white-faced Kearns was through the ropes in a bound, and he caught Dempsey's head before it dented the calico. The staff timekeeper banged the bell, cutting the round a half-minute short, while Kearns, Godfrey and whoever was acting as referee derricked Dempsey onto the stool and started cutting off the gloves.

They took an unusually long time doing this, unwinding his tape as well. The respite cleared his head sufficiently for him to get up and go through the routine of some shaky shadow boxing, after which work was called off for the day. But word spread like wildfire through the town that Godfrey had knocked Dempsey cold. Some of the reporters even wired as much to their papers.

If Godfrey had been a personage over across the railroad tracks before, he was practically a deity that night. At first he modestly disclaimed any credit for the knockdown, earnestly insisting that Mistah Dempsey had done it hisse'f, but under the warming influence of repeated hospitality, he finally broke down and confessed what he apparently felt to be the truth, viz., that he had to pull his punches every day in there, that he could knock Dempsey out any time he desired.

Somebody who apparently didn't wish Godfrey well carried the tale back across town!

Next day, with the lawn a practical sell-out, Dempsey walked over to Godfrey as they laced on the gloves and said in a low but supercharged voice, "I understand you were bragging last night that you can knock me out anytime you feel like it. You better do it today, if you ever intend to, for I'm going to give you the works."

A half-minute later, they were lifting the apple-green Godfrey into his corner, and that night they helped him onto a train headed East. A doctor had spent the interim strapping up three ribs Dempsey had fractured with a body smash that sounded like somebody dropping a box full of glass!

George went on from there to considerable fame, but he never worked with Dempsey thereafter.

That, frankly, was a trifle unorthodox, yet it's fairly illuminating. Godfrey would probably have been fired even if he hadn't been hurt. That idea about it being more blessed to give than to receive doesn't apply to sparring partners. They're to give, but only up to the point of making the champion extend himself. Usually they can't give more because they haven't got it. Upon the rare occasions when they have, they'd better conceal it cleverly if they want to hold their jobs. After all, the fighter isn't in there to fight. He's in there to train for a fight.

The sparring partner is expected to carry him at the fastest pace possible and likewise to do it carefully, lest the champion get hurt. This may sound a trifle strange but the logic is plain. If the champion collects a broken nose, a split eye, a bruised knuckle or fractured rib, the big fight is off and the camp expense is dead loss.

A terrific right-hand puncher named Walter Cobb almost earned Promoter Frank Bruen and all concerned a $100,000 deficit in Miami three winters ago when, in the rôle of sparring partner, he whanged big Primo Carnera so explosively in the ribs that one of them came loose just before the fight with Maloney. Primo's manager of record, Leon See, tried to call the fight off and would have, but for the belligerent stand of the local authorities. As it was, Primo fought under protest and not very well either. Plainly his side was in pretty bad shape, but Maloney sportingly stayed away from it.

Sharkey almost had to cancel the biggest money fight of his career, the New York battle with Dempsey, because an awkward sparring partner butted a gash over his eye; and Tunney, by his own confession published in his autobiography in Collier's, decided to quit the game because he bumped heads with a clumsy collaborator while training for Heeney, thus getting an idea of how serious a real brain injury would be.

Rare Exceptions to the Rule

Although there's an occasional exception, sparring partners are usually would-bes or has-beens, green gawks just beginning, or hollow husks who are all through. No manager with a real prospect will stick him into one of these thankless jobs unless both are on the verge of starvation. There's no future to it and next to no present.

One peculiar thing about it is that practically no sparring partner has ever burgeoned into a first-class fighter. That hymeneal apothegm, "Often a bridesmaid, but never a bride," translates in terms of concussions and cauliflowers to read, "Often a sparring partner, never a champion."

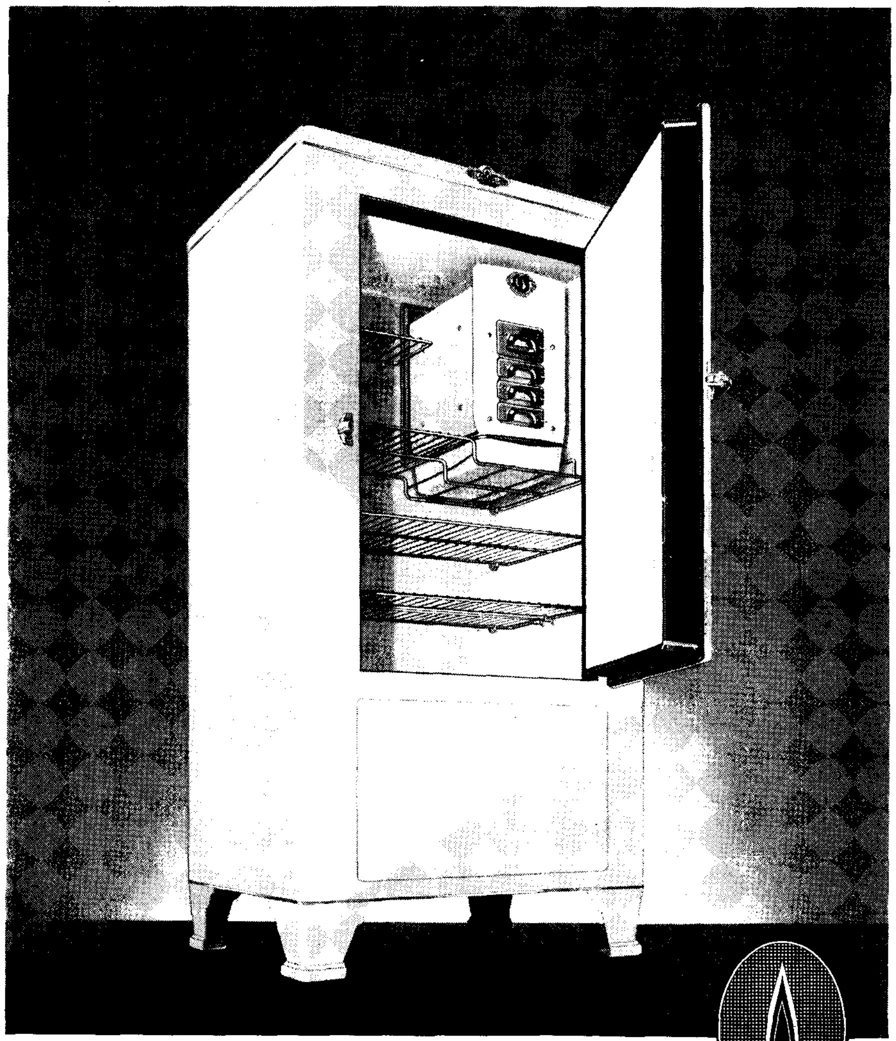
There was one outstanding exception. He was Jim Jeffries. The burly California Grizzly got his first taste of leather stopping Jim Corbett's punches when Gentleman Jim was training for Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons at Carson

Choose the refrigerator that

COSTS LEAST TO RUN! **IS PERMANENTLY SILENT!**
HAS NO MOVING PARTS! **HAS EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE!**

Your own gas company recommends ELECTROLUX

and gladly backs and services every one it sells!



CLAIMS made for the New Air-Cooled Electrolux exceed those made for any other refrigerator . . . and tests by leading gas companies have proved every one of these claims accurate and true.

Your own gas company recommends the New Air-Cooled Electrolux without hesitation. It knows that Electrolux owners are well pleased with their modern gas refrigerators—that Electrolux gives them everything they expect, and more!

It gives them three real savings. Electrolux has no moving parts to wear. It has a remarkably low operating cost. And it saves every day, all year round, by giving fuller food protection.

Electrolux gives them silence, too . . . permanent silence . . . for it has nothing to make noise with, and nothing that can wear and become noisy.

See the New Air-Cooled Electrolux at your gas company's or local dealer's showroom. Discover its many modern advantages . . . trays that release at a trip of a trigger . . . split shelves that accommodate large bottles and roasts . . . temperature regulator that speeds freezing, and defrosts without stopping . . . and many other advances.

Consider, too, what a real pleasure it will be to have an Electrolux in your kitchen—to have complete and dependable protection for food, all the ice cubes you want, real speed in making delicious desserts and salads.

Your gas company believes, as we do, that you will be more than pleased with the New Air-Cooled Electrolux.

NEW . . .
for Farms and Camps

Electrolux now runs on kerosene. This means that farms, homes and camps beyond the gas mains can now enjoy the same efficient refrigeration that Electrolux gives to city homes. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.) Write for full information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

USES NO WATER

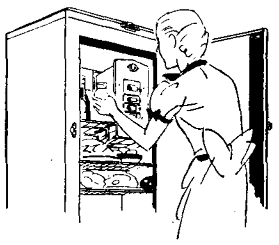
SAVE ON RUNNING COST

Because of its simpler operating principle, Electrolux saves you real money on running cost . . . every day and every month.

SAVE ON FOOD BILLS

The fuller food protection given by Electrolux means that you can keep all left-overs until you are ready to use them, and take advantage of all "specials."

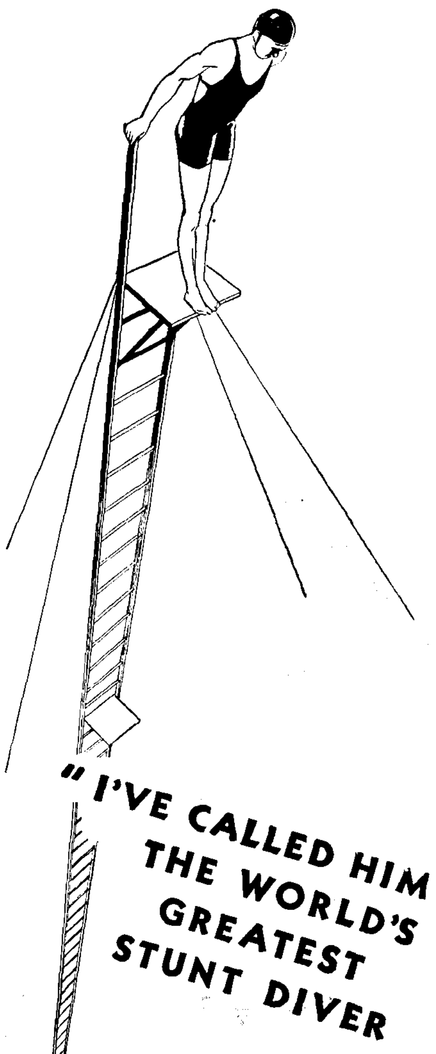
NO MOVING PARTS



It's the moving parts in a refrigerator that wear. Electrolux has no moving parts. That means a real saving during the long life of this refrigerator.

NEW *Air-Cooled* ELECTROLUX

THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR


"I'VE CALLED HIM THE WORLD'S GREATEST STUNT DIVER

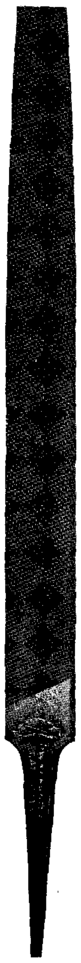
"Let's hope he doesn't land on his face"

It isn't the height that is making the manager nervous. It's the advance reputation he has built up for the stunt artist. Five thousand customers haven't paid their good money to see him fall flat on his face.

Reputation is a fine thing for any performer when there is something to back it up. That is why we never worry when a mechanic tells the world about Nicholson Files.

Genuine Nicholson Files have been called the world's greatest file value. That's all right with us. They are. They have been called the most productive files available. Well, that's all right, too. They are. Because they are quality products, you can believe what you hear about Nicholson Files.

At hardware and mill supply dealers'. Nicholson File Company, Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A.



Genuine
NICHOLSON FILES
NICHOLSON USA
A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Hidden Lights

Continued from page 42

City, Nevada. But that was Jeffries' only offense. He plowed ahead from there on his own.

A modern quasi-exception was young Ernie Schaaf. Big, juvenile and beautifully Nordic, he first came to general attention while serving time in Jim Maloney's Jersey training quarters, when James was preparing to fight Sharkey back in 1927. Ernie was never a champion, but he climbed fairly close before he took the everlasting knockout that night in the Garden.

But those are about all. It usually goes the other way. No matter how good they look in the gym, they usually blow up with a bang in an actual fight. They're too used to taking it to switch over and give it.

Camp Jesters

There was big Jack McAuliffe, 2d, for instance.

When Jess Willard staged his comeback in 1923, he finished his training for the Floyd Johnson match in an athletic club up in Yonkers. Training on the same floor with him was a magnificent young specimen said to hail from Detroit and billed as Jack McAuliffe, 2d. Critics who went to appraise Willard came away dithyrambic about McAuliffe.

Yet in the battle square, in the semifinal on the Willard-Johnson card, stripped down and with the shooting mittens on, he was as helpless as a paralytic. His opponent was the young, shaggy and extremely awkward Luis Firpo. Firpo, strictly a right-hand round-houser, tore him to pieces with sweeping blows telegraphed from his native Argentina. It seemed that anybody could see 'em coming and get out of the way. McAuliffe couldn't. He was too used to catching 'em in the gym. You couldn't catch many of Firpo's and remain strictly vertical. They were funny to look at, but murder to stop.

Some fighters in training like a clown in camp, a sparring partner who doubles in brass as a comedian. This is to vary the tedium and monotony of which there is much, not to mention the strain of thinking about the impending fracas. Strangely enough, the somber and enigmatic Mr. Sharkey always wanted a camp jester and usually had one.

But sparring partners, the more credulous of them, are always the butts of another sort of humor, the practical jokes without which no camp is complete. Few boxers are exactly intellectual. Their comedy is mostly of the slap-stick variety—chairs wired to give an electric shock, grass snakes slipped into shoes and buckets of water propped precariously over doors.

I recall one summer twilight up at Gus Wilson's retreat, a famous but somewhat rickety conditioning abattoir forty-five minutes from Broadway up the wrong side of the Hudson. The boys, their boxing done for the day, their hides whipped to a ruddy glow by the staff rubbers, had combed their hair, pulled on their sweaters and had plowed through the juicy steaks and multitudinous green vegetables comprising their one real daily meal.

All afternoon on a lonely knoll up back of the place, the village sexton had been digging a grave for some local burgher suddenly called to his reward. With the coming of darkness, he stabbed his spade into the sod, tamped some plug shavings into his pipe and decided to leave the rest of it until the morning. The funeral wasn't till the next afternoon anyhow.

A couple of hours remained until official camp bedtime. The air outside was balmy and moonlit, so Young Joe Jeannette, a big gravy-colored darkey, thought nothing of it when one of the other boys said, "What d'ye say, Joe? Let's me and you take a walk before we turn in."

"Sho'," said Joe, who was always good-natured and obliging, "Ah was feelin' a little airish myse'f."

There was snickering and much activity as soon as they disappeared, and the house was deserted in what amounted to a jiffy.

A half hour later, Joe and his boy friend came ambling down the trail that led past the open grave. Joe didn't know about the grave. They'd taken pains that he shouldn't. The moon was as big and as white as a drumhead. A mournful night bird ululated somewhere off in the bushes. Otherwise the world was mysterious and still.

Suddenly, from near by, came a blood-curdling wail.

"Wh-wh-wh-whuzzat?" demanded the suddenly jittering Joseph.

"Gosh, look!" said the white boy, simulating stark terror, "ain't 'at—ain't 'at a grave?"

He pointed and Joe looked, his white eyeballs popping until you could have hung your hat and overcoat on 'em. Of a truth and a verity, it wasn't nuthin' else but, and out of it was coming something awful big and awful white.

"Oooooh! Oooooh! Oooooh!" it moaned in unearthly tones. "Black boy, I want yooooooou!"

Joseph didn't pause to inquire the reason. With a yell he was off down the path so fast that his soles fairly smoked. He probably touched the ground twice between there and the house.

Behind him with considerable difficulty because he was laughing so hard, the ghost finally managed to climb out of the pit and to get himself untangled from a couple of Gus Wilson's best bed sheets. The rest of the boys, doubled over with mirth, came staggering out of the sumac.

Any well-informed fight fan close enough to see would have recognized the ghost as Mr. Leo Lomski, the slashing light heavyweight, in the cause of whose conditioning for an important contest the boys, including the precipitously departed Mr. Jeannette, were ensconced in Mr. Wilson's establishment.

Rates and Rules

Sparring partners are intensely and professionally loyal. They always assure you that their man is going to win.

"I never see him hittin' so hard," they'll tell you. " 'Member when he was training for de last fight, I told you he wasn't so good wit 'at left to the body. That's why he got licked. But he's got that now. He's a cinch."

What he really told you the last time was, "I never see him hittin' so hard. He's got everything. He'll win in a walk." But you never hold that against a sparring partner. Maybe his memory isn't good.

Most of the big-money earners in the days of boxing's platinum period had their favorite partners and paid them in kind. Dempsey always had the aforementioned Martin Burke and a huge, colored handy man named Big Bill Tate. Burke's usual stipend was $1,000 per week. Tate was paid something like $100 per day.

Tunney's favorite sparring partner was Harold Mays, a nice lad from New Jersey. I don't know what he was paid but it must have been satisfactory because Mays always showed up when Tunney started preparing. Sharkey's favorite was Johnny Grosso, later murdered in a gang fight. Sharkey paid him $2,500, room and board, and all expenses to Florida and back for twenty-two days' work in Miami when Sharkey was training there for his fight with Bill Stribling.

The life isn't bad if you leave the beating out of it, and it's a great chance to get into or to stay in condition.

The routine is regular and healthful. Reveille's usually at seven, when all hands turn out and "go on the road," walking and jogging for three miles or so, followed by some calisthenics when they get back to camp. They breakfast at nine and it's a fairly substantial repast—orange or tomato juice, cereal of choice, bacon and eggs or lamb chops, with toast and choice of beverage.

From then until 1:30, they idle around, writing letters, reading papers, reading the mail and newspapers. Then comes the call to arms and they troop to the gym to dress, get greased, taped, armed and ready for the afternoon's labor. They work as many rounds as the champion does, against each other when they aren't working with him. Or they shadow box, skip rope, punch the bags or otherwise keep active.

There's No Substitute for Boxing

They're usually through by four or four-thirty, after which they are rubbed and then go to the showers. Then follows at five or five-thirty the big meal of the day: beef broth, steak, chicken, beef or lamb, a salad, lots of fruit and green vegetables, with a fruit salad or, occasionally, ice cream for dessert.

Bedtime's usually nine-thirty, and the place must be quiet.

It's not so bad, on the face of it, if a fellow can take it, and plenty of them seem willing to—at $10 per, up.

A manager, however, has to be extremely careful. Some of the volunteers are absolute lunatics. Occasionally one may be planted by gamblers. It has even been charged once or twice that sparring partners were spies of the enemy, but such charges are a little fantastic.

But the manager can't just hire so many workmen at so much a head. There has to be a certain system about it. If he can find a man who fights with the enemy's style or his mannerisms, such a one is valuable for obvious reasons. He needs a light, fast fellow, to carry his champion at speed, a couple of big, husky catchers to do the heavy work and three or four in-betweeners to offer the routine opposition. There's no substitute for boxing in training for a fight.

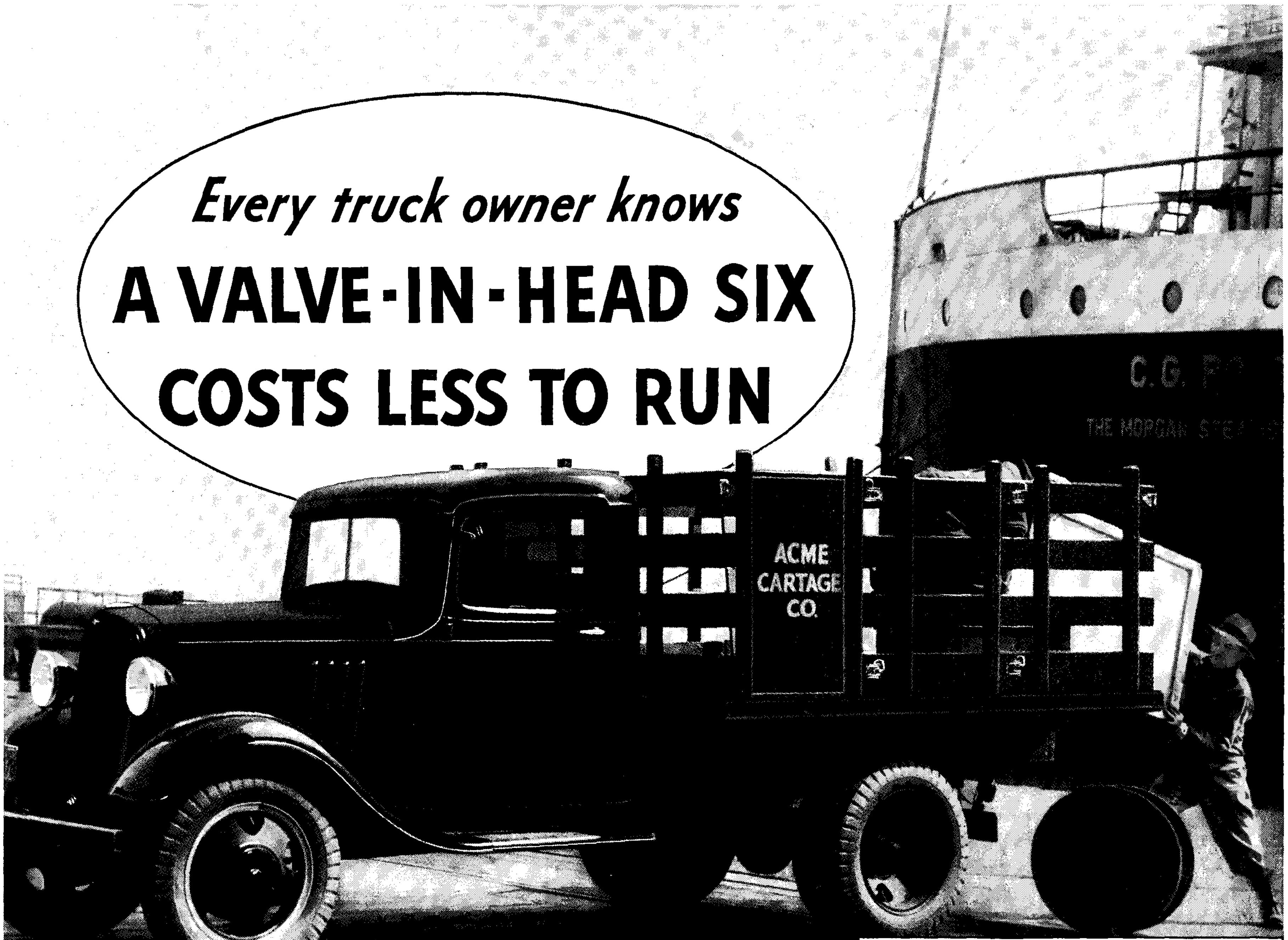
Nor must they all fight in one style. That, too, is inadvisable. If one or two of them can fight in the opponent's style, well and good, but the rest must provide a series of daily puzzles. That automatically readies the champion to meet any style of attack. For there's such a thing as an opponent's switching styles in a battle or even bringing an unexpected one into the ring.

I wonder where they went and what they're doing now.

They weren't a handsome crew and their language, sometimes, was frightful.

But they were a pretty good crowd, all things considered.

I hope they found a happy haven, wherever it is.



154,000 miles, with a total repair expense of only $37.80—a typical example of six-cylinder Chevrolet economy, offered by the Northern Bottling Works, of Cameron, Wis. Valves ground only three times. Rings replaced only once. Original pistons still in use.

. . . and here's the lowest-priced, most economical SIX in the world—the bigger, huskier, higher-powered Chevrolet

CHEVROLET When a man buys a truck, that's what he wants: *A TRUCK* . . . a big, rugged hauling unit that's built and tested especially for truck work and equipped with just the right number of cylinders for maximum truck-economy. And that's what he gets in the 1934 Chevrolet. In appearance, and in specifications, everything about it is *100% truck.* Every mechanical part is built for tough, strenuous work: A solid, heavy-duty *truck* rear axle. A rigid, rugged *truck* frame. Tough, reliable *truck* springs. Large, solidly-built *truck* bodies. Big, massive *truck* appearance. And a real *truck* engine, not only in power and ruggedness and dependability, but in its basic design: *a valve-in-head Six!* Not so many cylinders that expenses go up; not so few cylinders that vibration wears out the truck. And best of all, this big, powerful 1934 Chevrolet is the lowest-priced Six you can buy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN. *Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value.*

CHEVROLET SIX-CYLINDER TRUCKS

The New Deal Faces South

Continued from page 11

our reciprocal agreement with Colombia, already signed, and only awaiting legislative action to come into force. (Such action, incidentally, won't be needed at this end in future agreements, if the President gets what he wants from Congress.)

The essence of the United States-Colombia arrangement is expressed in this official statement concerning it:

"On the part of the United States, the agreement provides that certain specified products of Colombia shall continue to be exempt from import duties. . . . The agreement provides that Colombia on its part will reduce its customs duties on specified products from the United States and will refrain from increasing them on certain other specified products."

International Horse-Trading

See the idea? "You-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours." Uncle Sam will *lay off restrictive duties on* "certain specified products" of the other. What products? It is obvious that they will be, in the case of Colombia's shipments to us, the export staples of that country—coffee, bananas, platinum, crude petroleum. The three first-named are already on our free list, so it has doubtless been the aim of the Colombians to keep them there.

In exchange, we shall probably be found dickering for favorable treatment for the products which, in recent years, have been our principal exports to Colombia. These are of the variegated nature which forms such a striking contrast with the few staples sent to us by the Latin American countries. To Colombia we send principally cotton goods, industrial machinery, iron and steel-mill products, electrical machinery, medical and pharmaceutical articles, boots and shoes, paints, oatmeal, moving picture films, lard, phonographs and records, wheat flour and rice. Tariff concessions on these or some of them by Colombia will undoubtedly be found to figure in the trade agreement.

With the official statement regarding the Colombian agreement as a guide, one may visualize without difficulty the general nature of the rest of the projected agreements.

Take Cuba. What are her principal exports to the United States?

First of all, sugar. Ninety-eight per cent of all the cane sugar we consume comes from Cuba. But it is dutiable. So the Cubans, naturally, will fight to get concessions on duties levied against their sugar exports to us. They will also go gunning for our restrictions on the importation of Cuban tobacco, vegetables and assorted fruits. As for bananas, we already have them on our free list, so the Cubans will probably try to wheedle from us a guarantee that we'll keep them there. Also, they may be expected to do the same regarding copper and other metals they export.

As for us, in dealing with Cuba we have to consider a motley variety of articles. Unlike most Latin American lands, for instance, Cuba is quite a consumer of American food products—wheat, flour, lard, hams, bacon, pickled pork, beans, potatoes. In addition, the Cubans are partial to our cotton goods, coal, gasoline, naphtha, leather goods, industrial machinery, medicines, automobiles, hosiery, cutlery and pine boards. Plenty of material here for horse-trading!

Next we come to Brazil.

The great Brazilian product, coffee—of which we have, of recent years, been taking, roughly, one half—is on our free list. But it is expected that a feature of any negotiations between Brazilians and ourselves will be canny moves on their part to make us promise not to tamper with their coffee, in exchange for which they will do something nice for us—"you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours." Other products for which the Brazilians will doubtless seek favors are cocoa and carnauba wax (already on the free list), and Brazil nuts. They may also have a few words to say regarding hides, rubber, wool, sugar and manganese.

And we, having listened politely, will presumably make eloquent speeches concerning a number of useful things which, of recent years, we have been shipping to Brazil and against some of which they have erected pretty considerable tariff barriers—wheat, airplanes and accessories, gasoline, radio apparatus, locomotives, textile machinery (São Paulo, in southern Brazil, is *becoming quite a textile manufacturing* center), automobiles, iron and steel sheets, tin plate, rails and typewriters.

Next, Mexico.

In negotiating with us, the Mexicans will undoubtedly show a desire to secure advantageous tariff treatment on fresh tomatoes, which have become an important item in their exports to the United States. Polite Spanish phrases will likewise be used by them for wrapping up pleas on behalf of the lowly bean, the modest pea and the humble lentil—also important in Mexican export trade.

And we? Well, our exports to Mexico are mostly the usual lot—farming machinery, iron and steel products, automobiles, etc.

Next we come to Argentina. With her negotiations may prove thorny. The Argentines are sore at us because we sell to them far more than we buy from them. Moreover, we placed restrictions some time ago on imports into the United States of Argentine meat. Already influential Argentine organizations have petitioned Argentina's ambassador at Washington to try to obtain lower duties on canned meats, hides, and other animal by-products, and also to do what he can toward the removal of sanitary restrictions against the entry into the United States of Argentina's chilled meats.

Back to Luxuries

At present we get from the latter country all the flaxseed and casein that we import. Therefore, lowering of our duties on these two articles, coupled with concessions on existing restrictions that are unpopular in Argentina, may be expected to be the bait which Washington will hold out in order to obtain favors for our exports to Argentina. Prominent among these in recent years have been plows, seeders, threshers and tractors, as well as our regular run of manufactured specialties.

Chile's principal export—though it has been sadly curtailed of late years—is nitrate. Chilean nitrate is on our free list; but, nevertheless, it may be expected to play a rôle in her trade negotiations with us, along with iodine, which is also on our free list, and copper, wool, fruit and vegetables, which are not.

As for us, we used to send to Chile (and expect to send her again after the depression is over) large quantities of mining machinery, for use in extracting copper, nitrate and other valuable products from her soil. Machinery of this sort, therefore, will doubtless be on our list of exports for which we shall expect favorable tariff concessions from the Chileans. In addition, we have been exporting to them much gas and fuel oil, cotton yarn, cotton cloth and duck, electric batteries; transforming, converting, transmission and distributing apparatus; automobiles, pumps and sewing machines—to mention only a few of the principal items.

Many of the main exports we made to Latin America in pre-depression years were based on a rising standard of living there. They were largely in the nature of luxuries such as automobiles, radio sets, phonographs, and the like, which the Latin Americans, as soon as bad times hit them, stopped buying. But the Administration in Washington, in framing its proposed trade agreements, refuses to look upon the depression as something which is here to stay; it is going ahead on the assumption that prosperity is coming back and will enable our customers in Latin America to resume purchases from us of luxuries and semi-luxuries.

Five Billions at Stake

In the negotiations with the Latin American countries not enumerated above, each will undoubtedly play up the products which affect its pocketbook most strongly. Haiti will talk, among other things, about logwood. Ecuador will try for a "break" in tagua nuts and Panama hats. The Dominican Republic will be solicitous about molasses. And so on and so on.

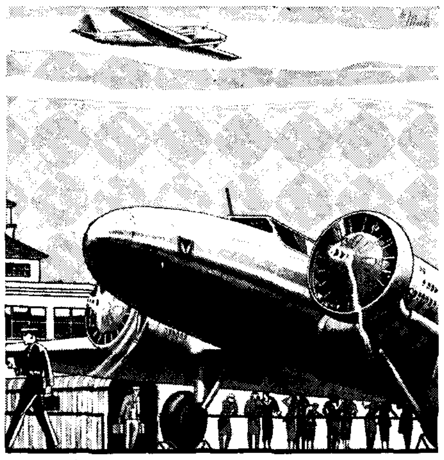
And if, in all this horse-trading, the attitude taken by Secretary Hull at Montevideo, and by President Roosevelt in his implied abandonment of the old Big Stick Monroe Doctrine, continues to be evident the prospects are bright indeed for bigger business and better understanding between the two Americas.

Our investments in the republics to the south of us total more than five billions of dollars. This enormous stake includes money poured by Americans, during the pre-depression era, into Cuban sugar and Central American bananas, into mines and oil fields, into public utilities, into bonds of states, provinces and cities, into many other fields of investment. That alone should be an incentive for us to do business with the Latin Americans.

The best year was 1920, when we exported goods to the value of nearly $1,500,000,000 to Latin America, and imported from there products worth over $1,700,000,000. In 1921 and 1922 there was a slump; but between 1922 and the depression the record was one of steady improvement, except for a slight drop in 1927. In 1929 the value of our exports to Latin America was about $1,000,000,000, that of our imports $900,000,000.

Since then, the depression has played havoc with our trade, as it has with international business all over the world. But recently improvement has again become noticeable. Our total trade with the twenty Latin American republics for 1933 amounted to just short of $532,000,000, as against $517,000,000 for 1932. Exports to all the South American republics showed an increase (except in the case of Ecuador), the gains ranging from four per cent for Brazil to 49 per cent for Chile.

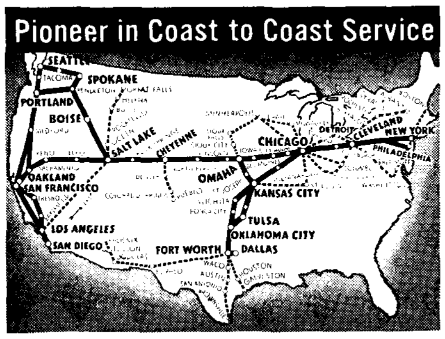
Will the New Deal for Latin America maintain and better this improvement? President Roosevelt hopes so. Secretary Hull hopes so. Who among us does not hope so?



TRAVEL the world's fastest way ☆ ☆ 3-mile-a-minute Wasp-powered Boeings ☆ spacious cabins ☆ economical fares ☆ daily service to 19 states ☆ eight years experience.

Two pilots . . . multi-motored planes capable of sustaining flight on one engine . . . stewardess . . . two-way radio . . . directive radio beam . . . lighted airways . . . expert ground crew.

Pioneer in Coast to Coast Service



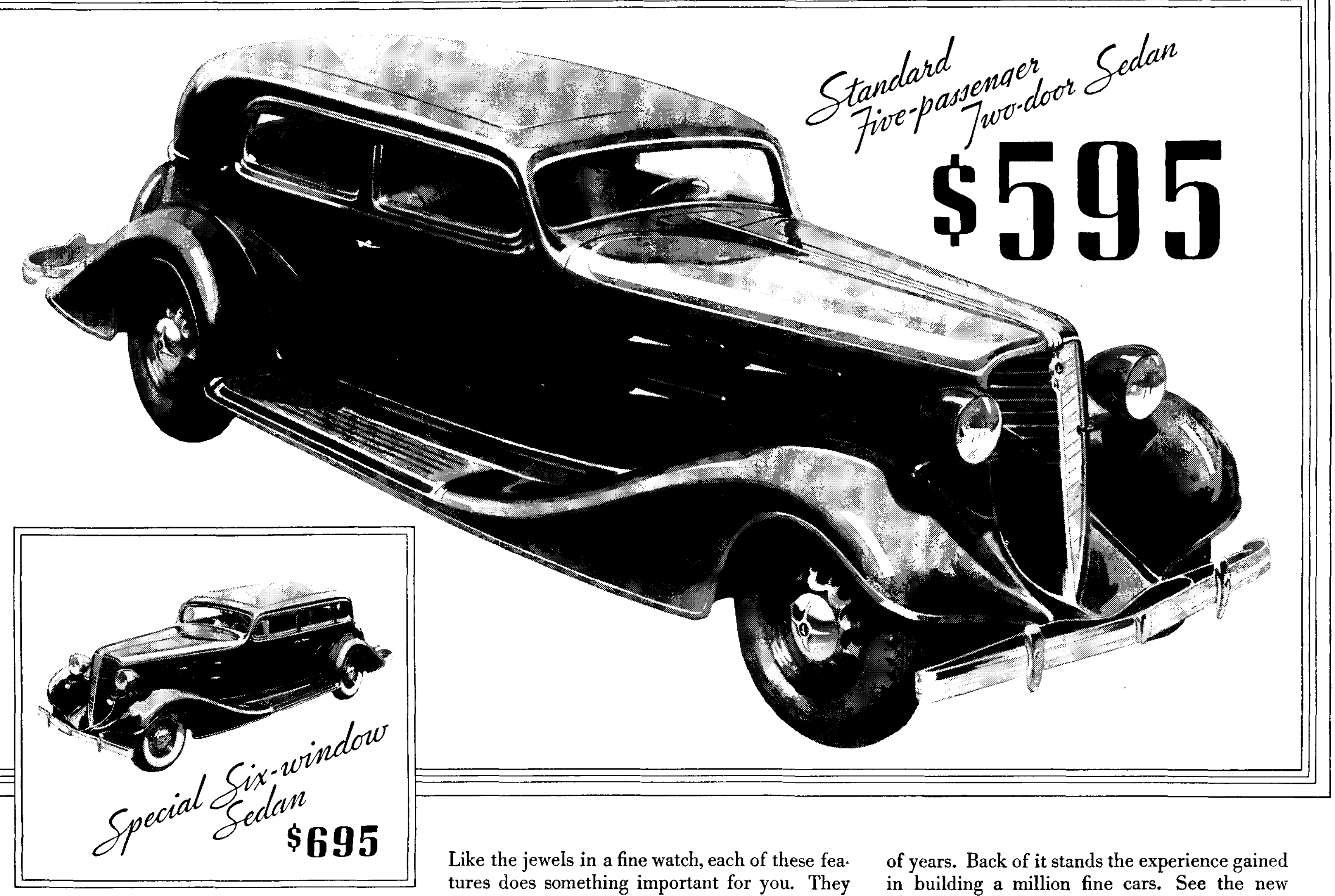
California to New York . . . . 19½ hrs.
Chicago to New York . . . . 5 hrs.
California to Chicago . . . . 13½ hrs.
Ft. Worth-Dallas to Cleveland . . 9¼ hrs.

AIR EXPRESS . . . Nationwide air and air-rail service. Door to door pickup and special delivery. Ship prepaid, collect or C. O. D. Phone any Railway Express Agency, or any United Air Lines ticket office.

UNITED AIR LINES

65,000,000 MILES FLYING EXPERIENCE

Now you can have it in the lowest-priced field . . . the *smooth long-life silence* of costly cars



● 80 miles an hour—Acceleration from 5 to 50 miles an hour in 16½ seconds in high gear—Amazing gasoline economy—A bigger body with extra legroom and headroom, and more spacious seats—

These are the points which first impress you about the new "jeweled movement" LaFayette created by Nash. But actually its chief asset is not at all self-evident.

Built into it is a series of costly construction features never before used in the low-priced field. Like the jewels in a fine watch, each of these features does something important for you. They give the LaFayette that smooth, long-life silence, that added riding comfort for which you pay extra in big, expensive automobiles.

One example of these "jeweled movement" features is the LaFayette's seven-bearing, oversize crankshaft. It eliminates needless vibration and wear in the engine. Another example is the rifle-boring of the connecting rods. This insures more perfect lubrication of the engine.

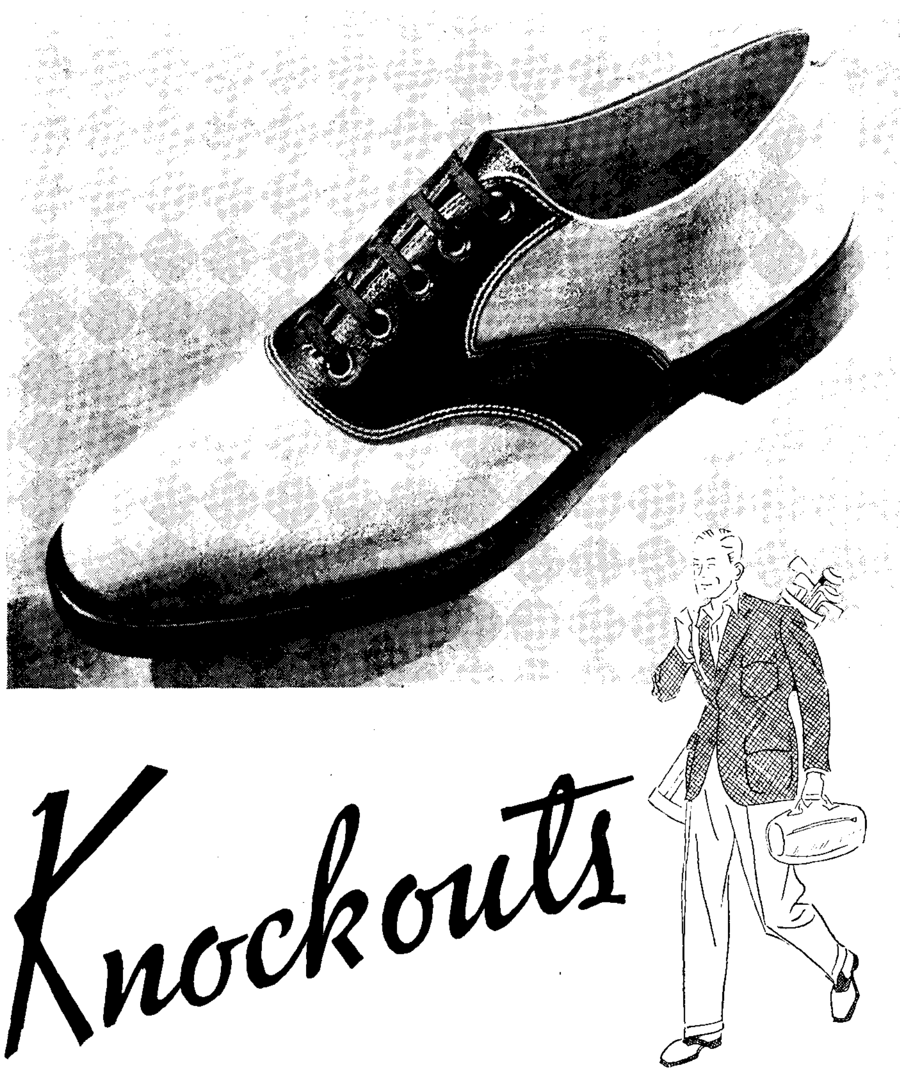
Every one of these "jeweled movement" features—every vital part of the new LaFayette—has been tested and proved by Nash over a period of years. Back of it stands the experience gained in building a million fine cars. See the new "jeweled movement" LaFayette—today!

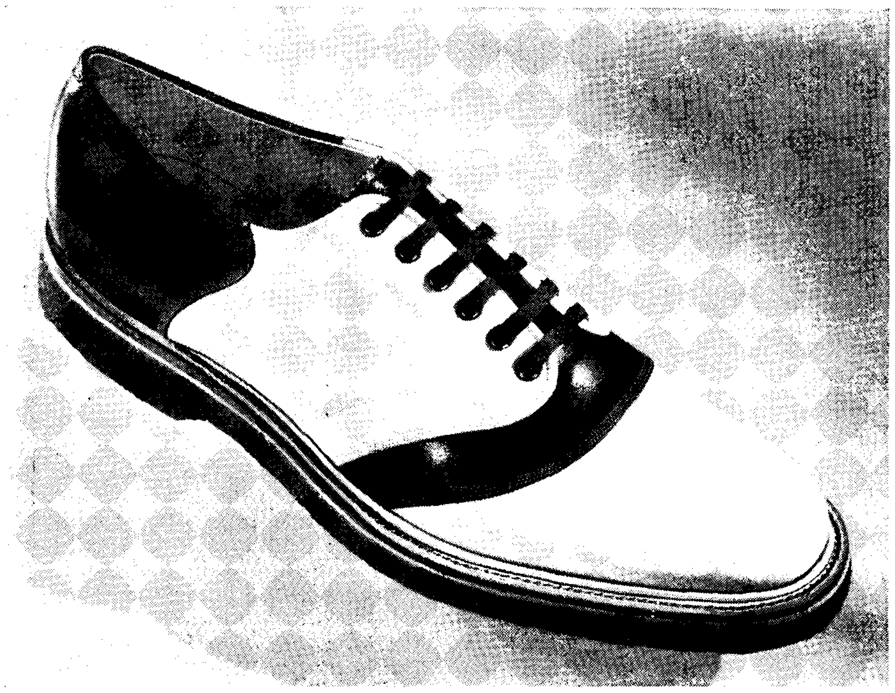
**"Jeweled Movement" features new in the low-priced field:* Seven-bearing, extra-size crankshaft, fully counterbalanced; complete force-feed lubrication of engine with rifle-bored connecting rods; metered pressure-cooling of engine; Invar Struts in aluminum-alloy pistons; Nash precision machining—perfected in 18 years of building fine cars; automatic and thermostatic-control shock absorbers; steering road-shock eliminator; Seaman sound-proofed body. *In addition, these all-important features:* Oversize electrical system; X-Dual frame; Bendix equal-action brakes; worm and roller frictionless steering; draftless clear-vision ventilation with patented air-vents.

NASH DEALERS EVERYWHERE ARE NOW DISPLAYING THE NEW LAFAYETTE. Six models—six-cylinder, Nash-built; Standard 2-door Sedan, $595; Standard 4-door Sedan, $645; Special 6-window Sedan, $695; Special Touring Sedan with trunk, $685; Special 2-passenger Coupe, $635; Special 4-passenger Coupe (rumble seat), $675. All prices, f. o. b. factory. Individually sprung front wheels are optional equipment on all Special models without extra charge. Extra equipment at low cost. . . . NASH sixes and eights, four series: $775 to $2055 f. o. b. factory. All prices subject to change without notice.

THE "*Jeweled Movement*" LAFAYETTE

NASH-BUILT





• Look at the soles—the hit of Miami and college points north! Springy, thickset rubber—all set for any sport or place you say. And the swing to the lines of the dark leather over white! Knockouts for style and they'll stand up under extra hard wear! Today at your Walk-Over dealer.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Campello, Brockton, Mass.

TOP—CASINO: New close-coupled last with lots of toe room. White Heather grain with Brown Thistle grain saddle. Thick red rubber sole. $6^{50}

BELOW—CASINO: White Sport Calf with Wine Brown trim. Wine colored heavy crepe outer sole. White rubber middle sole. $7^{50}

WALK·OVER

Hooray for Abraham Lincoln!

Continued from page 24

suspect that he must be acting under somebody's instructions, and they think that that somebody must be a man or a group close to ex-President Hoover. They recall that Mr. Sanders, loyal and true to his lights, has never deserted one master until he found another. Anyway, he has suddenly become a Horatius at the bridge, although there are politicians mean enough to picture him as the boy on the burning deck who didn't even know it was afire. Almost every week he issues statements, makes speeches, promotes interviews and mails out thousands of pamphlets assailing President Roosevelt and the New Deal. According to Everett the Roosevelt program is made up of extravagance, dictatorship and "economic quackery."

Too Hot to Handle

Hot stuff! says Everett. *But it's too* hot for the senators and representatives who must buck the voters again next fall. Many voted for large portions of the New Deal and still favor some of its underlying purposes. A delegation, therefore, called on Mr. Sanders and begged him to lay off this sort of stuff.

Then, again for the first time, Everett flared up and actually became heroic. Didn't they realize that the Republican party owed it to somebody to blow up the New Deal? Hadn't they ever heard of the "function of an opposition party?" He knew what he was doing, and if the gentlemen on Capitol Hill were unwilling to shoulder their responsibility as White House critics, the national committee, through him, would.

When the delegation relayed Everett's ideas to fellow-sufferers in the Senate and House, they set up a holler. They did more. For the first time in history, the Senate and House campaign committees cut loose from the national organization, and merged into what is known as a Joint Congressional Committee. Although they don't brag about it, they virtually repudiated Mr. Sanders and whomever he represents. Instead of holding the bridge, he is left holding the bag.

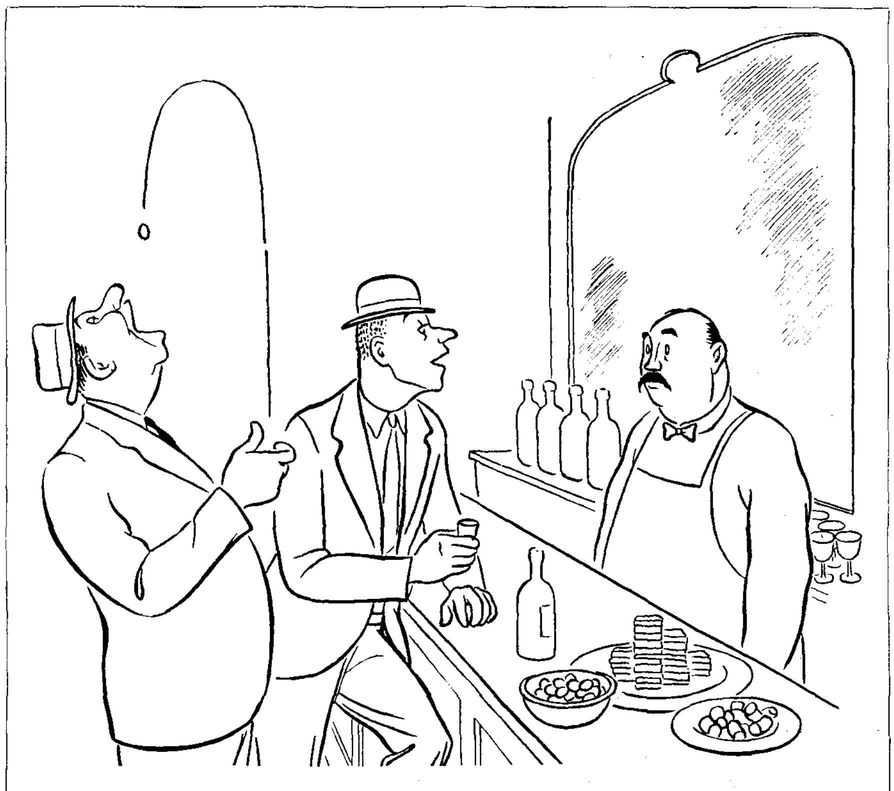
The congressional crowd has also established a publicity office and research bureau which will prepare less blatant material than Mr. Sanders', and grind out, so they say, more penetrating analyses of New Deal results than the purely political howls of such senatorial urchins as Robinson of Indiana, Dickinson of Iowa and Fess of Ohio. They will even raise their own campaign fund of $600,000, leaving Everett to liquidate his $200,000 deficit by passing the hat to the same old interests and individuals that helped the party in the past.

"We want to start with a clean slate," explain the practical politicians, meaning that if the slate must have marks on it, they want the fun and excitement of making them.

Chaos has brought other changes. Mr. Mills, close friend and hopeful heir of Mr. Hoover, now concedes that lower tariffs will attract votes as well as imports. Dave Reed, legal and political spokesman for U. S. Steel and the Mellon interests, breaks long silence to weep headlines because, in his opinion, the NRA harms the small business man who may vote for Gifford Pinchot in the senatorial primary. Everywhere Republicans are flirting with progressives who were once read out of the party. Recognizing the power of the name, they are pushing young Teddy Roosevelt into the foreground again.

Jim Wadsworth warns of "imperialism" in a formal address which he remakes at regular intervals. Other orators, including Messrs. Sanders and Fess, plead for a return to the primitive Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln. He, rather than any recent party leader, will be their rallying point all through the coming campaign.

Now, when the G. O. P. goes back to Lincoln so early in the fight, reversing its usual procedure of reserving him for a night-before-the-battle rally, it means that things must look pretty sour even to the insiders. But when it also poses as a friend to man, it means that the revival, so far, looks like a flipflop. Which may be a good thing for the party!



"I never seen him miss"

Walking Lady

Continued from page 9

"I had to run," Caroline told him urgently. "I couldn't stay in Kiansui. It . . . was worse than I thought anything could be. I started out walking—"

"I see," the man cut in, his smile disappearing. "I see. Oh, well, I saw your bag. The mark on it. Hoped it might be a mistake. Anyhow, can you get a hand on the rope? Good." His tone was abrupt. "So you were walking, and you forget to register and pay your fees? Nothing new in that."

"I . . . I . . ."

"What're you going to do now, Stephanie? Get out of Kiansui?"

His words were jargon to her. "How can I? No trains any more. No boats. Soldiers everywhere. I won't go back. Why do you call me Stephanie?"

"Female for Steve. He jumped off a bridge himself. So the town's full of soldiers? I should have thought . . . let it go. It means I'll postpone my visit, and the postponement begins now. Can you swim, or—"

"I can swim."

HE LOOKED shoreward. The junk was slowly lumbering toward the bank. The man made up his mind quickly. "We let go the rope and stay under water until the junk's passed us. Then we swim ashore. Ready? Get a good breath."

His arm was around her; Caroline's head was almost bursting when he allowed her to rise to the surface. The steersman, drunken intelligence focussed on the spot of mud bank toward which he was aiming the prow of the junk, did not see them; they swam to land side by side.

Sheltered by the hull of a craft considerably larger than even the grain-junks, the man said, "Follow me; do as you're told." Bent low, Caroline obeyed. She wanted to ask him who he was, and what he intended, but as her lips moved he pushed her down and, together, they crouched in mud and reeds until two patrolling figures in khaki had passed. Then, hastily, he led the way to the plank which slanted up to the covered deck of the junk.

"Flower boat," he said. "Ji Mong's. The big crook. He'll do what we need."

Flower boat. Cool inside. Fragrant. Matting on the floor, soft, like forest moss in autumn. Screens everywhere, painted with fiery pinioned butterflies and the vivid blossoms of tree peonies. Painted lanterns, making the cabin, in daytime, seem one blend of violet darkness, secret, mysterious and alluring. Teakwood stands with ivory boxes, from one of which the paunched Shantung Chinese handed the white man a fat cigarette . . . while, with practiced eye, he stripped Caroline naked.

"She is thin, but not too thin," he announced. "You wish—"

"Less talk," the white man told him. He himself explained briefly; Ji Mong nodded, touching a tiny gong and bringing a serving-maid into the cabin:

"Take this small white person to the mother-of-flowers and have her dressed as if she were one of you about to visit a temple. Shave her eyebrows. Let her face be darkened. Rearrange her hair. An ornament should be placed in it. Make haste." He added to the other man, "Thus I will repay your kindness to me when that bandit was choking out my life . . . *hai!* . . . what a time that was! Yes; all I will charge is the cost of her costume. A mere five pieces of medium-size gold."

"Enough for fifty blue cotton suits. Stevie, go along with the maid. I'm going to make a China-girl out of you."

Caroline's courage was returning. "Why?" she insisted.

"Nothing else to do. You can't leave Manchuria until things calm down. I take it you've had enough of Kiansui. So you might as well come along with me. Call it an obligation of the white race if you want."

The serving-maid guided her behind a screen and into a smaller cabin, where Chinese girls obeyed Ji Mong's commands. They worked swiftly, tongues never still. Caroline's hair was first oiled until it looked black, and then dressed; her eyebrows became thin crescents like the waning moon; her skin was carefully tinted. At the end they showed her what they had been doing. . . .

"Gosh," said Caroline Mayes, as she stared into the steel mirror.

They showed how she must keep her head lowered, how her feet must slide along instead of being crisply lifted, how her hands should remain almost concealed in the sleeves of the blue jacket.

She kept her head down when she was returned to the cabin-of-reception, and so did not see the amazement on the white man's face. He said something in Chinese, which resulted in the serving-maid hurrying away, to return with an oblong cotton-wrapped packet which was handed to Caroline.

A Manchu boatman came to the entrance. He growled a couple of words to the white man, who said to Caroline, "You're at the bottom of the river. They found your hat and bag. That makes it easier. Ready? Let's get going."

The riverman pushed squarely across the muddy water; not until he was almost to the far shore did he begin to propel his craft against the current. He did this slowly, ready, at the sound of a hail or shot, to complete the crosswise journey as if he had never intended to get under the bridge and out of sight of the town. . . .

"THEY called you Wa Li," Caroline said, sitting cross-legged on the floor of the wicker-covered deck. "What does that mean in English?"

"Nothing. My name's Scoville."

"But—"

"Walter. Wally. Wa Li."

Caroline's head lifted. Mrs. Kingsley had spoken of Wally, always that way, familiarly, who was learning everything about mines under her husband. She began to smile. "Oh. Of course. I wondered who you were." The need to talk, to explain, made her lean toward him. "I'm Caroline Mayes. I—"

"I see. Nice name. Real? Or merely your walking name?" As she stared at him, he continued quickly, "Let's have everything understood. You were in a mess; I hope to get you out of it. You can stay at the mine until it's safe for you to return to Dairen. I'll even be sucker enough to pay your fare, provided you stay away from Kingsley and the other boys. If you don't, they'll all be fighting. Agreed?"

Caroline whispered, "So . . . so that's . . . what you think I am?"

"Have a cigarette?"

She slapped him, fiercely.

A little muscle in his jaw tensed, but he said levelly, "You're supposed to be a lady. Cut out the hitting. I'm going to introduce you as a decent girl who was stranded in Kiansui. . . ."

They slept that night at a squalid Manchurian inn, after dining on shreds of pickled quail mixed with egg, and

(Continued on page 50)

"OLIVE OIL
—the finest thing I know
to soothe and condition
an irritated skin."
Jean Bruce
TRAINER OF JIM BROWNING, CHAMPION WRESTLER

PREVENT AFTER-SHAVING DISCOMFORT WITH OLIVE OIL

Olive oil goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream—especially to prevent after-shave irritation

HERE'S a tip for you shavers with tender skins . . . from Jean Bruce and thousands of barbers, athletes, trainers and skin specialists! The finest thing to take the rawness out of a stinging, irritated skin is olive oil. For this very reason, olive oil in just the right amount goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream.

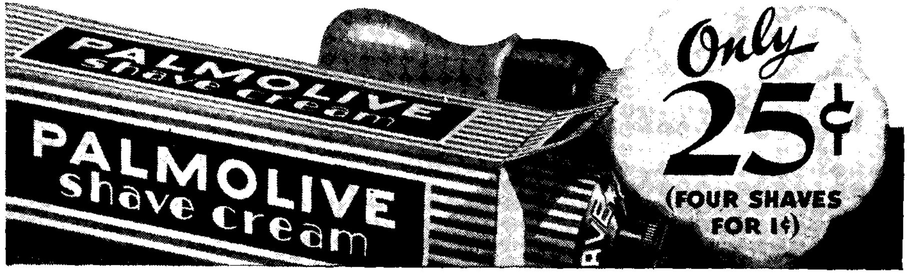
Note how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave. No sting. No burn. No irritation. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect*. You'll find, too, this same soothing action tends to produce a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (1 inch of cream makes 1 quart of lather!) . . . This lather *stands up* for a full 10 minutes on the face—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

Try It—30 Shaves Free

Of course, we urge you to buy a regular, full size tube of Palmolive (the large 35¢ tube now costs only 25¢). But—if you are still a bit skeptical, try this unique shave cream, *at our* expense! Send your name and address to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, 105 Hudson St., Jersey City, N. J., and we will then send you a full month's supply of Palmolive—30 shaves—*absolutely free:*

Try the perfect finish to the perfect shave—Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc.



HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED
BY THE NEW AC METHOD

If you want

★ GAS ECONOMY

★ EASIER STARTING

★ MORE PICK-UP

★ MORE POWER

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED and ADJUSTED by the NEW AC METHOD

Dirty, as well as worn, spark plugs waste 1 gallon of gas in 10. Tests by the University of Michigan proved this. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting . . . retard acceleration . . . rob a car of power and speed. Often only a few thousand miles of driving will dirty spark plugs—and deposit oxide coating. Thorough, scientific cleaning—by the New AC Method—is the way to stop this gas waste, and improve performance. *And the cost is only 5c a plug!*

Remove OXIDE COATING . . .
A MINOR OPERATION with MAJOR RESULTS

Oxide coating causes plugs to miss intermittently—especially at high speed and on hard pulls. The new AC Method cleans spark plugs like new. All better dealers, garages and service stations have an AC Spark Plug Cleaner and are registered as Official Spark Plug Cleaning Stations.

★ *Attendant:* "If you're using more gas than you think you should, have your spark plugs cleaned. Dirty plugs will waste as much as 1 gallon of gasoline in ten."

★ *Mother:* "I hope the car will start today. I had a terrible time with it yesterday."
Sonny: "Dad had the spark plugs cleaned, Mother. The garage man said that was all the car needed."

★ *Father:* "Say—we don't need a new car! I had the spark plugs cleaned this morning, and you'd think this was a different automobile! Talk about pep and speed—it has it!"

★ *Driver:* "It's 'oke,' Boss. The shop cleaned the plugs last night and the old truck is pulling the way it did when it was new! You can count on this truck, now."

11 CARS GIVEN AWAY FREE!

To car owners who have their spark plugs cleaned by the New AC Method, a Free Car Contest Entry Blank will be given. This entitles them to compete for the brand new Ford, Plymouth, or Chevrolet being given away . . . one each week for 11 weeks.

AC
THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Hear RAYMOND KNIGHT and his CUCKOOS

Get full details on the Free Car Contest . . . enjoy a half-hour of the funny Cuckoos . . . NBC Blue Network . . . coast-to-coast . . . every Wednesday evening.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY
FLINT, MICHIGAN ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

NRA

(Continued from page 49)

boiled flour dumplings, and bowls of unscented brick tea; slept as far apart as possible on skins thrown over the unlit k'ang. Caroline curled up at once, without putting on the cotton robe she found in the flower-girls' package; she slept without hesitation. Not Scoville.

In the morning he bargained for two shaggy, sturdy ponies, for food, for Manchurian boots to replace Caroline's Shantung slippers. Something of Caroline's assurance, so battered by what had already taken place, was returning; the situation, after the first outburst, was not without amusement. It came to her that had this been happening to her former matron, when that lady had been as young as Caroline, she would have said, "Sir, do you realize that I am a nurse, a member of an honorable profession? How dare you think otherwise of me?" What Caroline *did* say was, "You're so sure I'm what you call a walking lady. . . ."

"If I hadn't seen what'd been written on your bag . . . if you hadn't stayed over in Kiansui when the army marched in . . . if . . ."

Caroline's face was sober, but her eyes were bright. "If I just hadn't been a walking lady. Do you know, Mr. Scoville, where I come from, good girls always walk home?"

"I wish you had stayed home," he said sharply.

Caroline asked, "Aren't you interested in why I left? In the story of my downfall?"

"Yours began, for me, when you fell off the bridge," Scoville told her. "Forget the rest."

LATE the afternoon of the third day, Scoville said, "We sleep out tonight. You've been a good kid. Look here; I've been thinking. None of us at the mine's seen a white girl for years. You wouldn't be able to fool 'em long. I . . . maybe I'd better not say anything about your being . . . being stranded in Kiansui. Just let 'em think whatever they wish. They'll suppose you're a 'caste. If you sleep in my room—"

"I'd rather sleep anywhere else," flared Caroline. "Don't you know I hate you?"

"That's why I'm suggesting it. Safest place for you."

Caroline thought, "I'll see Mr. Kingsley. Tell him everything that's happened." Aloud, she said crossly, "I'm tired."

Work of the day was over at the mine when the travelers reached it; the smoke of cooking-fires was spread over the settlement. They rode clear to the door of the main building without being hailed. The ground under their ponies was soft. Caroline could hear men talking, white men; she heard the clatter of dishes, and the tempting odor of food half dizzied her.

Scoville halted his horse. "Hi," he called. "Run up the flag. I'm back."

A screened door opened; five men came out. Caroline decided that the thinnest, oldest man must be Kingsley. It was he who said, "Back, Wally? And"—staring at Caroline—"with a little friend?"

"My little friend," Scoville admitted.

The mine bookkeeper, Joe Cronin, kept a sly grin hidden in his stubby beard. "Wally, I thought we had a rule here. Even about as cute a China kid as this."

"This's different. You see—"

Tony Anderson interrupted—

"You got drunk and married her."

Scoville said, "Go soak your head. It's a long tale, mates. I'll give it to you after we've eaten."

In their bare room, with its hard iron bed and one chair and table and lamp, Wally said, "That's the gang. Kingsley's boss, but not of you. Anderson has a wife at home, and won't forget it, even when he's full. Ames is at the power house. Keep away from it. Cronin likes them fat, but he's probably never seen a girl as pretty as you. Lee is timekeeper. Don't—"

"Trust him, either," Caroline finished, mockingly. "Only trust you. The knight of fallen virtue."

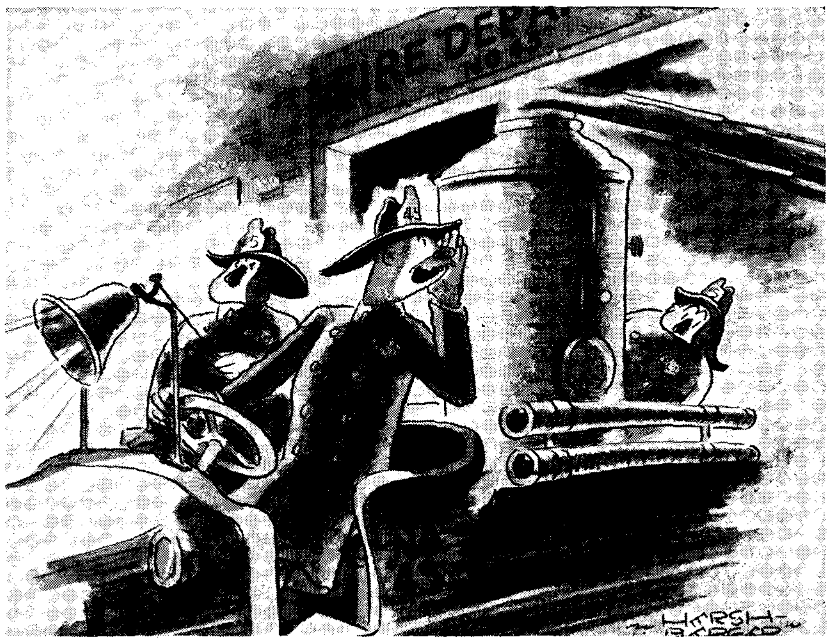
Scoville leaned back against the door. "I've done pretty well so far, haven't I? I'll get your tray. And order another bed set up. I . . . I'd like to keep you with me when I'm working. P'raps I can, in the office. When I'm outside, you can read—"

"Locked up in here? You're nasty-minded. These are all white men—"

"And you're a pretty woman."

Caroline said ironically, "Thank you."

He left her with that. She ate, shortly, with appetite, tinned food prepared by an excellent cook, thinking over what the man had admitted, until she remembered that she hated him. It was not until the light was put out that she gave way. She cried silently into the pillow; after that, in the darkness, she listened to the steady breathing of this man who had saved her, who despised her, or what he supposed she was. Couldn't he see that she wasn't . . . wasn't. . . .



"Tell 'em to bring the mustard—it's a hot-dog stand!"

R. A. Hershberger

The weight of the evidence, consisting of the testimony of her own words which Scoville had misinterpreted, plus the label he'd seen on the bag before it sank, was against her. The time to have explained to Scoville was past. She found herself uncaring of what the others might think; whatever they thought would be about a little half-caste Wally had discovered in Kiansui, not about Caroline Mayes. Explanations, even if successful now, would put Wally and herself in an impossible and ridiculous position. All her life she had been untroubled by what opinion others held. She wanted Wally, alone, to learn the truth; not because he was told, but because sooner or later he must see.

Wide-eyed, she heard, above the breathing, the tinkle of a bell at the miners' quarters, the solemn heartbeat of a tapped drum as the narrow-faced Fishskin Tatars prepared to snarl long invocations to their obscene river gods. Savage workers from the Amur, long-haired, deep-chested, waved their human-bone rattles. A black-visaged lama from the steppes set up his fantastic altar of gilded skins, lit his butter lamp, and called for worshipers to bow before a Buddha instead of listening to the prayers to false demons, no matter how terrifying. A prayer wheel clacked.

CAROLINE burrowed deeper into the bed. She tried to tell herself how frightened Mrs. Kingsley would have been, here, and how she herself, a confident nurse, merely found everything amusing . . . she succeeded only in recalling what Mrs. Kingsley had said of her husband: that he had an eye for a pretty figure. Caroline knew that already. She thought, amazingly, "If Wally sees him . . . looking at me . . . he'll say something. He mustn't. This's his job. I've got to be careful."

It was then that she slept.

Scoville's bed was empty when she awoke. There was a note on the chair, not as startling as the one which had started her adventure; the shower was across the corridor, Scoville had written, and there was a key in the lock. Ji Mong had assured him that the dye wouldn't wear off for a long time, and that water wouldn't affect it. She was to ring the bell for breakfast. He'd see her later.

One day was like the day before; one week like the previous week. The men grinned at her, friendly, appraisingly, hopefully. None of them, except Anderson, ever missed an opportunity to talk with her; she answered always in monosyllables. After her lonely dinners, Scoville would go outside with her, along the path bordering the ugly, muddied river. They usually walked in silence.

She had made no effort to explain matters to Kingsley; her reason—satisfactory to her—was that it would make a fool of Scoville.

She had been a month and a half at Kiansui-kiang, when, reaching out to the lamp, Scoville said, "It's safe to go back to Kiansui. To Dairen. This's Manchukuo now. Number-one peaceful. I've got to go myself. Papers to be signed. See how our concession stands."

Caroline had fashioned a nightgown from one of the sheets; she was flushed and lovely as she stood up.

"Oh," she said.

Scoville reached to the chair beside his bed; he lit a cigarette and began to smoke it quickly. He smoked a minute before saying to the ceiling, "You'll cross to Yokohama. I'll wire our agents there about transportation. My sister will meet you at San Francisco. Cynthia's a good kid."

"She'll be at the dock, all ready to take me to a home where fallen women learn to knit afghans . . . or is it gray woolen stockings?"

Wally looked up at her. Voice low, he said, "It doesn't make any difference what you were. Nor how it happened. We'll be married in Dairen?"

Caroline clasped her hands together. "Just like that," she yawned. "Now, if you'll put out the light, please. I'm sleepy."

"You haven't said if—"

Even through the dye, Caroline's cheeks were bright. "I know a lot about you," she began, quietly enough. "I know that you're really the owner of Kiansui-kiang and that Mr. Kingsley's the manager. You're here to learn things. I'm going to teach you something now, Wally. You own a good many other mines; has it ever occurred to you that I hate you? That"—voice rising—"I'd rather marry the . . . the first man I met on the street . . . than you? Has it?"

"No," Wally said. "And I don't believe it. I forgot to tell you something. I hope you'll marry me, because . . . because. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Because I—"

She cut him off. "I know the answer to that one, too," she said, raising a hand to her hair. "You're a white man and you've been in the Orient for years and years and it's been perfectly rotten-terrible for you and you simply can't stand it any longer and you've got a conscience and you've been fighting it ever since you saw me and *will you turn out the light?*"

She waited for him to say something. Three words. He wanted to say them. The night noises began, the beating drum, whirling prayer wheel, the hoarse, savage voices rising and falling. Somewhere a native howled fervently and another gave mocking answer. For a full minute the settlement became very quiet. The white man rose to an elbow, listening.

A shot and scream of agony came blended together.

"Fight," Scoville said. "About which god is more fiendish." He paused only for shoes and revolver. "You stay inside."

CAROLINE went to the high barred window when he left; she saw only darkness, but heard shouts and yells, one shot more, and then complete silence. It was brought about, she believed, by one of the white men firing into the air to subdue the natives. Then she saw that, under the light of an electric torch, two men were carrying a third back toward the quarters, and that the man they were bringing was Scoville.

Clear to his own bed they carried him. Someone lit the lamp. Caroline, standing beside the window, watched Anderson open the pajama-top, red now, and saw the ugly red wound in Wally's chest. Kingsley shrilled orders. A house-boy raced in with the emergency kit. They must, Kingsley chattered, get the slug out. It had to be removed immediately. Wally was out, cold; he wouldn't feel it.

Caroline said clearly, "You aren't going to take anything out. If you try, you'll kill him." While eyes turned to her, she came to the bed, swiftly arranging blankets around the unconscious man. "Get the kit open," she ordered. "I want hot water. In bottles. In anything. He's got to have heat." She turned to the case, selected strychnine, repeated, "I want boiling water in a pan, too. For the hypodermic." She saw that there were normal saline tablets in the kit. "He's got to be stimulated—"

"But the bullet—"

"We've got to get him over the shock

(Continued on page 52)

Will you love it in September as you do in May?

We're speaking of that lovely new permanent wave, of course—and we're thinking of the havoc that the coming months can play with it. Sun, wind and water all conspire to dry the hair, rob it of its lustre and the natural appearance of the wave. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the answer. A very little of the Tonic rubbed between the palms of the hands and patted on the hair before setting will do wonders to restore the sheen, keep the hair soft. In addition, precede each weekly shampoo with a liberal 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage, allowing the Tonic to remain on the head overnight. These treatments, given regularly, will see your permanent through the summer with flying colors, and keep your scalp and hair in excellent condition. Get a bottle at any good drug or department store. In shaker-top bottles at 40c and 70c.

•

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

Look for the trademark VASELINE

when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

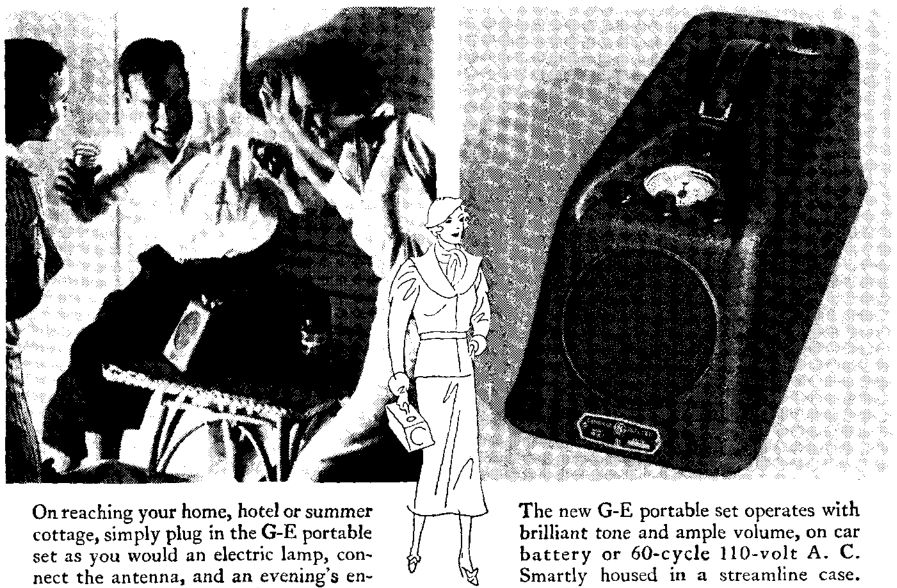
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1934, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

IN YOUR CAR, the new G-E portable set serves as a musical arm-rest in either the front or the back seat. When you garage your car, simply disconnect the set and take it with you.

NEW!..an Auto Radio that's right at home indoors...too!



On reaching your home, hotel or summer cottage, simply plug in the G-E portable set as you would an electric lamp, connect the antenna, and an evening's entertainment is yours to enjoy.

The new G-E portable set operates with brilliant tone and ample volume, on car battery or 60-cycle 110-volt A. C. Smartly housed in a streamline case. Light and compact—easy to carry.

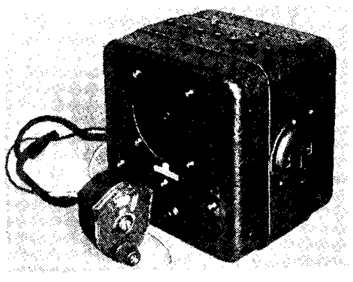
General Electric Auto Radio brings sparkling entertainment to highway and home alike!

IT'S NOT only new! It's unique! For the General Electric Portable Auto Radio goes with you everywhere . . . entertains you wherever you may be—in your car or indoors.

Packed with engineering improvements, it brings "living room" reception to the road. Gets greater distance . . . more daytime programs—and brings them in with a rich, brilliant tone. It's road-tested, too.

See it! Hear it! At your nearest G-E Auto Radio Dealer's. Or write the General Electric Co., Section R-485, Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

New and improved G-E Auto Radios range in price from $47.50 to $69.50. Slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South. Subject to change without notice.



The new G-E Standard Auto Radio is quickly installed in any make of car.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTO RADIO

(Continued from page 51)

first," said Caroline Mayes. "I know. If the bullet isn't pressing on a nerve center . . . maybe it's lodged in back muscles, the lateral ones. . . . I want whisky, too. If you want to kill Wally, start poking at him! Don't you think I know what I'm talking about?"

She looked up then, away from Wally for the first time. They saw that her face was curiously grim, and that her cheeks were wet.

"Nurse?" Tony Anderson said.

Caroline nodded.

"You fooled us all, you and Wally," Anderson said. "Suppose you fool death, as well."

"I'm going to try," Caroline whispered. "Oh, I'm going to try."

Try she did. More than once she wished for a surgeon's advice, but she did as she had been trained, trying to recall lectures, cases, everything. She watched fearfully for signs of internal bleeding; she insisted that nothing could be done about the lodged bullet or slug until Wally could be taken to Dairen safely.

THE second afternoon he slept fitfully, Caroline beside his bed; the third night he slept heavily, and on the fourth day was restless and demanding, and given to reaching for her hand when she came near him. . . .

"You've been a nurse," he said. "You've been good to me. That mark on your bag—"

"Turn about," Caroline told him lightly. She was in blue jacket, blue trousers; it was a hot afternoon. "I think you've been a good patient."

Wally demanded, "Can I have a cigarette?"

Had the bullet passed through the upper lobe of the lung? Caroline thought not, but didn't know. "In a few days," she said. "It's hot, Wally. Try to sleep."

"I don't want to sleep. I want a cigarette."

Caroline lied placidly. "There aren't any in the room."

"Go get some. Kingsley's got my brand. There'll be some in his room."

She decided that excitement was worse than a smoke; "I'll be right back," she said.

"Of course you know where his room is!"

"Be nice, Wally, or I won't get them."

She went down the corridor, opened Kingsley's door; he was, she saw, asleep on the bed, missing the hot midafternoon. Cigarettes were on the chair beside it. As she reached for them, a hand closed over her wrist.

"How's Wally?" Kingsley asked.

Caroline said, "Better. Cross. He wants cigarettes."

Kingsley was smiling. "He's got plenty in his room. . . . So you came to visit the old man, eh? Now that Wally's on the retired list, so to speak. Here; sit on the bed."

Caroline said, "Don't be silly. I—"

He pulled her down, but even as Caroline gathered strength to resist she felt his hands release her. She hadn't shut the door behind her. Undoubtedly someone was passing, although at this hour the quarters were usually deserted. Kingsley had dropped back on his bed. All the passion had gone out of him, to be replaced by an expression of ludicrous astonishment.

"You came . . . today," Kingsley mumbled. "A day ahead of time. We expected you tomorrow. I . . . I've been ill, my dear. Very ill."

Caroline turned, seeing the travel-stained face of Mrs. Kingsley. Gray with sand, with rage.

"I can see you didn't expect me, Edward," Mrs. Kingsley agreed. "Anyone could see that." Her fingers fumbled together; she had eyes, as yet, only for her husband. "This is my reward," she told him. "I went back to Japan. I was ready to sail. But I couldn't. I had to come. I worried. About you. I came as soon as I could. And here you are . . . with a Chinese girl. A servant, I suppose." For the first time she examined the figure in blue jacket and trousers; then she gasped, "So this's where you came!"

"I had to come somewhere," Caroline retorted.

Mrs. Kingsley began to speak. She was literal and cold.

Caroline stood it as long as she could. "You left me at Kiansui without money, without a ticket home," she said. "You didn't care what happened to me. You had no reason for acting as you did. Being sick wasn't enough excuse. If" —she wanted to strike at both of them —"if I've been here with your husband, it's what was coming to you."

"I'll tell that to Dr. Wallis," Mrs. Kingsley chattered. "What do you think he will say? That you've been living with the husband of your patient . . . a nervous patient you . . . you deserted . . . and I'll see to it that you never have another case." Gossip, Caroline realized, could do just that for a nurse. "And," Mrs. Kingsley concluded, thin lips together, "you cannot deny that I found you in my husband's room, and you—"

"Certainly she can," all three heard.

Caroline was white under the dye; Mrs. Kingsley was trembling with anger; Kingsley's face was blotched with red.

"She hasn't been out of my room all day; I'll swear to it," Scoville said. He swayed a little, but when Caroline came to him he pushed her away. "Whatever you say about her, you'll be saying about my wife. That clear?"

Mrs. Kingsley wailed, "You can't realize what she's done. She—"

"I know what you did," Wally said. "That's enough."

HE LET Caroline put her arm around him now, while husband and wife exchanged one quick sidewise glance; Mrs. Kingsley said, "Walter . . . this is . . . well . . . a surprise. Perhaps . . . Edward's taught you so much, you know . . . surely you wouldn't . . . I may have been wrong. . . ."

Scoville said, "We'll say you were sick, and let it go at that." He didn't look at his manager; he couldn't, yet.

He was very glad to return to bed, to be scolded; Caroline finally said, "If you'll behave, I'll let you have a cigarette now."

"Don't want one."

"But you said—"

"I say many fool things," Wally admitted. "I . . . I love you, Caroline."

"Is that one of them?"

"No." His hand touched her cheek. "I heard it all. Poor kid. Poor sweetheart. Remember . . . I loved you before I knew. And told you."

Caroline urged, "S-sh. Rest now, Wally."

"Do you love me?"

"Go to sleep . . . darling."

Wally said, "If you'll kiss me."

She tried to frown, shook her head, then bent; he moved with unexpected swiftness. Lips met, and stayed together. Unsteadily, Caroline breathed. "I'm a fine nurse. Exciting my patient. Oh, Wally . . . you've got to sleep. Please. No more."

"We get married in Dairen?"

"Dairen," Caroline said shyly. "Dairen. You . . . you can't kiss me again. No. I won't kiss you, either. No. I won't even tell you I love you. I . . . I do, Wally. Darling. Perhaps when you wake up. . . ."

It was a fearfully long time to wait; Caroline kissed him when she was certain he slept, and, in sleep, he smiled.

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

bright light of a street lamp was shining in. He started, then laughed aloud. Shadow came again.

"What is it?" snapped Sir Denis.

"I had forgotten what you looked like," Sterling explained, "and your appearance was rather a shock."

"Anyone seeing us," growled Gallaho, "would take it for granted that I had one of you chained to each wrist." He turned to Sir Denis. "I don't quite understand, sir, why you have handed the Limehouse end of the inquiry over to Forester. You have got definite evidence that it's the base of this Fu Manchu. Why not raid it? There's every excuse, if ever we want to do it. It's only necessary to find a single opium pipe on the premises!"

"I know," Nayland Smith replied, speaking slowly. "But in dealing with Dr. Fu Manchu, I have found it necessary to follow certain instincts. These may be the result of an intimate knowledge of the doctor's methods. But having been inside Sam Pak's tonight, I am prepared to assert with complete confidence that Dr. Fu Manchu is not there. I think it highly probable that his beautiful and talented daughter is leading us to him now, however."

"Oh, I see," Gallaho growled. "You don't think by any chance that this fly dame spotted you through your disguise, and is making a getaway?"

"I don't think so. But it is a possibility, nevertheless."

"I mean," the detective went on doggedly, "it isn't clear to me what she was doing down there, unless her job was that of a look-out. You tell me she's very much the lady, so that her idea of fun wouldn't be serving beer to drunken sailormen."

"Quite," murmured Nayland Smith.

After which staccato remark he fell into a reverie which he did not break until the great bell of St. Paul's boomed out from high above their heads.

"Two o'clock," he murmured, and peered ahead. "Hello! Fleet Street. The game flies west, Gallaho."

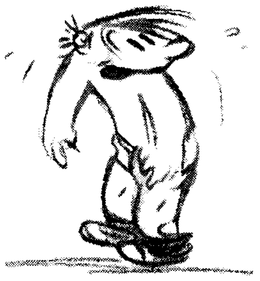
THE Street of Ink was filled with nocturnal activity, in contrast to the deserted city thoroughfares along which hitherto their route had lain. Into the Strand, across Trafalgar Square and on to Piccadilly, the hunt led; then the car ahead turned into Bond Street, and Gallaho broke a long silence.

"I've just remembered," he remarked, "that they've got a dance at the Ambassadors Club tonight."

"H'm!" said Nayland Smith, glancing aside at Sterling, as the light from the window of a picture dealer's shone

(Continued on page 54)

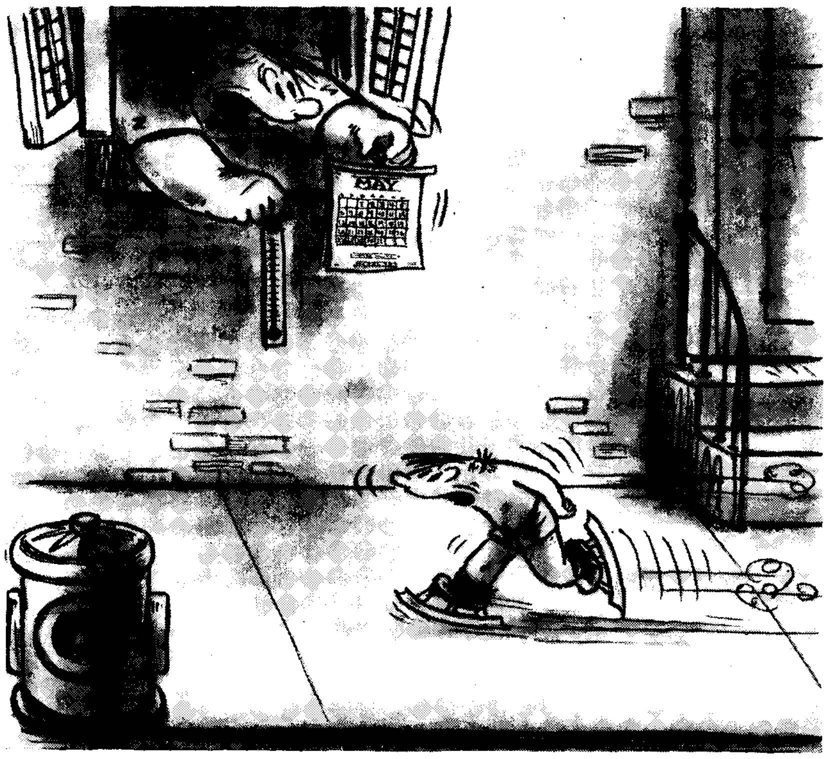
You Name Him



We'll have to call him *something*. His earnest helpfulness has endeared him to many thousands of Collier's readers who say they are no longer content to call him "he" or "it" or even "Jasper." So you name him and we shall have the christening in an early issue of Collier's.

You may suggest only one name and names mailed up to midnight, May 25th, will be considered. Collier's will pay $2.50 each to those suggesting the name finally chosen. Address:

The Name-It Department
Collier's, The National Weekly
250 Park Avenue
New York City

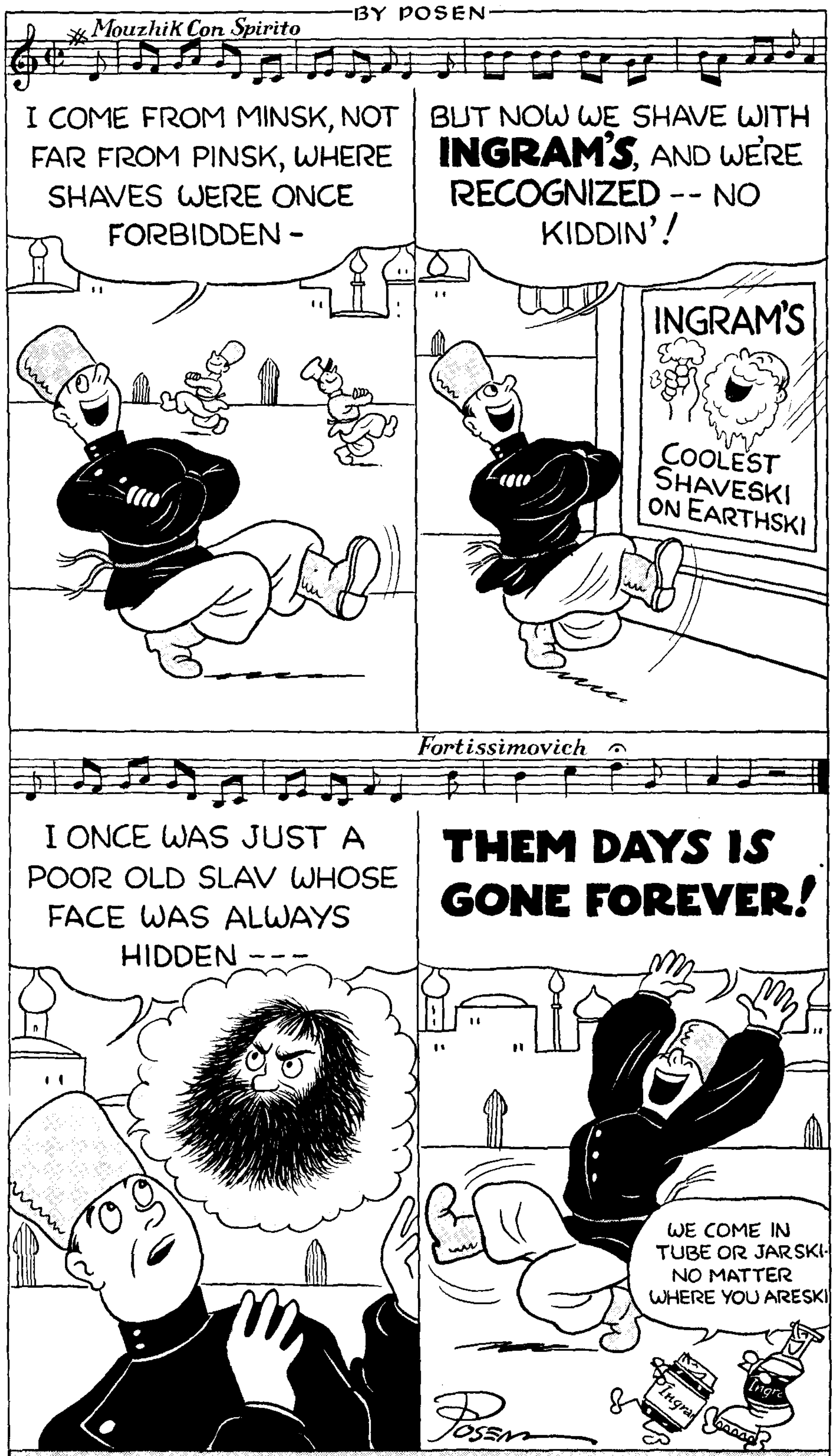


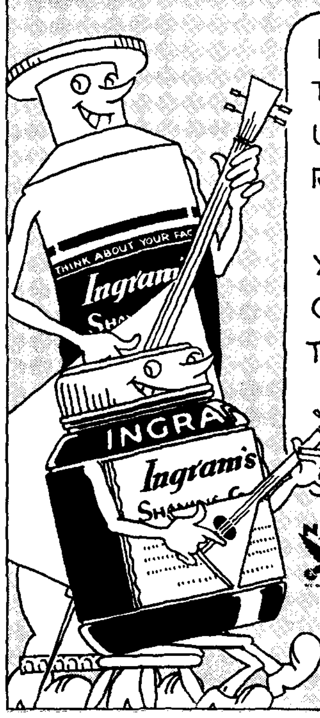
"If you don't believe Mamma, look what the calendar and thermometer say!"

Frank Owen

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN

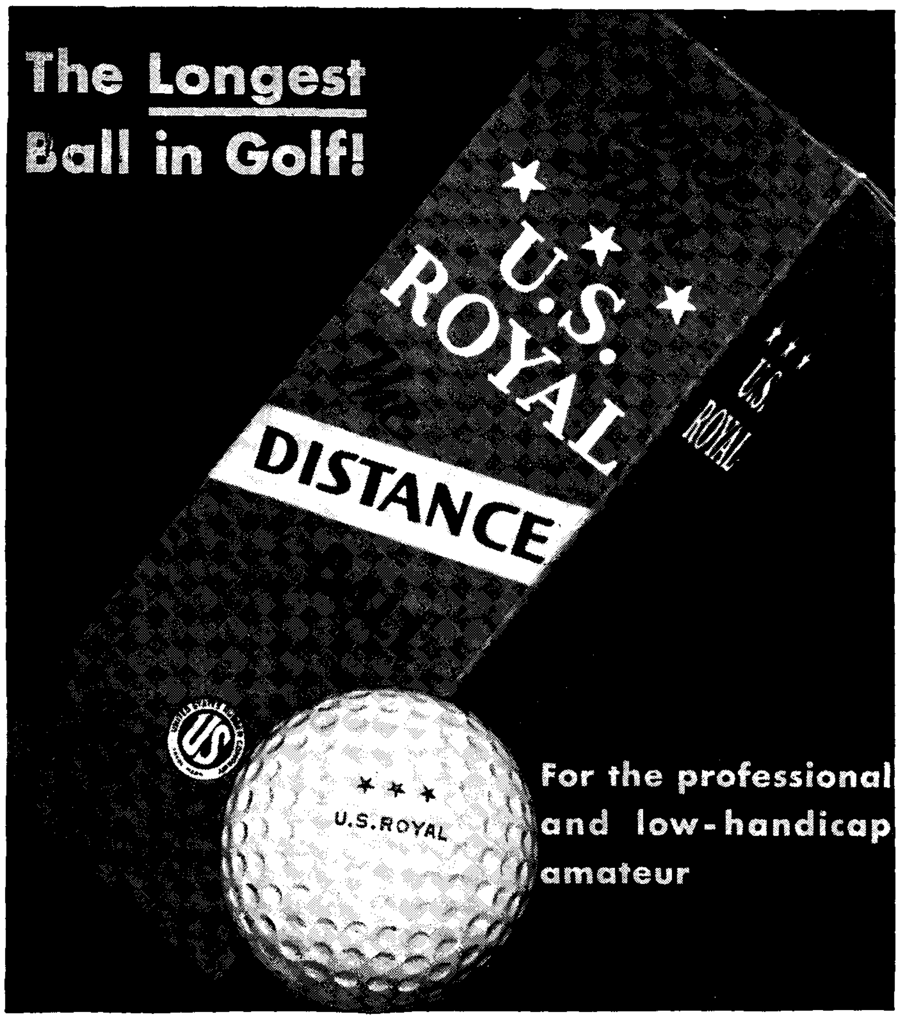

Mouzhik Con Spirito
I COME FROM MINSK, NOT FAR FROM PINSK, WHERE SHAVES WERE ONCE FORBIDDEN -
BUT NOW WE SHAVE WITH INGRAM'S, AND WE'RE RECOGNIZED -- NO KIDDIN'!
INGRAM'S COOLEST SHAVESKI ON EARTHSKI
Fortissimovich
I ONCE WAS JUST A POOR OLD SLAV WHOSE FACE WAS ALWAYS HIDDEN ---
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!
WE COME IN TUBE OR JARSKI-NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARESKI
Ingram
Posen


THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's
INGRAM'S
Ingram's
NRA

IF YOUR CHIN HAS ALWAYS SHOWN RED TENDENCIES — STINGING AND SMARTING UNDER THE DAILY DISCIPLINE OF YOUR RAZOR — START SOOTHING IT WITH **INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM!** YOU'LL RECOGNIZE A BRAND NEW KIND OF SHAVING COMFORT. INGRAM'S **COOLS** THE SHAVE, TONES THE SKIN, PREVENTS AFTER-SHAVING RAWNESS. TUBE OR JAR, **INGRAM'S** IS ONLY **35¢**.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. DEPT. B-4
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

NAME __________
STREET __________
CITY __________ STATE __________


The Longest Ball in Golf!
U.S. ROYAL
DISTANCE
U.S. ROYAL
U.S. ROYAL
For the professional and low-handicap amateur

If you want the ultimate in distance, play the New THREE STAR U. S. ROYAL. *75¢ each — in the* red *box.*

The Longest Tough Ball Built!
444 U.S. ROYAL
TOUGH COVER
444 U.S. ROYAL
4 4 4 U.S. ROYAL 4
A great ball for all-around play

If you want distance AND *durability, play the New* 444 U. S. ROYAL. *75¢ each — in the* blue *box.*

United States Rubber Company

(Continued from page 53)

into the car. "We shan't be able to obtain admittance!"

"Just what I was thinking," growled Gallaho. "Yes—look, sir!"

The car pulled up before the door of the club, and a doorman assisted a slender, fur-wrapped figure to alight. Fah Lo Suee, her jade-colored shoes queerly reflected upon the wet pavement, her gossamer frock concealed beneath a white wrap, went in.

"I can soon find out who she's with and what she's up to," growled Gallaho.

He stepped out and proceeded in the direction of the club.

By the entrance he paused for a moment as another car pulled up and the bemedaled doorman sprang forward to the door. A distinguished-looking gentleman who might have been a diplomat, who affected a gray, pointed beard and who wore a monocle, stepped out hurriedly, discarded a French cape and, tossing it back into the car, nodded to the doorman and went in.

"H'm!" muttered Gallaho, watching the long, fawn and silver car disappearing in the direction of Bruton Street. "Sir Bertram Morgan!"

The last arrival was the newly appointed governor of the Bank of England.

Gallaho was about to turn to the doorman, with whom he was acquainted, when, following from the tail of his eye the slim, debonair figure of the banker, he saw a slender woman dressed in jade-green rise from a settee in the lobby and advance with extended hand to meet Sir Bertram.

In the brief glimpse which he had of her, Gallaho recognized the fact that she was the woman they had followed from Limehouse—according to Sir Denis Nayland Smith, the daughter of Dr. Fu Manchu. She was not pure Chinese. She was exotically beautiful. The strange pair disappeared.

Gallaho changed his mind.

"Good evening, sir," said the doorman, and was about to salute; then grinned broadly and nodded instead.

"Good," said Gallaho. "I am glad you remembered. Never salute a plainclothes officer."

Gallaho walked on as though his presence there had been merely accidental. Within his limitations he was an artist. It was no uncommon thing for the tracker to be tracked; keen eyes might be watching his every movement.

He crossed to Grafton Street, stood on the corner for a while, and looked back. Accustomed to the ways of spies, he was satisfied that no one was on his trail. He retraced his steps—but on the other side of Bond Street.

SIR BERTRAM MORGAN was deeply intrigued with Madame Ingomar. He had met her three years before at the villa of a mutual friend in Cairo. Anglo-Egyptian society is not exactly Bohemian and Sir Bertram at first had been surprised to find an obvious, if beautiful, half-caste, a guest of this somewhat exclusive establishment.

She was, it appeared, the widow of a physician. But this alone was not enough. And noting the patrician elegance, almost disdain, which characterized the beautiful widow, Sir Bertram had not been surprised to learn, later, that on her father's side there was royal Manchu blood.

An experienced man of the world is the adventuress' easiest quarry. Sir Bertram, a widower of almost illimitable means, naturally knew much of women; he thought there was no design whose pattern he had not met with at some time. He distrusted Madame Ingomar. But she attracted him in a way that was almost frightening.

They met again on the Riviera a year later. Discreetly, as if telling an Oriental fairy tale, she had spoken of the existence of a hereditary secret in her family, smilingly pointing out that the widow of a brilliant but penniless physician could not otherwise dress as she dressed.

Other explanations occurred to Sir Bertram at the time, but just when he had been sharpening his wits to deal with this dazzling cocotte, she had disappeared.

Now she was in London. They had met accidentally or apparently accidentally, and he, anxious to test her, because she was so desirable, had challenged the claims which she had made in France. The challenge, lightly, had been accepted.

THE life of Madame Ingomar was a fascinating mystery. Her appointment at a fashionable dance club, made for two o'clock in the morning, was odd. Sir Bertram was in the toils—he knew it; he was prepared to believe that royal blood of China ran in this woman's veins; prepared to believe that she was really the widow of a distinguished physician; but he had no means of testing these claims. One, however—the hereditary secret—he *could* test: it came within his special province. And tonight she had offered him an opportunity.

"My dear Madame Ingomar," he said, and kissed her hand. "This is indeed a very great privilege."

The maître d'hôtel led the way to that table which was always reserved for Sir Bertram whenever he required it. Madame Ingomar declined supper, but drank a glass of wine.

Sir Bertram having draped her white fur wrap across the back of her chair, ivory shoulders and perfectly modeled arms were revealed by a gossamer green frock. She smoked almost continuously, not as other women of his acquaintance smoked, but, it seemed, almost a custom of a bygone generation, using a long jade holder.

Her hands were exquisite, her exotic indolence conjured up visions of vanished empires. She talked brilliantly, and Sir Bertram, watching her, decided she was quite the most attractive woman he had ever known. But always . . . he doubted.

As Sir Bertram lighted her cigarette, Madame Ingomar glanced up.

"You have always mistaken me for an adventuress," she said. And the music of her voice reached him over the strains of the dance band. "In one way *you are right, in another you are very,* very wrong. Tonight, I hope to convert you."

She touched his hand lightly; her long, slender fingers, with extravagantly varnished nails, communicated to Sir Bertram a current of secret understanding which seemed to pulse through his veins.

He was in love with this Eurasian witch. Every line and curve of her body, every wave of her dark hair, her voice, the perfume of her personality, intoxicated him.

Silently he mocked himself: There is no fool like an old fool.

"You are neither old nor a fool," she said, and slipped slender fingers into his grasp. "You are a clever man whom I admire very, very much."

He squeezed those patrician fingers almost cruelly, carried away by the magnetism of this woman's intense femininity; so that for fully half a minute the uncanny character of those words did not dawn upon him.

Then it came crashingly.

"Why did you say that?" he asked. He was more than startled; he was frightened. "I did not speak."

"You spoke to *me,*" she said softly.

"Good God!"

Madame Ingomar laughed. Her laughter, Sir Bertram thought, was the most deliciously musical sound which had ever fallen upon his ears.

"In the East," she said, "when we are interested, we know how to get in touch."

He watched her in silence. She had turned her glance away, lolling back in her chair, so that she seemed to emerge like an ivory goddess from the mass of white fur, for she had drawn her wrap about her shoulders. She was watching the dancers, and Sir Bertram saw her as an Oriental empress, watching almost superciliously a performance organized for her personal entertainment.

Suddenly she glanced aside at him. "I promised that tonight I would prove my words," she said slowly. "If you wish it, we will go."

Sir Bertram started.

"I am very happy here, with you," he replied. "But what you wish is what I desire to do."

"Let us go, then. My father has consented to see you."

For anyone to "consent" to see the great Sir Bertram Morgan was a novelty in that gentleman's life. Yet, oddly enough, the phrase did not strike him as insolent or even curious. One of the greatest powers in the world of finance, he accepted this mysterious summons.

SIR BERTRAM'S fawn and silver car, familiar in many of the capitals of Europe, was brought up to the door of the club, and the courtly financier handed his beautiful companion to her seat.

"I warn you, Sir Bertram, we have some distance to go."

"How far?"

"Fourteen or fifteen miles into Surrey."

"The journey will pass very quickly with you."

"If you will tell your man to go to Sutton Bypass I will direct him when we get there how to find Rowan House."

"Rowan House? Is that where you are going?"

"It's a very old house—a sort of survival. It came on the market some years ago. It was once the property of Sir Lionel Barton, the famous explorer."

"Barton?" Sir Bertram got in beside Madame Ingomar, having given rapid instructions to the chauffeur. "I have met Barton—a madman, but brilliant. He nearly brought about a rising a year or two ago in Afghanistan, or somewhere, by stealing the ornaments from a prophet's tomb. Is that the man you mean?"

The car started smoothly on its way.

"Yes," said Madame Ingomar, leaning back upon the cushions and glancing in the speaker's direction. "It is the same man. The house was very cheap, but in many ways suitable."

Madame Ingomar turned her head again, staring straight before her, and Sir Bertram, studying that cameo-like profile, groped for some dim memory which it conjured up. Bending forward he pulled down the front blind.

"The lights of approaching cars are so dazzling," he said. "That is more restful."

"Thank you, yes," she murmured.

The big car, all but silently, quite effortlessly, was devouring mile after mile of London highway. The Flying Squad car, close behind, at times was fully extended by the driver to keep track of the quarry. Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho had twice removed his hat since they had left Bond Street, on each occasion replacing it at a slightly different angle, which betokened intense excitement. Sterling was silent, as was Nayland Smith. . . .

Madame Ingomar touched Sir Bertram's hand. He raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them rapturously.

"Please, please," she pleaded, "I will not allow you to make love to me while you doubt me so much. If I did, I should feel like a courtesan."

Sir Bertram drew back, watching her. She dropped her wrap and turned away from him, glancing back over her right shoulder.

"You are a man of honor," she said, the gaze of those magnetic eyes fixed upon him suddenly, overpoweringly. "I need your assistance; but you will never understand me until you know something of the dangers of my life."

She slipped her shoulders free of the green frock. Sir Bertram suppressed an exclamation.

That ivory back was wealed with the marks of a lash!

He stared fascinatedly, fists clenched. With a graceful, almost indolent movement of her slender arms, Madame Ingomar readjusted her dress, pulled her fur wrap about her, and lay back in the corner, watching him under lowered lashes.

"What fiend did that to you?" he muttered. "What devil incarnate could deface that ivory skin?"

He was bending over her, one knee upon the floor of the car, a supplicant, literally at her feet. But she stared straight before her. When he seized her hands, they lay listless in his grasp.

"Tell me!"—the hoarseness of his own voice surprised him—"I want to know—I must know."

"It would be useless," she replied, her tones so low that he could only just catch the words. "In this you *cannot* assist me. But—" she looked down at him, twining her fingers in his—"I wanted you to know that what I have told you of my life is not a lie."

Sir Bertram kissed her hands, kissed her arms and, quite intoxicated by the beauty of this maddening, incomprehensible woman, would have kissed her lips, but a slender hand, two of the fingers jeweled, intervened between his lips and hers.

Gently she thwarted him, for her half-closed eyes were not unkind.

"Please . . . not yet," she said. "I have told you that you make me feel like a wanton."

SIR BERTRAM recovered himself. Seated, staring straight ahead, his teeth very tightly clenched, he tried to analyze his emotions.

Was he in the toils of the most talented adventuress who had ever crossed his path? Did these waves of insane passion which from time to time swept him away mean that where Madame Ingomar was concerned self-control had gone? If she was what she claimed to be, what were his intentions about her?

He taxed himself—was he prepared to marry her?

Beside him she remained silent. He was conscious of the strangest urges. Not since his Oxford days had he experienced anything resembling these. Undeterred by that gentle rebuff, he wanted to grasp Madame Ingomar in his arms and silence her protests with kisses. He wanted to demand, as a lover's right, the real explanation of those marks upon her shoulders. He wanted to kill the man who had caused them, and it was his recognition of this homicidal desire which checked, in a measure, the tumult of his brain.

Was it possible that he, at his age, holding his place in the world, could be driven quite mad by a woman? He wrenched his head aside and looked at her.

She lay back against the cushions. Through half-closed eyes she stared before her abstractedly, and Sir Bertram captured that fugitive memory.

It was the profile of Queen Nefertiti,

(*Continued on page* 56)

At midnight he said

THIS COFFEE IS MARVELOUS

At One A.M. he said

ARE you a coffee lover? Have you passed it up? Are you denying yourself because of the caffein coffee contains?

Then switch to Sanka Coffee—*and rejoice!* Rejoice because here is superb coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. All the rich, full-flavored goodness of coffee is there—all the cheer and comfort. But the wakefulness is gone—and with it the nervousness and indigestion which caffein so often causes.

Try your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. You'll discover its goodness at once. And the great night's rest you'll have will show you that fine coffee and sound sleep can both be part of your life.

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee from your grocer today. He sells it with a money-back guarantee. It is a product of General Foods.

How to make the world's best cup of coffee

One big secret in making Sanka Coffee or any other fine coffee is to make it strong enough. For each cup take a heaping tablespoonful of Sanka Coffee. If you percolate it, give it just a few *extra* minutes on the fire.

SANKA COFFEE

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SQUIBB'S ASPIRIN

is genuine aspirin, swiftly effective . . .
and you can be certain of its safety

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
100 Tablets
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
Squibb Aspirin being a Squibb product is GENUINE
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

LOOK FOR SQUIBB CONTROL NUMBER

Each new lot bears its own serial number —actual evidence of 62 safety tests, made during manufacture. Squibb control is your guarantee of the reliability, purity and safety of Squibb's Aspirin.

GENUINE aspirin is quick in its effect. But before it becomes thoroughly effective it must pass through the stomach and enter the intestine. Squibb's Aspirin disintegrates instantly after reaching the stomach. It gives prompt relief. And it insures accurate dosage because the firmly compressed tablets do *not* crumble in the box or bottle.

The control number on every container of Squibb's Aspirin is proof of the utmost purity and safety which scientific tests can guarantee. Being a Squibb Product, Squibb's Aspirin is genuine. Ask for it by name. At all good drug stores.

PURE DEPENDABLE SAFE

THIS BOOK FREE

WINCHESTER
WORLD STANDARD
GUNS AND AMMUNITION

Get the Real Good of
SHOOTING HOLIDAYS

Shooting is forging ahead remarkably—the one major sport that keeps growing in new directions. New developments. New popular interest. New advantages. . . . Get the latest and most complete information on equipment. Brush up with a copy of this new 60-page Winchester book. Make the acquaintance of the new improved Winchester shotguns, rifles and ammunition that are doing so much to popularize shooting holidays.

The popular all-around .22 Winchester Model 62 Repeating Rifle
A sensational hit—new .410 Winchester Model 42 Repeating Shotgun

WINCHESTER
New and Popular
Models You'll Like

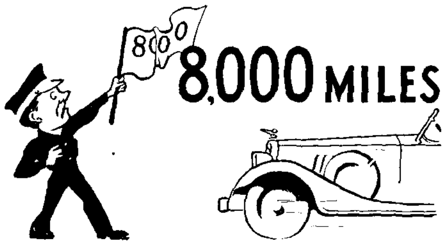
For inexpensive practice and sport—and an efficient hunting arm—either of the above Winchesters will give you exceptional service. Model 42 holds remarkable world's records at Skeet. Model 62 is a great favorite for the new game-target sport called Gofort. Other new hits—Model 63 Automatic, Model 54 .22 Hornet, with two sizzling-fast cartridges. Mail coupon today.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., Dept. 35-C
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Please mail your new Pocket Catalog FREE to:

NAME..

ADDRESS..



8,000 is an important number on your speedometer . . . if your engine is protected with a GENUINE Purolator Oil Filter.

It means the Purolator Reservoir is full of those grinding crank case settlings *that get in* the oil stream and, unless filtered out, cause costly repairs and replacements.

Your Purolator must be recartridged . . . and you should accept no substitute for a GENUINE Purolator cartridge.

If a service man says, "Here is a cartridge *that is cheaper and will last longer than Purolator,*" figure it for yourself. Which is the most effective filter? One that fills its chamber with destructive sludge in around 8,000 miles of driving? Or one that takes much longer to fill a chamber of equal size? Wouldn't you rather have this mass of grit, metal particles and hard *carbon in your filter reservoir than in your* lubricating oil?

That's why experienced motorists insist on a GENUINE Purolator Cartridge with its exclusive large area filter principle. That's why a majority of all filter protected models are equipped with GENUINE Purolators. And why you should *have your garage man reservice* your oil filter with a GENUINE Purolator Cartridge after every 8,000 miles of driving.

Motor Improvements, Inc., 365 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, New Jersey.

NRA

PUROLATOR
The Oil Filter on Your Motorcar
Licensed Under Sweetland Patents

(*Continued from page* 55)

that exquisite mystery whose portrait by an unknown artist has been the subject of so much dispute.

Deserted streets offered no obstacles to the chauffeur. The outskirts of London reached, the police car behind had great difficulty in keeping Sir Bertram's car in sight.

"I can't make this out at all," growled Gallaho. "Where the devil is she going?"

"I haven't been in this neighborhood for some time," snapped Nayland Smith. "But it brings back curious memories. It was in an ancient house in a sort of backwater near Sutton that I first met Sir Lionel Barton."

"The explorer?"

"Yes. He inherited a queer old place somewhere in this neighborhood. It was the scene of very strange happenings at the beginning of the Fu Manchu case. And . . . by heaven, as I live, that is just the direction we are heading now!"

In the leading car, the blind having been raised again, Madame Ingomar was giving instructions to the chauffeur. And presently, so guided, the car turned around into a darkly shadowed avenue which in summer must have been a veritable tunnel. At the end of it, through the temporary clearness of the night, one saw Rowan House, a long, squat building, hemmed in by trees and shrubs.

When presently Sir Bertram found himself in the entrance hall, he recognized the hand of the brilliant but eccentric explorer and archeologist who had been the former owner of Rowan House. The place was a miniature Assyrian hall, and the present occupant had not disturbed this scheme. Animal skins and one or two exotic rugs alone disturbed the expanse of polished floor; and in the openings hung curtains of some queerly figured material which resembled that represented in ancient wall paintings.

The exterior of the house, Sir Bertram had noted, presented an unpleasantly damp and clammy appearance, and now as he stood looking about him, but glancing from time to time at the Oriental servant who had opened the door, he became aware at once of a curious perfume. Almost like that of incense, yet having an overpowering quality about it which gave him the impression that Rowan House was not exactly a healthy abode.

Madame Ingomar was speaking rapidly to the butler who had admitted them, a squat Burman, dressed in white, and possessing an incredible width of shoulder. They spoke in a language which Sir Bertram did not understand.

THE room to which Madame Ingomar presently conducted Sir Bertram was astonishing in many respects.

"I will tell my father you are here," she said—and he found himself alone.

From the lacquer armchair in which he sat, Sir Bertram surveyed his surroundings. He saw a room Orientally elegant, having entrances closed with sliding doors. Two shaded lanterns swung from the ceiling, illuminating the room warmly, and a number of brightly colored cushions were strewn about the floor. There were tapestries in which red and gold ran riot, so that one lost the head of a dragon and failed to recover it again in endeavoring to trace his tail. Rich carpets and cushioned divans; a number of handsome cabinets containing fine pottery; a battalion of books in unfamiliar bindings arranged upon shelves which, conforming to the scheme of the room, were of dull red lacquer.

At the end remote from that where Sir Bertram sat, in a deep tiled hearth, a small chemical furnace threw its red glow into the room. There was a row of jars on a shelf just above this furnace, which contained preserved lizards, snakes and other small reptiles; there was a large table apparently of Italian workmanship, magnificently inlaid, upon which were some open faded volumes, and a number of scientific instruments. One of the lacquer doors slid noiselessly open and a man came in. Sir Bertram hesitated for a moment and then stood up.

The newcomer was a singularly tall Chinaman who wore a plain yellow robe which accentuated the gaunt lines of his figure. A black cap surmounted by a bead crowned his massive skull. Introductions were superfluous: Sir Bertram Morgan knew that he stood in the presence of the Marquis Chang Hu.

The man radiated authority. He was impressive to a degree exceeding Sir Bertram's experience. Perhaps the similarity of the profile of Madame Ingomar to that of the long-dead, beautiful Egyptian queen subconsciously prompted the image, but Sir Bertram thought, as others had thought before him, that the aged, ageless, majestic face of the man in the yellow robe resembled the face of the Pharaoh Seti I, whose power, unexercised for four thousand years, may still be felt by anyone who bends over the glass case in Cairo which contains that mighty king.

"YOU are welcome, Sir Bertram." The tall Chinaman advanced, bowing formally. "Please be seated. I honor my daughter for arranging this interview."

"It is a pleasure to me, too, sir."

Sir Bertram spoke sincerely. He was used to nobilities and to the offshoots of imperial trees, but this survivor of the royal Manchus was a prince indeed.

He wondered what he was doing in England. Knowing something of the situation in China, he wondered if the charming and promising adventure with Madame Ingomar had been no more than a lead-up to this; an attempt to enlist him in some hopeless campaign, financially to readjust the hopeless muddle which had taken the place of the once great Chinese Empire.

The Marquis Chang Hu stood behind the Italian table and Sir Bertram dropped back into his armchair. He had never heard a voice quite like that of Chang Hu. It was harsh, but imperious. He spoke perfect English. Long after this strange interview, Sir Bertram recognized that the impressiveness of the marquis' lightest words was due to one peculiarity:

Sir Bertram was old enough to have heard John Henry Newman speak; and in the diction of this majestic Chinaman he recognized, later, the unalloyed beauty of our language as the poet-cardinal had spoken it.

"It is not my wish, Sir Bertram," said his strange host, "to detain you any longer than is necessary."

Sir Bertram's chair was set very near to the big table, and Chang Hu, bending courteously across that glittering expanse, placed an ingot of metal on the table.

"You will have observed that I have some small facilities here. If you wish to make any tests, I shall be happy to assist you."

Sir Bertram glanced at the ingot, then looked up. He closed his eyes swiftly. He had met a glance unlike any he had ever known. The eyes of Madame Ingomar were fascinating, hypnotic; the eyes of the marquis, her father, held a power which was shattering.

Looking down again at the ingot before him:

"In the case of a man of my experience," he replied, "tests are unnecessary. This is pure gold."

(*To be continued next week*)

Pro and Connie

Continued from page 17

should not have any more dates with such a shiftless feller."

Mom said: "Supposing he does not win any money in this big game? Where will you be, wasting your time on a young man who cannot marry?"

Tearful, Connie tried to explain how it was.

"Ochie's got a *profession*. He'll be famous in it soon like Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen. They was just like Ochie once—poor boys trying to advance in their profession."

"Ach. Such a profession for a grown man. Knocking a little white ball around."

"It's for your own good, Connie."

That evening, Connie sneaked off on pretense she was going to choir practice at the Lutheran Church. She met Ochie on a drug-store corner.

"Listen, Ochie, the folks are awful sore on account you quit your job. Couldn't you of kept working half a day?"

OCHIE lighted half a cigarette and jingled a half dollar. He shook his head.

"Naw. It was stiffening the muscles in my back." Then, grinning, "I don't want you to get in any trouble on my account, kid. See you after the Open."

She grabbed Ochie's sleeve.

"That's three weeks off . . . I mean . . . I can get away. I got girl friends who will make it right with Daddy and Mom. Having dates with me . . . that won't hurt your profession, will it?"

Ochie reflected.

"Well, Diegel and Armour and Runyan are married. I never heard them say it put 'em off their game."

"Ochie! M-arried?"

He patted the top of her head.

"Sure. How'd you like to marry the Mid-West Open champeen and go to England?"

"Gee, Ochie. Even if you didn't win, I'd marry you!"

"Nope. Not a chance. Golf bumming ain't any life for a married woman. Besides, it'd start me to pressing. It's hard enough to shoot for cakes and coffee for one guy, let alone two."

Connie shivered.

"You'll win the Open, won't you?"

He looked her over carefully.

"You sure do inspire a guy," he said.

"Ochie! Honest? Would I really inspire you?"

Ochie nodded.

"They got quite a big telephone booth in this drug store," he said. "Let's make a call."

Well, Connie acted dumb again, but Ochie didn't high-hat her. He kissed her in the telephone booth and he said he was sure she would inspire him to win the Mid-West Open. Connie sure was happy, going home.

She had three more secret dates.

Then, one awful evening, Ochie was not at the appointed corner. A caddy boy was there instead and he had a note for Connie:

"Dear Insperation:

Well I guess I might as well tell the truth and shaim the Devil. I have got a tough break and lost my dough I was saveing for the open. I guess youre folks are right and I am not a good charackter and anyway you cannot inspir a golf pro that wont even be in the open. Am goeing away but I will come back as I play best in the rough and am like W. Hagen in this respect.

Your friend,
OSCAR (OCHIE) NOELSON,
Golf Professional."

Connie ran after the caddy boy.

"Where does Ochie live?" she demanded.

The boy told her. She hurried home, borrowed Daddy's car without permission and drove to the West End boarding house. There, a suspicious landlady finally agreed to summon Ochie to the front hall.

Ochie looked awful discouraged and ashamed of himself. They talked on the porch.

"It was Pete Denman, see? He lent me some dough when I was flat in Santa Barbara last winter. He hitch-hiked into town yesterday and hit me for the money. It was thirty-fi' bucks. I knew if I paid him I couldn't get to the Open and pay the entrance fee and all."

Connie was impatient.

"Wouldn't he wait just four more days until you could win the Open and pay him back?"

"Him? He wants a crack at that twenty-fi' hundred himself! So I agreed to play him eighteen holes over the Muny course for what I owed and all I had besides. It wouldn't of done me no good if I had to pay him thirty-fi' and that much wasn't enough to see Pete through. So it was him or me for the Open and he won."

Connie just couldn't stand it. A professional man, why he's got to take advantage of every chance to get famous and win a championship. She remembered her savings account in the Tower Grove Bank.

"How much will you need to get through the Open, Ochie?" she said.

"I don't borrow money off'n women," Ochie said.

She had to cry and threaten never to speak to him again and call him a yellow Swede quitter. That Swede crack did it.

"I'm Norwegian and you know it," he said. "I can get by with forty dollars. But if I win, half the dough has gotta be yours, see?"

Connie agreed to that and she and Ochie kissed and made up.

The money was no trick at all. Connie had $357.89 in her savings account. That would take care of Ochie and herself nicely. But getting away to Chicago for five days proved more of a problem. Connie's Aunt Mildred Heuhmkeiler lived in Chicago and an air mail letter brought a dutiful if not enthusiastic invitation. But Daddy objected.

"You go and Mom goes too and you do not see this feller once! I know these professionals. Ach! A man with a good trade or business is worth a thousand of such fellers. Mom goes too."

CONNIE did not argue. But one evening she took the night bus to Chicago. She did not go to Aunt Mildred's upon arrival. She went to the Y. W. C. A.

Ochie was certainly surprised to see her the next morning at the Country Club. Ochie looked kind of glad, too. He was standing among some eighty professionals and amateurs awaiting his turn to tee off. Ochie looked kind of little and thin and scared.

"Where did you come from?" he said.

"I come to watch you win, Ochie. Gee, it's a big crowd, ain't it." Then, with a nervous giggle, "You got a big hole in the heel of your right stocking."

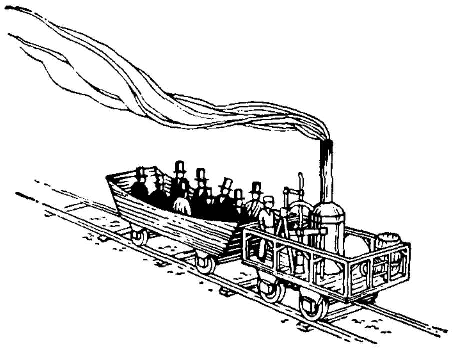
He looked at the hole.

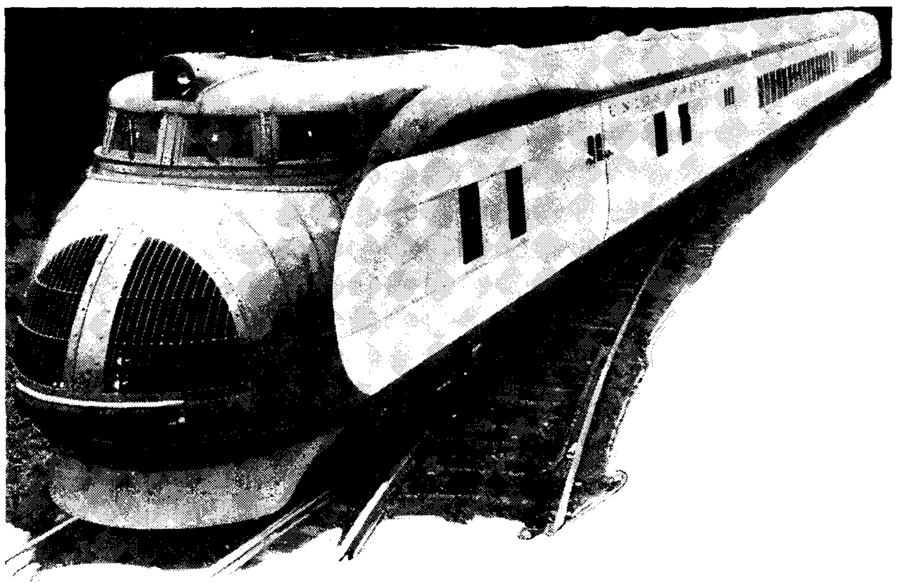
"Only pair I got," he said. "I'll have to buy me another pair in the golf shop."

Ochie looked kind of shabby and lonesome as he stood up there with another professional man to hit the ball. The

(Continued on page 58)

NEW WAYS
REPLACE
THE OLD
in





LIFE INSURANCE, TOO!

THERE IS A CURIOUS parallel between the startling new developments in railroading and a remarkable development in Life Insurance—"Planned Estates." Both mark a century of progress in their respective fields. Both are keyed accurately to the needs of today. "Planned Estates" is a new, free, professional advisory service which may greatly increase the effectiveness of your present policies—without the expenditure of a single extra dollar. It applies to all "estates" whether they are $1,000 or $1,000,000. And it helps to guarantee the exact fulfilment of your wishes for those you love. We do not believe that any thoughtful person can fail to be interested in this unusual development. Therefore we have prepared a little book which tells you all about it in detail. The book, like the service, is free—simply write for one.

The Home Life Representative is qualified by selection and training to render professional "Planned Estate" service, sponsored by this 74-year-old, purely mutual company.

HOME LIFE INSURANCE CO.
256 BROADWAY · · · · NEW YORK, N. Y.

ESTATE PLANNING DEPARTMENT,
Home Life Insurance Company,
256 Broadway, New York

As an owner of Life Insurance, I want to know more about "Planned Estates." Please send me your new book. (S)

*Name*________________________________

*Street Address*____________________*City*__________

PLANNED ESTATES

Miss BRIGHT WINS A RAISE

UGH! I NEVER SAW A FOUNTAIN PEN THAT WOULD WRITE WHEN I WANTED IT TO!
TRY SHAKING IT!
Next Day
WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY PEN MISS BRIGHT? IT NEVER WORKED SO WELL BEFORE!
MERELY FILLED IT WITH THAT MARVELOUS NEW INK THAT CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES.
FINE WORK! YOU GET A RAISE. WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS MIRACLE INK?
PARKER QUINK. THEY SAY IT CONTAINS A SECRET SOLVENT THAT DISSOLVES SEDIMENT LEFT BY ORDINARY INKS.

NO MORE CLOGGED UP PENS

Yes, it is true, Parker Qu*ink*—a new discovery in writing ink—is a miracle of chemistry—contains a rare solvent that makes it clean a pen as it writes. Your pen will start quickly—every time.

And Qu*ink* dries 31% faster because of its special affinity for paper, yet does NOT dry in a pen. Parker created Qu*ink* to guard their own pens—the famous Parker pens—from being charged with poor service, due to ordinary, pen-clogging inks. Yet no matter what pen you use, get a bottle of Qu*ink* from any store selling ink, and your pen will work like a charm.

20,000-Word Bottle FREE

The Parker Pen Co.,
Dept. 102, Janesville, Wis.
Send demonstration bottle of Qu*ink*—
☐ Permanent__________*Color*
☐ Washable___*Blue or*___*Black*
Name____________________
Address____________________

"I Deserved a Sour Stomach

But TUMS Kept My Stomach Sweet"

I ADMIT I was indiscreet at the party last night. I had far too much to eat, smoked too much. But I feel fine today. Not a hint of sour stomach. No acid indigestion, not a trace of heartburn. Here's the secret: After the dinner I ate three or four Tums—those delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Millions now use Tums. Only 10c, all drug stores.

Free Beautifully designed in gold and blue, 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also sample of **TUMS** —*Just send name and address enclosing stamp to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. EAA-6, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
STOMACH DISTRESS
10¢
HANDY TO CARRY

(Continued from page 57)

loud-speaker said: "Harry Byrnes, professional of Silver Creek Country Club, and Oscar Noelson, professional, unattached." Mr. Byrnes struck the ball first. It went awful far. Ochie got ready. His ears were red. Ochie swung at the ball. It did not go far. A big fat man with a badge on his coat said: "He topped it." There must have been a thousand people waiting around the tee. But none of them stepped out to follow Ochie and Mr. Byrnes.

Connie trotted after Ochie.

"Is it allowed for me to watch you, Ochie?"

She was awful embarrassed, being in front of that big crowd. But Ochie turned around and grinned at her awful sweet and serious. He said: "Sure, kid. You come right along." Mr. Byrnes said: "My wife would have been here, but she's got a new baby." Connie said: "Oooh, that's sweet. Is it a girl or a boy?" Mr. Byrnes, who was a sad, skinny man, said: "It's a girl, thank God. It won't grow up to be a pro."

IT WAS Ochie's first turn to hit the ball. Two young men were along to be judges. One was awful good-looking. Ochie's caddy was named Hathaway Jones. Wasn't that a funny name for a caddy? He was a tramp caddy and had caddied for Ochie in Colorado last summer.

Ochie hit the ball. Gee, but it went far. The caddy said: "Peaches. You'll get your four, anyway." Ochie didn't say anything. She knew Ochie was trying *to conquer his imagination.*

The other caddy's name was Steve. The good-looking judge had his name on his badge. It was J. T. McPherson. He was kind of bashful or stuck up and would not talk to anybody.

Ochie hit the ball off another tee. This time that ball sure went. It went right on to the green and rolled up near the flag. Byrnes did something he called "hooking" and pounded his driver on the ground. It did not break the driver. You could tell drivers were pretty strong. Connie made up her cheeks and her lips on account of the heat right after the fourth inning and Ochie saw her and grinned. Ochie still looked a little scared and worried. But Connie, why she just smiled awful encouraging and did not once think of losing. Not so it would show, anyway. Mom always did say Connie had a poker face.

Gee, but it was kind of scary and exciting at that. What if Ochie didn't win? What if he couldn't marry her? Daddy would be so mad he wouldn't let her come home or give her the job in the office back. Where would she be then? And Ochie looked kind of frail in front of the big crowds around every green, and sort of shabby. She felt sorry for Ochie. It was a mighty hard profession when you had to get out here in front of a lot of society people, and all of them snooty and against you, and hit *that tiny, little ball so far.*

Ochie hit the ball again, oooh, way up high in the air and it came down on a green near the flag. This time, the mean people actually had the grace to clap. It was pretty awful, though. You walked and walked and Ochie had to hit the ball so many times . . . not only this day, but the next. . . .

She didn't know whether she could be an inspiration to Ochie much farther. She had blisters on her heels and one had broken because she could feel the wet in her shoe, and her face had sunburned and her nose was peeling. But this afternoon it was different. Ochie had got awful important! Hundreds and hundreds of people were following him this afternoon. Ochie had showed them. He had done such good golf he was almost winning the big prize! . . . She hobbled up the slope of a hill, running to try to get ahead of the people so she could see. Ochie hadn't looked at her for minutes and minutes. His face had big wrinkles in it when he swung and he wiped it with a towel and wiped his hands, too. . . . Was this the main green? Was this where Ochie would win? She heard a man say: "Sarazen posted 138. Noelson needs a birdie."

She had meant to keep count of the times Ochie hit. But she lost track two innings ago, because the crowd was so thick at the green she could not see how many times Ochie had rolled the ball. Where was Ochie? *Oh . . . there* he was . . . he was going to hit the ball to make it land on the green.

She must not let Ochie see her. She knew she was looking too scared. If this was the main green and Ochie had to get a birdie . . . what was a birdie? . . . Was it one over Pa or one under Pa? What was Pa for this green? Oh, the wind was blowing and she couldn't see what number was on the flag. Ochie hit the ball. It went up in the air and bounced near the green and rolled and rolled. The crowd said "Ahhhhhhhh," like a doctor was asking it. Something had gone wrong. Was Ochie losing?

Wearily, achily, she forced herself up the slope ahead of the crowd. She got a place near the green just as Ochie and Mr. McFarlane, who was playing with him, came up the hill. She smiled right square at Ochie. She was his inspiration. She was thinking: "Oh, look at me, Ochie, and tell me it's all right. Is this the main green and are you going to win and what did you do wrong with the ball? Why did they say 'Ah'?" Oh, it was awful.

What if Ochie had lost? How could she go back home? She had spent most of her money and Ochie would be broke and . . . look at me, Ochie.

But Ochie didn't. He walked over to his ball. It lay a long way from the hole. The crowd was so thick that Connie was pushed onto the green. She felt her fingernails cutting the palms of her hands. Why didn't Ochie roll the ball in? Oh—it wasn't his turn. Mr. McFarlane had to roll first.

A swell-dressed woman near Connie said: "If he makes this putt he wins. Oh, why doesn't he *putt?*"

WHO was gonna win? Did she mean if Mr. McFarlane did the putt, he would win? Connie glanced toward the woman. Gee—oh, gee! She had on a big, floppy hat . . . just the kind. . . .

Ochie! Had he rolled his ball? Oh, gee, here he was. He was smiling!

"Didja win, Ochie?" she heard herself saying.

Ochie's chuckle came over the green, right through a ripple of laughter from the gallery.

"No," Ochie said, "not yet. But I will as soon as I slap this putt down."

He walked right over to the ball and squinted a second and rolled the ball straight into the cup.

"I did inspire you, didn't I, Ochie?"

"I'll say you did. I felt terrible on that No. 18 green. Then I looked around where you was at and, damn, if you wasn't staring at some woman's hat. That gave me a big kick and I says to myself, '*She* ain't worried. She's got more to lose than you have and *she* ain't worried.' So I relaxed and knocked the putt down."

Connie shivered.

"We going to England, Ochie?"

Ochie shook his head.

"I dunno. I been offered the job as pro at Lawndale. I been talking to Runyan and he says I better take it."

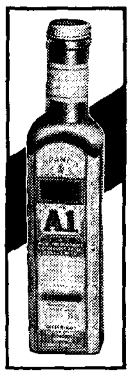
Mrs. Golf Professional Noelson smiled wisely.

"You better listen to Runyan, Ochie. He's a short hitter but he shoots a straight iron that's awful accurate."

25 People *want to* DINE *out with him!*

THE SECRET? He's a past master at the delicate business of ordering a well appointed dinner. And he's envied by every one of his friends.

And right here we think we'd better tell you that one of his little tricks is the consistent use of A. 1. Sauce . . . Just a dash of A. 1. Sauce brings out *all the natural,* tangy flavor of juicy meats and carefully blended soups. A slight sprinkling of A. 1. Sauce multiplies the true goodness of fine cheese. Blended with salad dressing it makes the most prosaic salad stand out with distinctive taste sensation.



If waiters, as a matter of course, do not place A. 1. Sauce before you, ask for it! Turn "just eating" into a royal ritual.

FREE: Ask the Mrs. to send for trial bottle. She'll use A. 1. for dozens of home dishes.

A.1 SAUCE
AN EXTRA DASH . . . OF FLAVOR

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD CONN.

FREE: New ideas in canapes and cocktails New 18 page book tells how to make many new and delicious cocktails and canapes, how to stock the pantry for impromptu occasions. Gives 45 brand new recipes. Profusely illustrated. SEND NOW FOR YOUR **FREE** COPY. Just address:
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Newman of Ohio

They Are Building

A REAL BUSINESS

MEET Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Newman who are building a profitable subscription business. You, also, may establish a full-time business or enjoy an extra income. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may earn as much as $1.00 or more an hour. For free money-making supplies, *write now!* There is no obligation.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-76
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please show me how I can build a profitable business.
Name...
Address...
Town...
State...

U.S.S.R.
A NEW
VACATION LAND

VACATIONERS abroad are looking to the Soviet Union to supply the thrills of travel lacking in the beaten-track countries. The inducement to visit the U.S.S.R. is enhanced by the fact that travel dollars have undergone no deflation there. Intourist rates existing before the dollar went off gold have been retained *in dollars* for 1934. All-inclusive travel service is offered at $15 per day First Class; $8 per day Tourist Class and $5 per day Special Class. These include: Soviet visas, meals, hotels, guide interpreters, sightseeing, boat, train and motor transportation on tour in the U.S.S.R. Over a hundred special groups are planned if you want to join . . . or go it alone. All travel agents have rates, schedules and itineraries.

Write for Booklet CL-5 . . . . a swing around a sixth of the globe.

INTOURIST INC.

U.S. Representative of the Travel Company of the U.S.S.R., 545 Fifth Avenue, New York. Offices in Chicago and Boston, Or See Your Own Travel Agent.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

WEST

Let Northern Pacific help you plan a most pleasurable journey on the famous

NORTH COAST LIMITED
With air-cooled and air-cleaned observation-club and dining cars for summer.

Western travel costs are lowest in years. Tell us where you wish to go. We'll send you literature and quote fares from your home. No obligation. Mail the coupon or write us a card.

E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Mgr.
665 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Pacific Northwest . . . Yellowstone Park . . . Dude Ranches . . . California . . . Alaska

I am interested in a trip to

....

and wish to include ....

Name ....

Address ....

842

Jungle Trails

Continued from page 22

But this pangolin was a gourmet. Perhaps he objected to lapping up bits of dirt with his dinner. At any rate, he didn't start eating. He walked up to that moving column of ants, watched it a moment, then calmly lay down across it!

The ants never paused. Mr. Pangolin apparently was just another obstacle to be crossed, and they started crossing. But now the pangolin slyly opened his scales and left them open. This meant that the ants had the feel of flesh under their tiny feet and instinct told them to start biting the enemy that lay in their path. Thousands of ants swarmed over that pangolin. They gathered under every scale on his body to pinch and bite away at his tough hide.

The business moved along very nicely for a time—until the pangolin decided he had enough ants under his scales. Then he closed them tightly, and with what looked like a smile of satisfaction on his long snout, calmly arose. He had his dinner now—*under his scales*—the question was, how would he eat it?

It didn't take the animal long to decide that. I suppose he had eaten many delicious dinners in the same way. There was a little water hole on one side of the trail—rain water that had collected in a swampy hollow—and the pangolin walked over to it, waded in, and lay down.

Then he opened his scales. The ants caught beneath them floated to the top of the water in a mass. And Mr. Pangolin, opening his mouth and putting out his sticky tongue, devoured a nice, water-washed dinner. It was very convenient for that pangolin—but was tough on the ants.

Hornbills at Home

Ali and I stepped over the still-moving army of ants and continued up the trail. Patches of yellow sunlight fell through the jungle leaves overhead and splashed on the damp ground. We had gone about a quarter of a mile when I heard what sounded like a sharp hammering on cement. It came from a little to the left and above. We stopped and looked up. I knew the sound, and I wanted to get a glimpse of those hornbills.

They were about thirty feet up on the side of an immense jungle tree. Mr. Hornbill was perched on a limb, clasping it with his claw-like feet, and with his wide, huge beak he was hammering at what looked like cement—and was almost as hard—in the side of the tree. I heard other sounds from inside the tree itself, and I knew that the gentleman's wife was helping him tear down that wall of hardened mud from within.

"Little hornbill also inside," said Ali.

There was, of course. Hornbills—large birds, almost as big as eagles—breed very strangely. A pair will fly about together until they find a hollow tree. It has to be a pretty big hollow, and even this doesn't satisfy them for a home. They go in together and clean it out, peck away every bit of decayed wood with their strong bills, and drop the pieces outside. They then build a nest, a solid but soft nest of leaves and moss.

When this is done the female hornbill goes in and sits. Life becomes pretty easy for her from then on, and mighty tough on the old man. Because Papa Hornbill works like a beaver to protect his family—or maybe it's just that he doesn't trust his lady. At any rate, he makes countless journeys to the nearest swamp, or creek, brings damp sticky clay, a mouthful at a time, and literally seals up his wife on her nest!

He leaves a hole just big enough for the female's beak to come out, and then sets himself to work to feed that beak. This is no easy job. It takes a lot of frogs and mice and jungle fruit to satisfy the appetite of a lady hornbill, and the old man has to eat sometimes himself. And all this to hatch out that single egg the female has laid.

Even when it's hatched the work isn't over. By this time the clay wall has hardened so that it is almost as solid as one of brick. This was the sound Ali and I had heard—the hornbills tearing down the wall so their squab could see the world.

We stood and looked up at them working. Presently I glimpsed a small fluffy head with a grotesquely large beak on it. Bright little black eyes peered out over the rim of the mud wall and blinked in the sunlight.

"There's the baby!" I whispered to Ali.

My voice must have carried, for Mamma Hornbill jerked her young hopeful back into the tree, and Papa set up a loud and furious chattering.

"Come on," I said to Ali. "Those birds are going to have trouble enough without thinking that we are a danger."

It was a lovely family picture, but I knew that before the parent hornbills had finished giving their squab his hunting lessons—before he learned to catch frogs and mice for himself, the chances were about ten to one that some bigger animal was going to eat the bird that ate the frogs.

I think Ali enjoyed that first jungle walk almost as much as I did. At any rate, he never again indicated even by a look that I was *gila*. He was always ready and at my side after that when Sunday morning came around.

I remember one stroll we took my last trip out. It ended with a whirlwind battle, but it began as calmly as a Sunday should. Monkeys chattered, birds sang, and the sunlight fell in leafy patterns on deep and vivid greens.

Ali and I had just started when we heard what is probably the loveliest of all jungle sounds. The newcomer to the Far East is always amazed by the constant noise in the great forests. There is almost never a silence. A steady chattering and gibbering of birds and monkeys can always be heard. And these sounds are shrill and harsh, beating on the ears with steady monotony.

On the Level

What we heard now was a lovely sound. There are only two sweet calls in the jungle—one is the voice of the gibbon ape, and the other the bird note Ali and I had just heard, the call of the argus pheasant. Very few white people have seen an argus pheasant in its wild state, but most of the rubber planters and others living near the jungle have heard its beautiful, whistling call just at daybreak and dusk. Around Mt. Opir and other upland districts of Malaya these birds call across to one another from hill to hill, and the beautiful sound can be heard a mile away across the cleared places.

These pheasants are almost as beautiful as their call. They are large birds, colored in lovely soft browns—light and dark with streaks of buff. Each feather on the wing primaries has a long series of dark brown "eyes"— and when the bird struts, with his tremendous wings spread and his two seven-foot-long tail

(Continued on page 60)

WORN PISTON RINGS*
CAUSE
EXCESSIVE OIL CONSUMPTION
LOSS OF SPEED AND POWER
EXCESSIVE VIBRATION

Your car may have
*W.P.R.
without your knowing it

HASTINGS
FREE
COMPRESSION
TEST

..ask Your garageman to have DETECTIVE HASTINGS

Give Your Motor the HASTINGS FREE COMPRESSION TEST today

OVER 20,000 REPAIR SHOPS NOW OFFER THIS FREE SERVICE!

HASTINGS PISTON RINGS
FOR FINEST ENGINE PERFORMANCE

HASTINGS
FREE
COMPRESSION
TEST
STATION
PISTON RINGS

HASTINGS MFG. CO.
371 E. Mill St., Hastings, Mich.

Send me free folder and details of the Hastings Free Compression Test.

☐ Check for name of nearest Hastings Free Compression Test Station.

☐ Check if you operate a repair shop and want to get a Hastings Compression Tester Free!

(Use margin of page for your name and address)

I AM THE
Conklin
NOZAC
WORD GAUGE

7-M
6-M
5-M
4-M
3-M
2-M
1-M

EVERYONE who sees it wants a Conklin Nozac (no rubber sack) with the Word Gauge—it's so modern. Just a glance at the gauge tells the writer about how many words he has written and how many he can write without refilling.

THIS sackless pen is filled by positive mechanical action—it "winds like a watch". The ink supply is always visible. Two models . . . No. 59 writes 7034 words, or 9½ hours with one filling. Price $7.50. No. M39 writes 5130 words, or 6 hours with one filling. Price $5.00. Made of non-breakable materials in modern color combinations. If your dealer can't supply you write

Other Conklin pens $2.75 to $10.00. The Conklin Endura, outstanding among conventional rubber sack pens, $5.00 and $7.00. Pencils $1.00 to $5.00.

THE
CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

Chicago San Francisco

Conklin
NOZAC
Satisfaction Guaranteed
PENS · PENCILS · SETS

Pat. Applied For

KEEN

- Keen as a hunting dog when first he sniffs the trail—keen as a girl in the early flush of her womanhood—so keen is this wonderful razor by Rolls of London.
- Made of the finest British Sheffield steel, superb in its temper, its alignment, its utter simplicity, the Rolls Razor is to our best knowledge the finest, keenest shaving instrument ever invented.
- With proper care its single hollow-ground blade will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.
- Every genuine Rolls Razor bears a number registered in New York and London. Insist on seeing the number before you buy.

Illustrated folder on request from Dept. 519,
Lee & Schiffer, Inc.
Sole U. S. Distributors, 305 East 45th Street, N. Y.

ROLLS RAZOR
WITH A LIFE-TIME BLADE

Rock Island

IT'S A SUMMER OF TRAVEL BARGAINS
Chicago World's Fair
THEN...
COLORADO

Beginning June 1,
round trip fares from
Chicago reduced to

$27.50 In Coaches, every Saturday and Sunday 16-day limit
$34.20 In Standard Sleepers Daily—16-day limit
$41.00 In Standard Sleepers Daily—Limited Oct. 31

Sleeping-car charges one-third off
One way fares also greatly reduced

Fast direct through service from Chicago to both Colorado Springs and Denver. Go one way—return the other—no extra cost. Save time—see more.

1934 *is* NATIONAL PARK YEAR *GO*

Air-conditioned equipment

Travel in comfort and ship your car—costs less than driving.

Delightful all-expense tours—lowest ever offered.

ROCK ISLAND

Mail This Coupon 1541

L. M. ALLEN, Pass'r Traf. Mgr., Rock Island Lines, 739 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me literature on ☐ Colorado ☐ All-expense tours. Check booklets desired.

Name.................................
Address..............................

(Continued from page 59)

feathers stretched out like a pair of scissors, he is a gorgeous sight.

As I said, very few white people have seen these birds. They are very shy, keep close to the ground, and take alarm at the slightest sound. I touched Ali's arm.

"Ali," I said, "that was an argus pheasant. There may be a 'strutting ground' near here, and I'd like to have a look."

"Sound come from left, Tuan," said Ali.

We left the trail and moved as silently as we could through the undergrowth. If I could see an argus pheasant actually strutting on a "strutting ground" I would have seen a sight few white men have ever gazed upon.

In breeding season all male birds more or less strut before their females. Roosters, turkeys and peacocks carry out the idea more than tree birds, but the argus pheasant makes a definite ceremony of his parade.

In the first place, he is very particular as to the parade ground he selects to exhibit his finery. He finds a level stretch of jungle turf, and then proceeds carefully to clear it. And clear it he does—of every blade of grass and twig and weed! Not satisfied with this, he levels out every minute bump and bulge of earth, scratches it down, and even goes to the extent of rolling stones and pebbles to one side.

With his beak he pulls out the grass. With his feet he kicks the twigs off his floor. And on the larger stalks and weeds he actually uses his long neck! He winds his strong throat about some particularly stubborn weed and literally uproots it, later carrying it to one side. When he has finished he has leveled and cleared a stretch of ground twelve or fifteen feet square until it is as smooth as a billiard table!

And then he struts! His mate sits admiringly on one edge of his little clearing while he does a dignified cake walk, his gorgeous wings spread, his immense tail feathers held high and proudly.

The Parade Ends

I had always wanted to see one of these argus pheasant parades, and I led Ali silently through the jungle toward the sound of that lovely note. We came to the place presently, crawling on hands and knees at a snail's pace so as not to rustle a leaf or break a twig, for the slightest sound would have disturbed the birds.

Through a fringe of leaves I saw an open space, bare as a rolled field. Just across from me the brown female was squatting, admiring dark eyes on her mate.

He was working steadily. Apparently the ground, smooth as it was, didn't quite suit him. He was still at it, and I saw the danger too late to let out a cry to warn him.

In the center of the "strutting ground" was a slim bamboo stick. The *sakai* of the jungle like nothing better than argus pheasant for their pot. I knew the moment I saw it that this bamboo stick was a trap. But the argus pheasant didn't know it, and already his neck was wrapped tightly around it to pull it out of the ground.

I let out a cry—but it was too late. The female pheasant flushed and whirred away at the sound, but that argus male had given a pull at the bamboo stick. And with that pull he cut *his own throat!*

For that bamboo stick, set there by a native, was cleverly sharpened to razor temper on two edges! The pheasant had cut his own throat in attempting to show off to advantage before his love. And tonight he would be in some *sakai* pot over a jungle fire in the nearest *kompong*.

"Too bad," Ali said softly. "Tuan hoped to see parade."

We went back to the trail and continued our walk. If another wild creature didn't get these animals and birds in their beautiful home, apparently the animal called "man" did.

"Now coming to *sungai*," said Ali presently, and we came out on the bank of a large tidal river.

It was a lovely stretch of water, smooth and clear, and playing about near the surface I saw several large *ikan anjing*, a kind of dogfish found in Malayan waters. These *ikan anjing* come up from the sea to feed and breed in the shallow, brackish water of the tidal rivers. They are a large fish, not particularly good for food, although the natives eat them when more palatable fish are scarce.

Death of a Killer

Here, I thought, at any rate is a creature that is safe. Maybe not in the sea, but in this river they are the largest fish, and there is nothing that can harm them.

And then suddenly I saw a swift shadow moving across the water. Looking up, I saw an immense eagle gliding silently across the cloudless sky over the river.

At Sabang once, in northern Sumatra, I had seen two of these great eagles fight in the air—literally tear each other to pieces over a blue bay. They are about the size of an American bald eagle, with a smaller head but a sharper beak and more powerful talons. They eat squirrels and rats, and even monkeys—*any small animal* they can fly off with. They are as clever at catching fish as our own American fish hawk. In the East they are the fiercest of all birds that fly—the true rulers of the air.

I saw then that my *ikan anjing* weren't as safe as I had thought. This eagle was out hunting, and from his height he could see those shadowy fish moving just under the surface of the water.

All at once he folded his wings and dropped like a stone. Straight down he came, swift as a bullet. He spread his wings just as his feet hit the water. But his cruel, hook-like talons went far enough under the surface to fasten themselves into the back of one of those big *ikan anjing*.

I mentally said goodby to the fish. I expected the eagle to rise and fly swiftly away with his prey.

But this eagle had made a slight mistake. He beat his wings and attempted to fly. But something held him down. His long wings churned the river water to a white foam, but still he did not rise. He stayed there fighting on the river, and I held my breath as I saw him moving slowly toward the center of the stream and deep water.

I saw then what was wrong. He had dropped down out of the skies and fastened his talons in a fish a *little* too big for him. And in his eagerness for food, and his savage cruelty of attack, he had sunk those long claws of his so deeply into the fish's back that he couldn't let go!

And now he was being pulled into deep water by a fish fighting as grimly and desperately for its life as the eagle was for his!

With a final scream, and a last frantic beating of wings, that eagle—the ruler of the skies—disappeared beneath the surface and into the depths of the river. No rival in the air, he had met his master in his intended prey, and had gone to his death where birds seldom go in this grim struggle for jungle existence.

Which just goes to show that you never can tell what will happen in this fantastic jungle House-that-Jack-Built!

Medically Safe!

CORNS

Quick, Sure Relief!

Here you see the scientific principle on which Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads act. These soothing, healing, protective pads instantly relieve pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes by *removing the cause*—nagging shoe pressure on the nerves and irritated tissues. Result—grateful, restful comfort; protection against blisters, sore toes and abrasions; ease in new or tight shoes.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

If you have corns or callouses, they will quickly loosen for easy, safe, painless removal. Separate *Medicated Disks* are included for that purpose in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. If you cut your corns or callouses, you risk blood-poisoning. If you use caustic liquids or plasters, you don't get at the cause and expose the skin to acid burn. Don't experiment. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be safe and sure. Get a box at your dealer's today.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, 124 West Schiller St., Chicago.

Clip the Coupon for
EXTRA INCOME!

YOU can increase your income by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Both men and women are eligible. *Write now!*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-77
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can earn extra income.

Name..................................
Address...............................
Town..................................
State.................................

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 21

growled Kellerman. "I was about to send a couple of lads out looking for you."

"What's on your mind?" laughed Kernochan.

"It isn't what's on mine; it's what's in yours. You know something, Kernie, and I think it's time you came through."

"Just have patience," chuckled Kernochan. "Papa will tell his little boy all at the right time."

"Your idea of time doesn't agree with mine," grumbled Kellerman. "I feel I'm being made a boob."

"Not by me. Nature attended to that," derided Kernochan. "Did Johnson's wife have anything to say?"

"Certainly not," said Kellerman. "People never have anything to say in places like this. They just don't know anything. I've been grilling her about her husband, and she doesn't know anything except that she's just discovered he was robbing Mrs. Ames and that he was a chaser. Nothing else."

"She doesn't happen to be handy right now, does she?" asked Kernochan.

"You want to speak to her? You can come right down here and talk to her in front of me."

"You ask her for me," said Kernochan. "Ask her if she bought a key on the eleventh of May. Tell her I want to know."

"A key? What sort of a key?" demanded Kellerman.

"Just ask her the question," evaded Kernochan.

"Hold the wire," said Kellerman.

Kernochan waited a moment. From the corner of his eye he watched Rose Ames. A few minutes ago he had been certain that she had been deeply involved in the murder of her husband. Now he was doubtful. Kellerman's voice came to him.

"I've asked the question. But if you want the answer, boy, you come right down here and get it."

"Oh, stubborn, eh? All right, Kell, I'll be down in a little while."

He hung up and looked at Mrs. Ames.

"Did Lizzie buy the key?" she asked.

"My friend Kellerman wouldn't tell me what she said. But I gather that Lizzie bought the key."

"I can't believe it. I can't believe that Lizzie was involved in anything that was wrong," protested the girl.

Kernochan asked permission to light a cigarette. Through a cloud of smoke he looked at her. Then:

"Was Gerry Dempster in love with you?"

OVER her lovely face spread a wave of color.

"That isn't fair," she said.

"Fair? What do you mean by *fair?* You want me to find out what I can about the death of your husband, and you act like a schoolgirl that's given a boy a kiss for his fraternity badge. You profess to be anxious to find out the truth. Yet when I ask you a question that may have a bearing on the truth, you don't want to reply. Was Dempster in love with you?"

"But he was a silly boy. Suppose he imagined that he cared for me? When men blurt out their infatuation of the moment, is it fair to take them seriously?"

"Then he did tell you that he cared for you?" persisted Kernochan.

She moved uneasily.

"You make me feel so—cheap. As though I'd had an affair, done something of which I ought to be ashamed. But I didn't. Gerry was sweet to me, liked to dance with me. I never paid any attention to him until I began to think that he was interested in me. Then I avoided him as much as I could. I've known Gerry all my life, and I'm fond of him. But not that way. And he knew that I was avoiding him. So one evening, right on a dance floor, with sixty people in the room, he told me—well, it doesn't matter what he said. But I scolded him and told him that he mustn't ever speak to me like that again. He'd been drinking—in fact, from what I saw and heard, I gathered that Gerry had been drinking a great deal of late. Anyway, I didn't see him again."

"When did he tell you that he loved you?"

"Some time before John died. A week or two, I think it was. But what has he to do with this affair?"

"Lizzie tells us that her husband admitted a man to this house that afternoon," replied Kernochan.

A SMOTHERED sound escaped her lips. "You don't think that Gerry—Mr. Kernochan, just because—"

"I'm investigating this affair," he interrupted. "I don't know what I think."

"But not Gerry. You mean that it's in your mind that he came in here—"

"It was in my mind that you knew he came in here," he said brutally.

"And it's still in your mind?" she asked.

"You didn't buy that key."

"And if I had bought it?" she asked.

"Then I would have said to you, Mrs. Ames, that you had bought the key to substitute it in the bathroom door. I would have told you that you had conspired to let your lover into your husband's room."

"You really would have thought that of me?"

He looked at her. Viciously he ground the stub of his cigarette in an ash tray.

"I would have thought that," he replied.

"And, having built up a case against me, you would have persuaded some paper to print your story? That was what you told me you would do."

"What do you care what I would have done?"

"Would you have done it?" she persisted.

He rose to his feet and almost glared at her.

"You know perfectly well I wouldn't have done it," he cried.

"Of course I do, but I wanted to hear you say so," she smiled.

"Another victim?" he sneered.

"Just my cheap vanity. Is that what you think?"

"What else would I think?"

"You might think some good of me," she told him.

"Does it make any difference to you what I think?"

"We always like our friends to think well of us."

"I'm not a friend of yours. I'm an employee, hired to do a certain thing. Provided I do it, I can't see that my feeling toward you matters in the slightest."

She hid a smile.

"I don't suppose it does," she said.

"It doesn't," he said angrily. He walked abruptly to the door. "Kellerman's waiting for me," he said.

She didn't bother to conceal her smile now.

"Then you'd better go," she said.

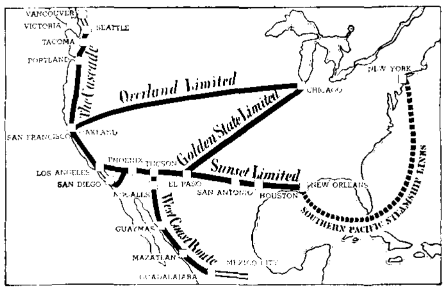
He went through the door without further word.

(Continued on page 62)

Which ticket to
CALIFORNIA
would *you* buy?

HERE are two summer roundtrip tickets to California. Both cost the same. One takes you to Los Angeles and back on the same route. The other takes you to Los Angeles on our Sunset Limited via New Orleans and the picturesque Old South, then up the coast to San Francisco and the Pacific Northwest and back across the continent on a northern line. The first ticket shows you one narrow strip of the West. The second shows you the whole Pacific Coast and an entirely different part of the West each way. Both tickets cost the same (from most eastern points). Which one would you buy?

For many years we have urged travelers to take advantage of the liberal routing privileges on summer roundtrip tickets to California. Many thousands of people have taken our advice and thanked us for it. This summer, with lower rail and Pullman fares, let's see what a Southern Pacific trip to California costs, what you get for the money and how much time it takes.



This little map shows the routes of our four leading trains. As you can readily see, they approach California through four entirely different parts of the West. By coming to California on one of these trains and returning on another, you make a roundtrip that is really *round*. Yet the rail fare is not one cent more, from most eastern cities, than for a ticket straight there and back.

These four trains—Sunset Limited, Overland Limited, Cascade and Golden State Limited—will carry air-conditioned cars this summer!

TIME? MONEY?

Even if your vacation time is limited to two weeks, you can spend a good part of it in California. From Chicago, for example, you can make the trip to California and back on our Golden State Limited or Overland Limited and have eleven days of your two weeks actually *in* California. An accurate survey shows that you can spend these eleven days in California for as little as $68, including all expenses.

Summer roundtrip fares to California, lower than last year, will be in effect from May 15 to October 15, with a return limit of October 31. The roundtrip fare from Chicago will be $86, from New Orleans $85.15, with similar rates from all eastern cities. There will be even lower fares for travel in coaches and reclining chair cars ($57.35 roundtrip from Chicago) and in tourist sleeping cars ($68.80 roundtrip from Chicago, plus $8.50 for a tourist lower berth each way). Pullman charges have been cut from every city in the United States to California. (A standard lower berth from Chicago costs only $15.75, now compared with $23.63 last year.)

Our dining cars serve the finest food the West produces (and that's no idle boast) at very reasonable prices. Complete luncheons and dinners range from 80 cents to $1.25. Club breakfasts begin at 50 cents.

WE KNOW THE WEST

Though we have more miles of track than any other railroad in the country, every mile of it is west of the Mississippi. We are a western railroad. Our men *know* the West and can be of great assistance in helping you to know it, too. Some of the western sights you'll want to see are close to our tracks. Others are side trips off the main line. Here are a few of the West's "best sellers" reached by Southern Pacific:

Carlsbad Caverns are a short side trip by motor coach from El Paso on the routes of our Sunset Limited and Golden State Limited. (Your summer roundtrip ticket permits you to stopover anywhere.) *Crater Lake* is reached by motor coach from Klamath Falls on our Cascade Line or Medford on the Siskiyou Line. *Great Salt Lake* is right under the tracks of our Overland Limited. You cross it on the famous Lucin Causeway, one of the world's most daring feats in railroad construction. *Yosemite* is an overnight train trip from Los Angeles or San Francisco. *Big Trees* exist in many parts of California. You can see giant Redwoods on the Redwood Empire Tour, which any railroad agent will include in your roundtrip ticket for only a few dollars more.

MAIL THE COUPON

O. P. BARTLETT, Dept. H-5, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Send me information on a trip to ____________ I plan to leave about ____________ and will have ______ persons in my party. ☐ Check here for information about the new low rates that permit two train passengers to take an automobile for 3.6 cents a mile additional.

Name ____________ Address ____________ City ____________

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

To PARENTS

who want to give
their child a better
start in life

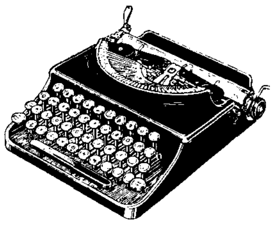
EDUCATORS have proved that *a typewriter will improve general schoolwork as much as 17%!* Progress in reading, spelling and composition is especially speeded up. Read for yourself the startling results of a scientific educational two year test with 14,000 elementary grade school children. Your name on the coupon brings you free a 24-page digest of the test, illustrated with actual classroom pictures.

Genuine Remington

as little as

10¢

a day



Every one can afford a Remington! Just 10¢ a day buys the latest regulation model with standard keyboard. Handy carrying case included. Try it in your home free. Don't delay! Mail coupon now.

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 3203, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send (without obligation) the 24-page digest of report on the typewriter's effect on the school child. Also tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable Typewriter for only 10¢ a day.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 540-HA, Chicago

The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

POOR COMPLEXIONS

Clogged pores, pimples improved in a few days by Resinol Soap and the effective medication of

Resinol

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Publications. Write to:

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

$ $ $ $

(Continued from page 61)

He hailed a taxi and gave the address of police headquarters. Arriving there, he was admitted at once to an office where Kellerman waited for him.

"Well, well, so the sleuth reporter honors us with a visit," said Kellerman. "Kernie, I want to know everything that you know."

"The baby brain wouldn't contain it," jeered Kernochan.

"We'll see if it won't stretch," said Kellerman grimly. "You start talking, Kernie."

"And if I don't? Are you really thinking you can bluff me, Kell? You ought to know better. Now you be a good little boy and tell everything to me. It's about time you were promoted. Play with me and they'll be calling you Inspector."

"I'll be satisfied if they keep on calling me Lieutenant. Kernie, can't you tell me what you've got, if you have anything? I'll not blow it. You can keep it for whatever paper you want to give it to. Come clean."

"There's nothing to come clean about," said Kernochan. "I have a lot of vague ideas, but that's all they are—vague. I can't make head or tail of them and neither could you. Did Lizzie buy that key?"

"I ought to throw you out of here on your neck, but I always play your way. Yes, she bought the key."

"Why did she buy it?" asked Kernochan.

"Her husband was busy. Simply told her that he wanted her to get it and she did. Now, Kernie, what does it mean? You know, we examined that key and thought nothing of its being shiny and new. Remember, we talked about it at the Brevoort?"

"I remember," said Kernochan.

"Is this Johnson mixed up in the Ames matter? That's what you're working on, so don't stall."

"I don't know. When I do, you'll hear about it, just exactly as I've promised you. Got anywhere on his death?"

"Maybe," said Kellerman. "But I don't know why I should give you anything."

"You want to be an inspector, don't you?"

"When were you made commissioner of police?" retorted Kellerman. "You share with me and I'll share with you."

"Have you really got anything?"

"Something. Cullen talked a little."

"You mean the man that clerked in Johnson's hardware shop? What did he say?"

"SPILL your stuff first," said Kellerman.

"Okay. Johnson let a man into the Ames house the afternoon of the murder. Mrs. Ames didn't know that until today, when her maid, Johnson's wife, told us about it. She said her husband told her not to mention it, because it might get Mrs. Ames in trouble. I told Lizzie not to tell you. Now don't get sore at her. She's loyal to her mistress."

"Seems to me that you are, too," said Kellerman. "I thought you were the man who believed she killed her husband."

"I was," said Kernochan. "But I don't believe that any longer. Now, what are you giving me in return? What did Cullen say?"

"We sweated him this noon. He says that his boss had some sort of a row over the phone yesterday with some one named Dempsey."

"What was the row about?" asked Kernochan.

"Cullen doesn't know. He hated to give up that much. He doesn't know this Dempsey person. He just knows that Johnson was giving Dempsey hell over the phone. Cullen never saw Dempsey and swears he never heard of him. Now—does that mean anything?"

"It may mean a lot," replied Kernochan. "I'll be seeing you. Don't bawl Lizzie out because she was faithful to Mrs. Ames."

"Sure," jeered Kellerman, "I'll be sweet to her, just like a cop ought to be to a witness that withholds material evidence. Want to see her?"

Kernochan shook his head.

"You'll be hearing from me," he told Kellerman.

FROM *a booth on Center Street* he telephoned Rose Ames.

"Do you happen to know any friends Gerry Dempster has in Boston?"

"In Boston? No, why?"

"Because he's gone over there on business and I'd like to see him," said Kernochan.

"Gone away? He was in town thirty minutes ago. Just after you left here he telephoned me. He was incoherent, almost, as though he'd been drinking. He wanted to see me and I told him that of course I wouldn't let him. I telephoned you at your apartment, leaving word for you to phone me. Are you in your rooms now?"

"Just left Kellerman. You don't know if it was a long-distance call, do you?"

"I don't think it was," she replied. "Tell me—you can't really believe that Gerry—"

"I'll let you know later what I believe," he said. He hung up and stood for a moment in the booth, undecided what to do.

Cullen had told Kellerman of a man named Dempsey with whom Johnson had quarreled, but Dempster might have been the name of the person to whom Cullen's employer talked. He took a taxi once again to Dempster's apartment.

"I'll see if Mr. Dempster is in," said the same servant who earlier today had told Kernochan that his master was in Boston. "It seems Mr. Dempster didn't go away. What name, sir?"

Kernochan gave his name and a moment later young Dempster came into the living-room of his apartment. He was, Kernochan realized, in a condition bordering on breakdown.

"Mr. Kernochan? What do you want with me?"

"A man named Johnson was killed last night," said Kernochan.

Dempster's haggard face paled.

"Well, what about it? What's that to me?"

"You don't know him?" asked Kernochan.

"I suppose I know lots of people named Johnson."

"This man was Mrs. Ames' butler. He let you into the Ames house the afternoon that John Ames was killed. You hid in the hall outside Ames' bathroom. With a pair of pliers you turned the key in the lock and entered Ames' room. You killed him, dropped the gun beside him, went out through the bathroom, turned the key in the lock from the outside and went out of the house. Last night, because you were tired of paying Johnson blackmail, you killed Johnson."

Young Dempster leaned against the table.

"That's the craziest tale I ever heard. I don't know what you're talking about."

"A written statement signed by Johnson, in his handwriting, telling about the murder of Ames, was found in his room. The key that he substituted for the key that had plier marks on it was found with the letter. You were seen leaving Johnson's shop just after the murder last night."

"You're from the police?" asked Dempster.

"The police will be here shortly. They know everything that I know," replied Kernochan. "You can't beat the case, Dempster."

Dempster stared at him.

"Who are you?"

"A friend of Mrs. Ames, engaged by her to solve the case. I've done it."

"Why do you come to me?"

"You're a gentleman, Dempster. At least, you were one once. You let an innocent woman go through a trial—"

"I'd have confessed if they'd found her guilty," cried Dempster.

"Suppose you'd died suddenly, before you had time to confess?" demanded Kernochan. "She might have gone to the chair. Now, I know why you killed Ames: because you loved his wife. You're a coward, Dempster. But you were decent once. The police will come here soon. They'll arrest you. They'll get from you the fact that you killed Ames. There's no use in denying it, because Johnson's confession will be evidence enough. But, if you state that you loved Rose Ames and were jealous of her husband, you are going to work an irretrievable injury to Mrs. Ames. People are going to believe things that aren't true. I've come to you for one reason: to get you to state that you hated Ames because you'd quarreled with him over a matter of cards—or anything. You can't beat the case. There isn't any hope for you at all. But you can save Mrs. Ames the agony of printed scandal and gossip. Will you make a confession—write it out now—stating that you killed Ames because of a quarrel?"

"You've read Johnson's confession?" asked Dempster.

Kernochan nodded.

THE nervousness suddenly left Dempster; he sighed like one who has surrendered a heavy burden.

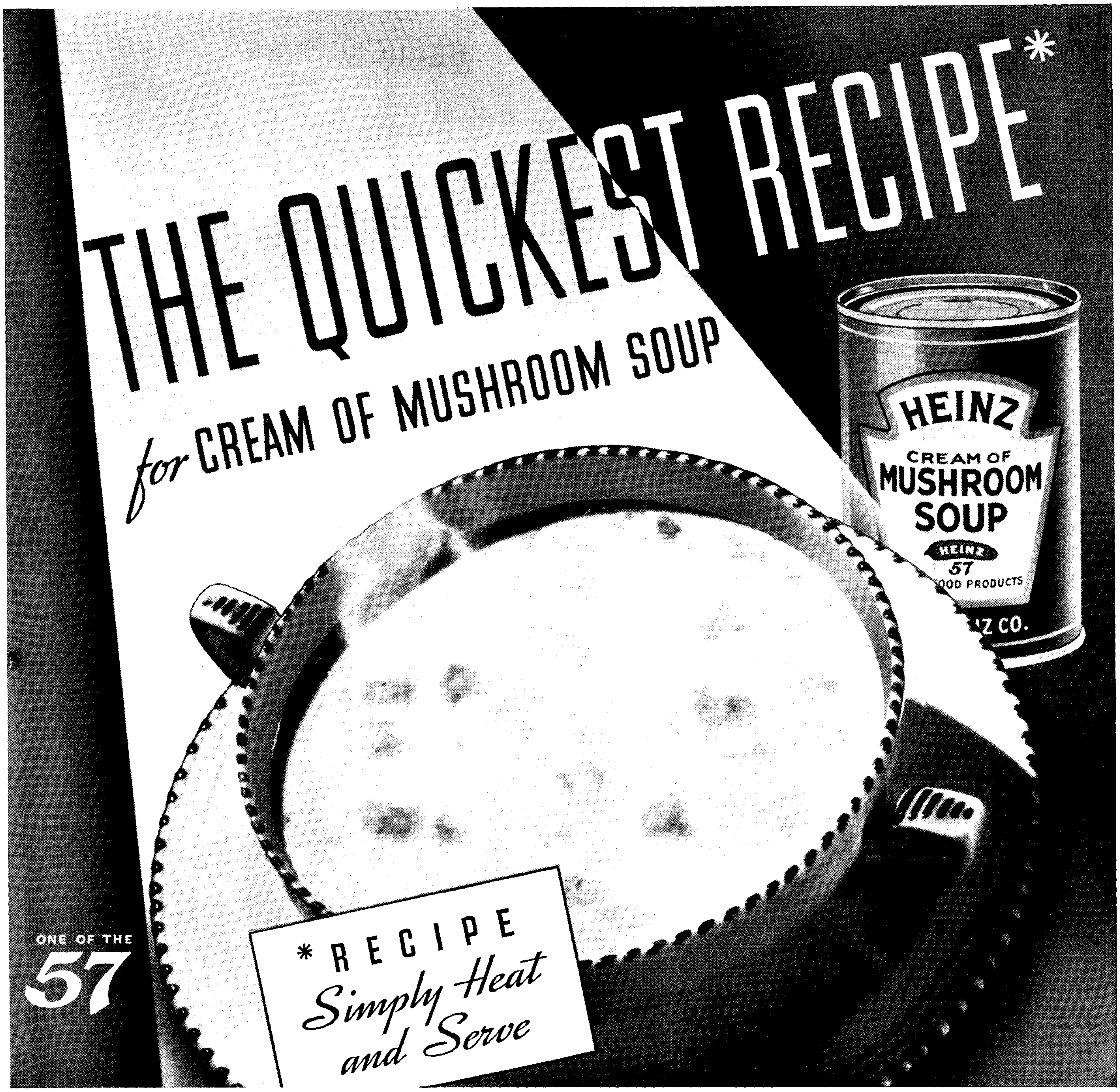
"I'll write the confession. And I can't tell you how glad I am to do it. I've been crazy ever since I did it. Johnson hated Ames because Ames bullied him. I found out that Johnson hated him and I made a plan with the butler to kill Ames. I thought that if Mrs. Ames were free she might marry me. But the minute I killed Ames I realized that I must have been insane. And the realization made me more insane. I haven't much money; what little I have Johnson made me give to him as a price for keeping quiet. Last night I killed him because I couldn't meet his demands. I'm glad it's over. I'd rather be dead than go through the torments I've undergone the past year. What shall I write?"

"Sit down there." Kernochan pointed to a desk. "Write this: I, Gerald Dempster, confess that I murdered John Ames and Frank Johnson. I killed Ames because I quarreled with him over a dice game. Johnson hated Ames. I plotted with Johnson to let me into the Ames house unknown to anyone. I shot Ames and left his bedroom by way of the bathroom, locking the bathroom door by turning the key with a pair of pliers. Johnson, later, substituted a new key for the one marked by the pliers. Johnson blackmailed me and last night I shot him because he threatened me with exposure unless I paid him more money. Got that all down, Dempster? Then sign it."

He picked up the paper, careful not to blot the wet ink, and read it. He walked to the telephone and called up police headquarters. He got Kellerman on the phone.

"Come at once to the apartment of Gerald Dempster." He gave Kellerman the address. "He's confessed to killing John Ames and Frank Johnson. You worked with me on the case, Kellerman. You'll be an inspector. But I'm going to write this story for the Leader, so you're to keep the arrest quiet until

(Continued on page 64)



Now in just a few minutes' time you can serve a rich, smooth Cream of Mushroom Soup, every bit as delicious as the kind you used to spend hours to make.

This soup comes to you—ready to heat and serve! Heinz prepared it from an old home-recipe—spent months of experiment and trial to make it equal in every way to the finest home-prepared Cream of Mushroom Soup.

Thousands of women have written in expressing their delight with this new Heinz product. "My family cannot believe it is a canned soup—they cannot tell it from my own Cream of Mushroom" writes one woman. Another says, "I call Heinz Cream of Mushroom my 'party' soup. It graces the most elaborate dinner."

If you have still to taste Cream of Mushroom Soup as Heinz prepares it, you have a real treat coming. Think of the tenderest, fresh mushrooms simmered down slowly to make a rich stock, then blended with rich cream to bring out the full flavor! Completely ready to heat and serve—without measuring, blending or diluting—it saves you a world of trouble, time and expense.

We want you to try Heinz Cream of Mushroom, Noodle or any of the 16 new Heinz homemade style soups *at our risk*. Serve one of them tonight. If it's not as good as the finest homemade kind, Heinz says it's yours free. Simply return the label to your grocer and he will refund the purchase price! Be sure to select a variety of your favorites at your grocer's today.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

SIXTEEN VARIETIES

Cream of Oyster
Cream of Asparagus
Cream of Green Pea
Cream of Mushroom
Noodle
Vegetable
Bean Soup
Consomme
Beef Broth
Pepper Pot
Mock Turtle
Scotch Broth
Gumbo Creole
Clam Chowder
Cream of Celery
Cream of Tomato

HEINZ *homemade style* SOUPS

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 62

after the Leader is on the street. Do we play ball?"

"We play ball," said Kellerman. "Can you keep him there?"

"Don't worry," said Kernochan.

He turned to young Dempster.

"The police will be here in ten minutes."

"I'll go to the chair," said Dempster.

"I don't think you can beat it," said Kernochan.

"Wait here a minute," said Dempster.

"No use trying to run away," said Kernochan.

"I won't run away," said Dempster.

He went through a door into what was evidently a bedroom. Kernochan heard another door open and close. Then he heard the muffled sound of a shot. He walked through the next room, opened the bathroom door, looked in, and closed it softly. To the manservant who came running he spoke soothingly:

"Don't be alarmed. Send for a doctor, but I'm afraid it's no use."

"HOW did you get this confession from him?" asked Kellerman.

"I told him the case against him as I had reconstructed it in my own mind," replied Kernochan. "It *had* to be that way. The minute you said that Johnson had quarreled with a man named Dempsey, I *knew*. I was pretty certain before that, but could never have proved it. As a matter of fact, it could never have been proved any way, but Dempster didn't know that. He was unstrung, and I took advantage of that fact. I lied to him. I told him that Johnson had left a confession. It was the only way to break him down. The fact that I knew the tiniest details of the case convinced him that Johnson had written the statement. It seemed to him hopeless to deny his guilt."

Kellerman studied the note paper on which was written Dempster's confession.

"This seems awful phony to me," he said.

"I watched him write it," said Kernochan. "His butler will tell you that that is his handwriting."

Kellerman shook his head.

"I don't mean that. But men don't commit murder, sneaking, cowardly murders, because of quarrels over dice games. I had charge of the case, as you know. I never heard of Ames shooting craps. A big plunger in the stock market, but no gambler at games. I can't believe Dempster could have had a row with Ames over dice. It don't sound good."

Kernochan's face was grave.

"We can't cross-examine him now," he said.

"No, but I'll bet you cross-examined him plenty before he died. That motive don't look good to me."

"It's the best one we have," said Kernochan.

"And something else, Kernie," continued Kellerman. "How come you let him kill himself? That don't look good, either. You're plenty tough. Jimmy Pottery couldn't make you take a backward step. You weren't afraid of this lad. And you've been around a long time. You knew damned well that the kid was going to bump himself off. Why did you let him do it?"

"Why should I send anyone to the chair?" parried Kernochan. "Not that I'm admitting for a second that I guessed what Dempster was going to do. But if I had guessed—between us, Kell—I'd not have stopped him. Finding out things is great sport, especially when it clears an innocent person. But sending a man to the chair—that's pretty gruesome. I'm glad he took the easy way."

"You probably suggested it to him," said Kellerman. "Well, I'm not blaming you."

"Much obliged," said Kernochan dryly. "Now, listen, Kell. You found out that a man named Dempster killed Johnson. That's *your* feather; that's what makes you an inspector. The rest belongs to me. And not a soul gets a word of this until the Leader's on the street late tonight."

"I didn't know you were working for the Leader," said Kellerman.

"The Leader doesn't know it," grinned Kernochan. "But I think I'll get my job back."

He left Kellerman in Dempster's apartment and rode down to the Leader office. All the way down he planned a dramatic entrance into the city room, but abandoned the thought of childish triumph as soon as he had passed Jimmy, the ancient office boy.

Davis, the city editor, looked up at him with a grin. He jerked a thumb toward the office of Bowman, the publisher.

"The old boy is fattening up the calf," he said. "He told me this afternoon that he wished to God there were a few Kernochans on the staff. Go on in and see him."

"You go in and see him for me, Davis," drawled Kernochan. "You tell him that I'm too busy to argue over salary with him. Just tell him that I've discovered who murdered John Ames, have a copy of the confession in my pocket, and have started to write a six-column story. I want a headline across the front page, and it's to say that Rose Ames is completely exonerated."

He took off his coat, tilted a chair until books and papers spilled upon the floor, and sat down before a typewriter.

"You wouldn't fool a poor old man like me, would you?" asked Davis.

"Not this time," said Kernochan. "Tell Bowman I want a twenty-five-dollar raise."

"I'll tell him I've given it to you," chuckled Davis as he started for the publisher's office.

Four hours later Kernochan pulled the last sheet out of his typewriter. His back ached between the shoulder blades and his eyes felt bleary. He stretched and yawned prodigiously.

"Great stuff, Kernochan," he heard the voice of Bowman say.

"Much obliged," said Kernochan.

The publisher cleared his throat.

"Before you—er—so impetuously left us, Kernochan," said Bowman, "there had been some talk about sending you to Europe. If I could be certain that you didn't drink—"

"Ever hear of me quitting in the middle of a bat before?" demanded Kernochan. "I don't drink except for pleasure now. Never drink because I have to. Never will have to again."

"I was going to invite you to join me in a small snort now," chuckled Bowman. "While we're having it, we might settle on terms. I'd want you to sail tomorrow night. It looks like big doings on the Continent. The Leader needs you there. What about it?"

"Let's have that drink," said Kernochan.

AN HOUR later, an order for his passage and a check for twenty-five hundred dollars advance expenses in his pocket, Kernochan shook hands with half the staff of the Leader, blushed becomingly at their congratulations, and left the office. In the lobby downstairs he found a telephone and called Rose Ames.

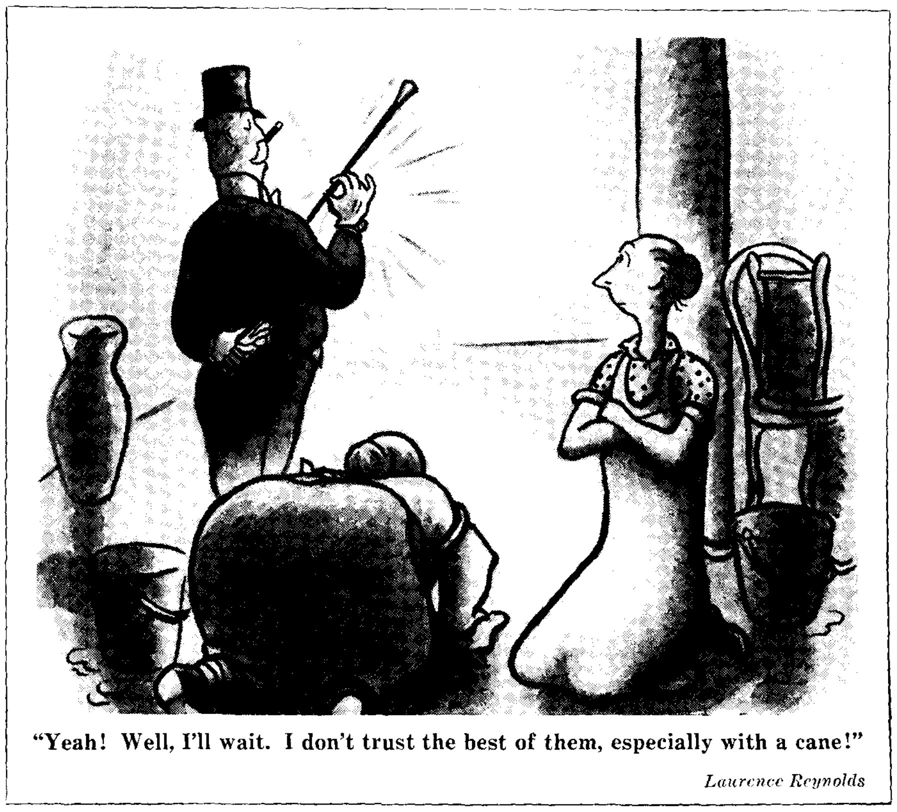
"The Leader will be on the street at twelve-thirty tonight," he told her. "Send out for a copy, read it, and send me a check for fifty thousand dollars. I've earned it."

"You mean—won't you call for it? Have you discovered—"

"Gerry Dempster killed your husband. He confessed and killed himself. I got the confession from him. I can't call for the check because I'm sailing for Europe tomorrow night for the Leader, and I'll be busy every minute until the boat leaves. Goodby, Mrs. Ames."

He smiled grimly as he hung up the telephone. A beautiful woman, but he was not the marrying kind. So he told himself as he rode uptown.

(To be concluded next week)



"Yeah! Well, I'll wait. I don't trust the best of them, especially with a cane!"

The Best Putter
on Earth can
improve his game
by playing this . . .
PRECISION BALL

We're frankly telling the story of "weight distribution" and "the ball that putts with ease". . However some golf ball makers tell you how far their ball can be hit. Others brag, in passing, about the toughness of the cover. We've decided to take no chances, so, a little "boast" of our own.

We guarantee you can hit an Acushnet as far as any ball made. In addition, it'll take more than its share of punishment and then come back for more! As to the paint—look it over after you've finished a round.

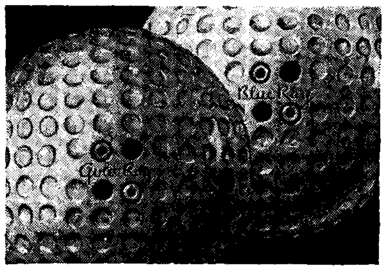
The Acushnet has one new element that's vital to winning golf. Precision-made and wound to a new standard of accuracy by a method exclusively ours, it'll putt truer, fly as far, and keep its cover and shape intact longer than any other high-powered Golf Ball ever made for play.

"What a Golf Ball Thinks About," by Fair Diggs. *It reveals the soulful inner* life of golf balls. Ask Pro for your copy or write us. It's free.

WHAT A GOLF BALL THINKS ABOUT

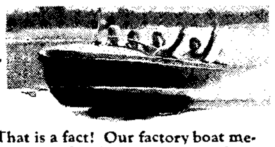
"MATCHES ARE WON ON THE PUTTING GREEN"

Acushnet
GOLF BALLS
Precision Made for Better Play
•
ACUSHNET PROCESS COMPANY
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



Acushnet Gold Ray 75¢ • *Acushnet Blue Ray* 75¢
AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR "PRO"

LAUNCHED *at* OUR RISK
(EAST OF DENVER)
SEA EAGLE
FLYER



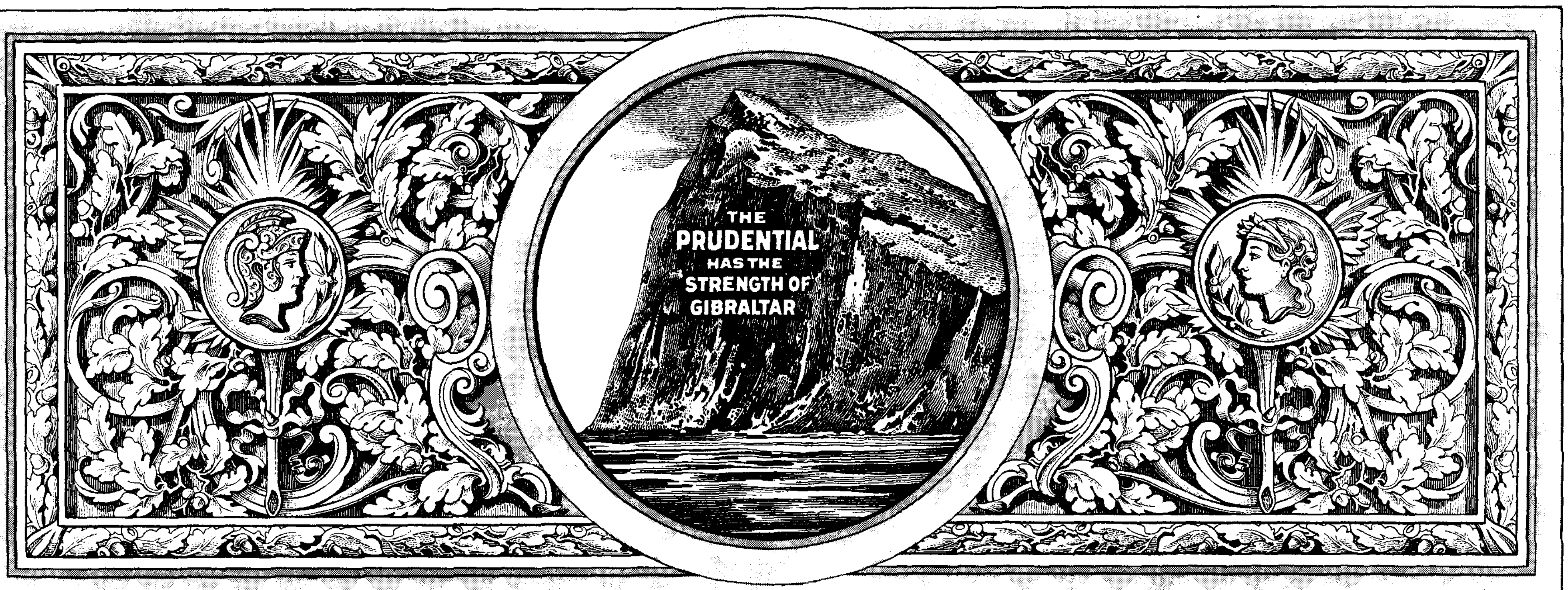
Low Prices
Powered
up to 55 H. P.

Or Will Furnish
Complete Hull
for $295
You Can Install
Your Own Motor
up to 75 H. P.

That is a fact! Our factory boat mechanics will deliver, launch and demonstrate your Sea Eagle Flyer for you right on your lake or river, relieving you of all delivery and launching worries. You get personal operating instructions. Galvanized Armco Iron hull. Air chambers like a lifeboat.

WRITE TODAY for Descriptive Folder and Delivery Plan

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
BOAT DIVISION
110 Mill Street Salem, Ohio



Can you lay aside ten dollars a month?

Are you saving this much, or could you if it had to be done?

Do you know where to place it to best advantage?

You may want it to secure your financial independence in future years.

Or for those who now share your income, if death should remove that support.

Have you ever asked what we can offer for your ten dollars (or some other figure)?

Get our quotations on a selection of plans. Pick the one you like best.

Start now on a definite program. It will surely help you in many ways, and—

You know that you are safe with The Prudential.

CONSULT ANY LOCAL AGENT OR OFFICE
or send preliminary inquiries to our Home Office

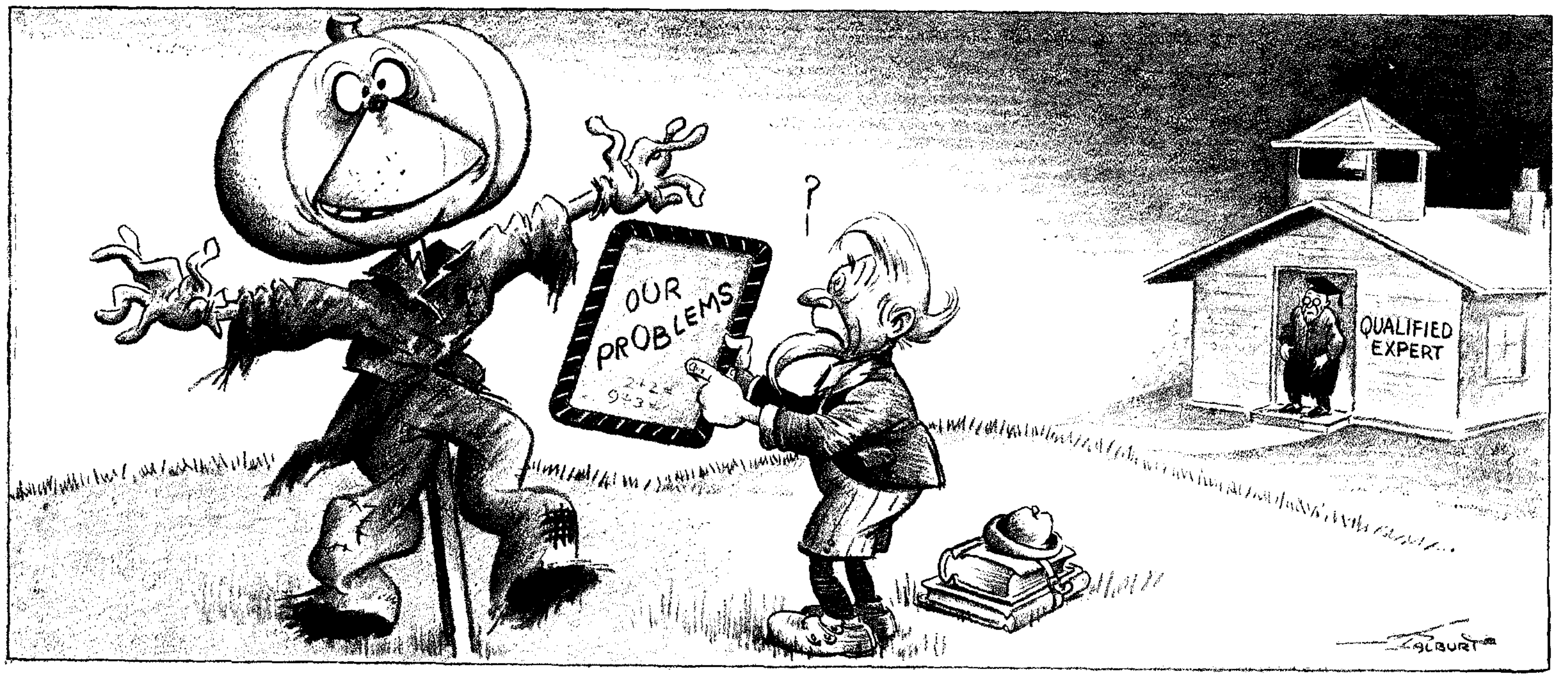
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President

Home Office:
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Trust Brains

HOW dumb does a man have to be to be safely employed as a government official?

Suspicion of experts didn't begin with the comic opera staged in Congress over what members of the Brain Trust said and didn't say. As far back as old men can remember, to call a candidate for public office "Professor" was to condemn him. When Woodrow Wilson was President his bitterest enemies referred to him as Professor Wilson. They could put a lot of venom into the word.

Of course nobody would use "Professor" as a term of contempt if there were no public prejudice to be awakened. Ever since the days when Andrew Jackson enunciated the principle that to the victor belong the spoils of office, very practical politicians have sedulously cultivated the idea that competence must not be considered in selecting candidates for public office. Tammany and all other organizations based on the spoils idea in politics grew rich on this plan.

Government, however, like any other enterprise, is no more intelligent than the men who administer it. Our government, national, state and local, has passed the stage at which it can be successfully operated without the services of experts in many lines.

Nobody questions the wisdom and economy of employing experts in private affairs. If a water pipe leaks, we employ a plumber rather than a man who boasts of what he doesn't know. We pay a specialist when we want a hair-cut. If the family car begins to sputter we call on a garage mechanic. If we develop a sore throat we look for a particular kind of doctor.

Our work, whatever we do, is made possible by the services of experts. Most of the great industries, from agriculture on, are in existence today because of scientists and professors.

The seeds the farmer plants today were selected by professors. The tools he uses were invented by experts. The fertilizers he puts into the earth were made after laboratory experiments.

The automotive industry was built on the inventions of gifted mechanics and engineers. The electrical industry is merely the practical application of the experiments and the researches of professors.

Almost every important industry and large corporation today maintains its staff of experts and its research laboratories. It is safe to say that any business which refused to use the work of experts would quickly lose out in the vast competition of the present.

Public business is not so simple that only dubs are needed. Never more than now was there need to build public policies wisely and on the firm foundation of facts. The expert is merely the man who understands the facts and can present them intelligently.

The Roosevelt administration has employed its Brain Trust as any modern corporation uses its staff of experts and investigators. New policies had to be tried out. How is any administration to know whether a particular suggestion is sound or foolish? The only possible way of getting a reasonable answer is to get the facts.

The criticism which future generations will level at us will doubtless be not that we employed brains, but that we employed so few. After all, the percentage of Brain Trusters in Washington, or anywhere else, is hardly more than the amount of alcohol in prohibition near-beer. Enough to prevent spoiling but not enough to produce a kick.

There isn't a college professor or a scientist of any sort in the Cabinet. There is just one professor among the assistant secretaries. In the lower ranks there are many experts and technicians but not enough.

Experts and specialists do not, however, in government, business or elsewhere determine broad policies or make final decisions. We don't put generals in charge of the War Department or let admirals run the Navy. Civilians able to understand and use military and naval technicians are preferred under our form of government.

But a war department without an educated personnel or a navy department without seamen or engineers or gunners would be a poor reliance in time of trouble.

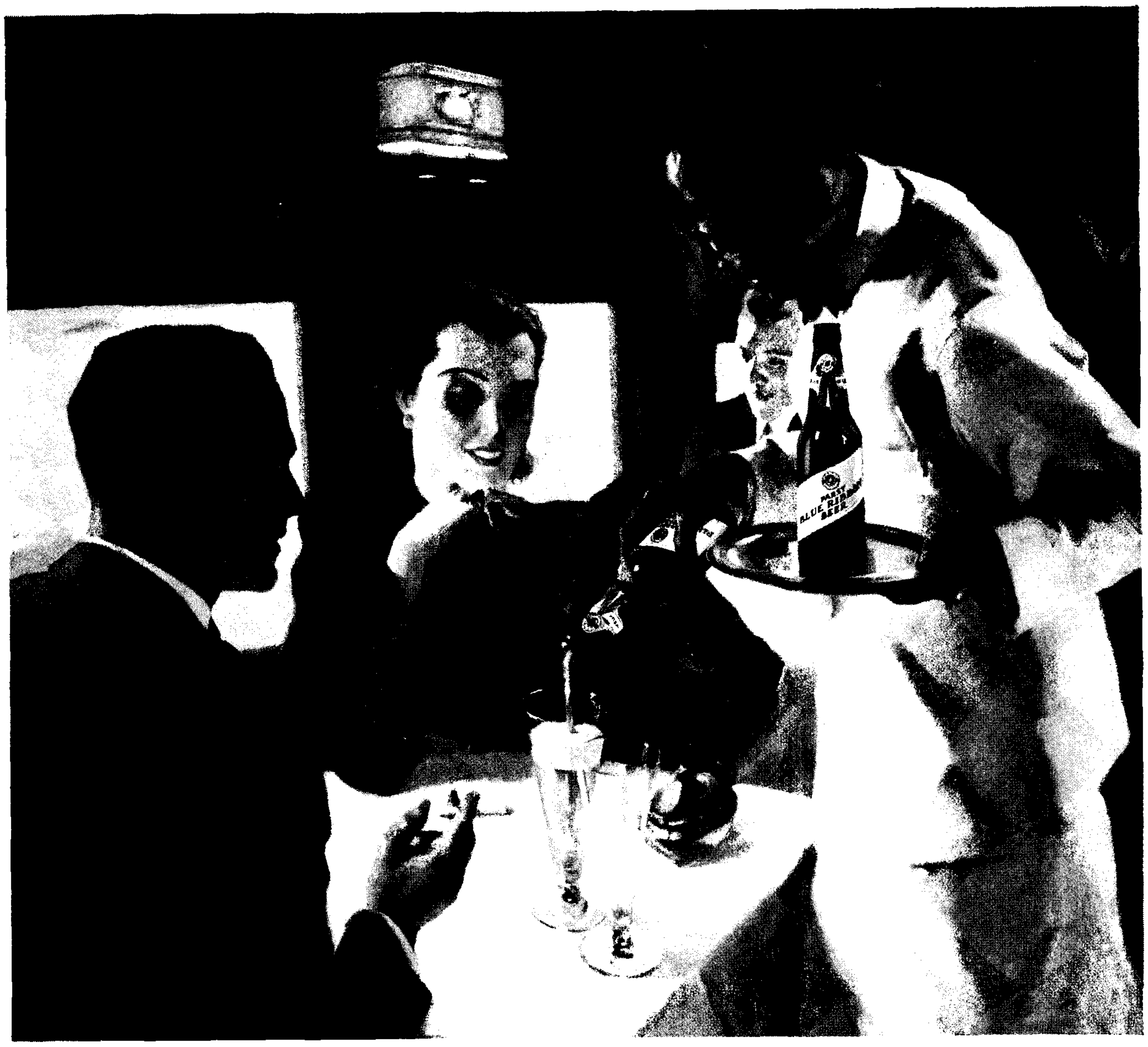
So an Administration which from very necessity is undertaking new policies and making experiments in business and agriculture must have economists and statisticians if it is not to lose time and make needless mistakes.

Economics, like medicine, is part science and part magic and philosophy. The government hires economists or chemists for what they know and not for their dreams. Professors are useful because more than any other class of men they are unprejudiced or at least not prejudiced by money or business affiliations. On the matters about which they really know, their judgments are as honest and as disinterested as it is possible to find. Not perfect, but the best available.

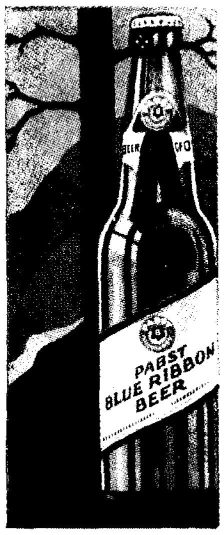
What the expert thinks about in his off hours when he isn't being scientific doesn't matter much. Charles P. Steinmetz, the famous scientist, was employed by the General Electric Company because he had a fertile inventive mind and not because in his leisure hours he liked to talk about socialism.

In Washington President Roosevelt makes the decisions except when Congress gets out of hand. He is aided in reaching just conclusions by the consideration of facts assembled for him and his advisers by experts. But his final judgment is his own.

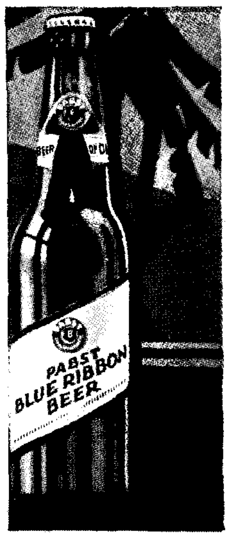
Congress would do its own work with more skill and more expedition if it, too, were aided by men and women able in their respective fields to present without prejudice the essential facts in the situations concerning which laws are passed. Certainly a Brain Trust would be better than the lobbies of special interests, now and always the chief guides and philosophers to legislators uncertain how to vote.


PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

BLUE RIBBON IS BEST


PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

NORTH, East, South, West—wherever you go, Pabst Blue Ribbon is acknowledged the finest of beers. Its precision brewing gives you the essence of choice malt brought to full strength with the appetizing savor of fragrant hops. If you want the perfect beer, order Blue Ribbon, and make sure you get it. It's the nation's standing order for beer at its best.


PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

NRA
US

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night, N B C Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

— as we go along

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

*We believe
you'll enjoy
them*

Chesterfield

they're MILDER
they TASTE BETTER

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.